THE

YOUNG PHILOSOPHER:

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH,

Of MAN, when warm'd by Reaſon's pureſt ray,
No ſlave of Av'rice, no tool of Pride;
When no vain Science led his mind aſtray,
But NATURE was his law, and GOD his guide.

VOL. II.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR P. WOGAN, H. COLBERT,
W. PORTER, J. MOORE, H. FITZPATRICK,
J. RICE, and N. KELLY.

1798.

OCT

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

CHAP. I.

Medora idola mia fra queſte frondi
Fra queſt' erbe novelle, e queſti fiori
Odi come ſuſarra,
Dolci ſcherzando, una leggera auretta
Che all' odorate piante,
Lieve ſuggendo, i più bei ſpirti invola
E nel confuſo errore,
Forma da mille odori, un ſolo odore

FROM a ſcene that had ſo painfully agitated him in London, and ſo baffled his philoſophy, Delmont returned with eagerneſs to Upwood, where, in his own beloved hermitage, as he often called it, Medora, he hoped, waited to receive him with thoſe ſmiles of tenderneſs and affection that have power to ſoothe every uneaſy feeling, and reſtore to the heart the ſweet ſenſations of hope and love; while in the underſtanding of her mother, and the ſteady and uſeful friendſhip of Mr. Armitage, he thought himſelf ſecure of finding counſel and relief againſt that dread of pecuniary diſtreſs, he now felt for the firſt time in his life; and which the conduct of his brother having created, was but too likely to perpetuate.

Medora was indeed ready to meet him with all the attractions of youthful hope, and with the moſt artleſs and bewitching tenderneſs; and while he ſaw her eyes beaming with the pleaſure his return gave her, while leaning on his arm ſhe led him through the garden and ſeemed enchanted with every plant expanded, ſince his abſence, to its early ſummer perfection, and ſeeming like her to greet him with beauty and freſhneſs; when ſhe then returned with him to the houſe, and with even infantine ſimplicity and gaiety, yet chaſtened by the ſweet retiring ſenſe of her own dignity, ſhewed him her drawings of ſome of his favourite plants and flowers, to which ſhe had inceſſantly applied herſelf during his journey, Delmont, intoxicated with pleaſure, forgot for the time that he had been unhappy. But the next day, when at their own habitation, he ſought a private converſation with Mrs. Glenmorris, and related to her what had paſſed in town, and the engagements he had entered into with his brother, he ſaw, that however ſhe endeavoured to conceal it, ſhe ſuffered great pain from the recital, and once more he dreaded leſt theſe embarraſſments, however juſtifiably and even honourably incurred, ſhould be the cauſe of his having Medora torn from him for ever.

In the friendly counſel and ſtrong reaſon of Armitage, he had not now his uſual reſource, for this valuable friend was gone to a remote part of England, to attend on an old friend ſuffering under recent and moſt ſevere affliction; Delmont, therefore, who failed not to perceive the dejection which frequently ſtole over the countenance and manner of Mrs. Glenmorris, checked on his own part every expreſſion of fruitleſs regret; and when they met, which was at leaſt once in the courſe

courſe of every day, he ſeemed to have reſumed his uſual tranquillity.

The very effort to conceal and ſtifle uneaſineſs, ariſing from ſuch cauſes as had lately perplexed him, half operated his cure. Every object around him ſerved to reſtore him to peace; and he became aſhamed of ſuffering the dread of pecuniary diſtreſs, which might never arrive, to diſturb him. "Am I not," ſaid he, "young and healthy—am I not a man?—and ſhall the mere luxuries and indulgencies of that artificial ſtate of life, in which I have been brought up, have ſo much enervated my mind, as that the fear of loſing them ſhall render me unhappy?" It was, however, the apprehenſion of being deprived of Medora, that had alone weighed on his heart. Habituated now to her ſociety; more acquainted with her temper, and more appriſed of what would one day be the perfections of her mind, he was no longer able to ſuſtain for a moment the idea of loſing her—and very vain was his youthful philoſophy, when oppoſed to the remoteſt probability of ſuch a calamity.

This apprehenſion, other letters from her father ſoon ſerved greatly to remove. Glenmorris expreſſed in them even more than his former ſatisfaction at the proſpect of his daughter's marriage; and gave his wife unlimited power to retard or haſten it as ſhe ſaw fit. Whatever change of fortune Medora might experience, from the acceſſion to a moiety of her grandfather's property, ſhould, he declared, make no difference; he only requeſted that, either immediately before or immediately after their marriage, Delmont would accompany Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter to America, and remain with him three or four months.

"Of an ordinary character," ſaid he, in a letter to his wife, "of one of thoſe men who cannot exiſt without the accommodations, the luxuries, the frivolous amuſements of London or Paris, I know this would be aſking a great ſacrifice: but it is not to the faſtidious fine man of the day I give my child; it is to a citizen of the world; to one diveſted not only of local prejudice, but I hope of all prejudices; to him, who can live wherever his fellow men can live; to him who can enjoy the ſpectacle of a new continent riſing into a great ſtate by its cultivators—*fair cities, ſubſtantial villages, extenſive fields, an immenſe country filled with decent houſes, good roads, orchards, meadows, bridges; where an hundred years ago all was wild, woody, and uncultivated**.—Such a man, I know from his letters, and from your account of him, Delmont is; on ſuch a man I beſtow the ſecond bleſſing I have on earth; and aſk only in return, that I may perſonally be acquainted with him, whom, on report, on correſpondence only, I have agreed to entruſt with the happineſs of my life."

Delmont, who now ſaw in the univerſe only Medora, heſitated not a moment to promiſe Mrs. Glenmorris, that the will of Glenmorris and her's ſhould be his; and that whether in America or in Europe, wherever that will ſhould direct his ſteps, his moſt ardent wiſh would be to conſult the happineſs of the lovely creature they were to give him, and to ſhew how grateful he was for the gift. But now as the moment, when he was to call her his, evidently depended on her mother, Delmont made the moſt earneſt and ardent ſupplications that it might not be procraſtinated. He found, however, that Mrs. Glenmorris,

* The American Farmer, page 46.

morris, contrary to her uſual candid and unreſerved manner, declined aſſigning any reaſon for the delay which ſhe told him he muſt ſubmit to. Her delicacy alone was the cauſe of this reluctant concealment. The truth was, that the law expences ſhe had been drawn into, and the diſappointment ſhe had experienced (to which Glenmorris, being ſtill ignorant of it, had applied no remedy in his laſt letters), were likely together to expoſe her to the ſevereſt diſtreſs for want of money; and under ſuch circumſtances, ſhe ſhrank from the idea of engaging Delmont in a connection, which would encreaſe the embarraſſments that his brother's demands upon him had already brought on. It was painful to her to affect any myſtery with him; yet this circumſtance ſhe felt herſelf compelled to conceal, aſſuming however a cheerful tone, and aſſuring him that whatever, beſides the extreme youth of her daughter, were her reaſons for deſiring that the marriage might be poſtponed, thoſe reaſons could exiſt but a few months, and might even be removed ſooner. Delmont vainly endeavoured to obtain an explanation; and as vainly pleaded that months were to him ages. She contrived to evade giving a poſitive anſwer, and endeavoured to ſooth his mind, and direct it to ſuch purſuits as ſhe knew would have moſt power to lighten the hours of uneaſy ſuſpence now, and embelliſh thoſe, which, when ſuch happineſs attained, might, without reſources, be liable to ſatiety hereafter.

Nothing, however, of all he knew or was ſtill in habits of ſtudying, gave him any pleaſure, but thoſe branches of ſcience in which he could inſtruct Medora. To cultivate that mind, on which his own muſt hereafter rely for the increaſe of its pleaſures, and the mitigation of the evils of life, was ſo delightful an occupation, that

that while he was engaged in it, he ſeemed to enjoy a heaven of his own creation.—Of many of the acquiſitions which are deemed neceſſary in poliſhed ſociety, and paſs under the name of accompliſhments, Medora knew little in the way commonly known; ſhe had a ſoft and particularly ſweet voice, and ſang moſt correctly by ear, but hardly knew a note of the gamut—ſhe had never learned to dance—there were no dancing maſters eſtabliſhed in America; but Medora, when diveſted of a little of that *gaucherie*, which diffidence gave, and which lent her as many charms as it deprived her of, was all grace and eaſe; her form was perfect, and every air and attitude, when unreſtrained by a certain degree of retiring ſhineſs, was exactly what art would have taught her, could art teach how to be truly lovely. With ſuch an ear for muſic, and a form ſo finely proportioned, her dancing wild and without rule, was like what fancy would give to the fabled nymphs of the woods; with other arts, however, ſhe was more ſcientifically acquainted; ſhe wrote remarkably well—her ſtyle though ſimple was elegant, and her orthography faultleſs. Having learned to liſp her firſt accents in Switzerland, the French was in ſome degree her native tongue; and the ſervant who had brought her up, and had attended Glenmorris and his wife to America, being of that country, and ſtill remaining with them; the French language as being moſt familiar to the whole houſe, was that in which their domeſtic converſations were always carried on.—There were few Engliſhmen ſo well acquainted with the Italian as Glenmorris, and he had taken great pains to teach it to Medora; while her mother, who was paſſionately fond of plants, had inſtructed her in deſcribing them with the pencil, and ſhe had

had profited ſo much, eſpecially ſince they had reſided in England, that ſhe rivalled not only her mother, but ſome of the firſt artiſts in that branch of natural hiſtory. But ſomething better than all this, was the good ſenſe which every look and action of Medora expreſſed.

An ingenious, though ſomewhat fanciful writer has ſaid, that he could diſtinguiſh a perſon of good underſtanding from one who had none, merely by their manner of walking; and it is certainly true, that ſenſe may be diſcovered by the air, the look, and the tone of the voice, even in aſking or anſwering the frivolous queſtions of common introduction.

Medora, though yet in early youth, and with all that playful vivacity which in early youth only is ſo very enchanting, was always, amidſt her half infantine gaiety, a perſon on whoſe underſtanding there was no one would heſitate to pronounce.—Her ſenſibility was not the exotic production of thoſe forced and unnatural deſcriptions of tenderneſs, that are exhibited by the imaginary heroine of impoſſible adventures; it was the conſequence of right and genuine feelings.—She loved, ſhe adored her mother, and fondly fancied there was in the world no other ſuch woman; nor was ſhe leſs affectionately attached to her father; while that intuitive ſenſe, by which ſhe knew how to put herſelf, in imagination, in the place of another, and to feel for all who were unhappy, made her active in doing all the good that her age and ſituation admitted. It was impoſſible to look in her face, though it was far from being regularly handſome, without being ſenſible of ſome degree of intereſt; and whether ſhe ſmiled archly, or her features expreſſed a penſive affection, excited by fearing her mother was uneaſy, or by ſome ſtory of diſtreſs, there was always a charm in her

her countenance, not the leſs attractive for being very verſatile.

Delmont, as he looked at her, or liſtened to the artleſs yet juſt ſentiments ſhe uttered, when ſhe was induced to talk to him, doubted whether more knowledge of the world, and more of that information which books are ſuppoſed to give, would not rather tarniſh than heighten the beauty of a mind, that now ſeemed to reſemble one of thoſe lovely ſpots, where every object that enchants the ſight, or delights the imagination, is aſſembled; but which, if once the hand of art is introduced, loſes that *Arcadian* bloom, for which no improvement in clearing its wild rocks, or calling in more extenſive proſpects, can compenſate. Medora, though ſhe had read and heard of ſuch things, knew not how to imagine, that fraud and perfidy, malice and ſelfiſhneſs, were ſo thickly ſown, that the unguarded and innocent were every moment liable to ſuffer from them in the commoneſt walks of life.—Medora knew not and it was impoſſible for her to underſtand, from any correſpondent feelings in her own breaſt, that there were people who would deteſt her for being young and lovely—who would deſpiſe and ſhun her if ſhe was poor—and yet calumniate without knowing her, if ſhe ſhould ever be diſtinguiſhed either for talents or fortune. She knew not that there is a race of men, who live oſtenſibly and avowedly on contention and pecuniary diſputes.—Others who exiſt on the follies and fears of mankind, which they therefore encourage and perpetuate.—That there are perſons, who fly from every object that can give them trouble, or interrupt their epicurean indolence, even if angels were in queſtion; and that there are figures, born of women, and calling themſelves men, who have no feeling but for themſelves—

themſelves—and can hear the wretched execrate their fate, and ſee the bitter tears of deſpair, without one ſenſation of humanity.—To learn all this was a ſad leſſon, and Delmont, who hoped to fold this lovely girl to his heart, and ſhelter her from every evil of life, ſometimes enquired of himſelf why he ſhould pollute her mind by deſcribing the monſters "of the great Babel," where ſhe might never be; then as if he had foreſeen how different was to be her fate, from that he had fondly projected, he thought that occaſions might ariſe, in which perfect ignorance of the ways of the world would occaſion a feebleneſs of ſpirit, and a want of that feminine fortitude, which, in many inſtances, is not the moſt unneceſſary quality in the mind of a woman.

Their reading then, beſides poetry, of which the whole party was paſſionately fond, was extended to hiſtory, and to ſuch pictures of human life as authors repreſent; but Medora, who liked very few of them, continually contrived to exchange the ſtudy of the morning, for ſome of thoſe travels, where deſcriptions of ſcenery are exchanged only for accounts of the ſimple lives of the natives; or for ſuch books as deſcribe the great phenomena of nature, and ſpeak rather of the works of God, than of thoſe by whom his faireſt works are too often diſfigured.

Engaged as they were every hour in ſome ſtudy or purſuit, equally agreeable to them all, the days paſſed away but too rapidly, and when Delmont had been returned a month, it ſeemed as if he had hardly been a week reſtored to the manner of life he ſo much loved.—From the delicious viſions of its continuance after his marriage, and return from America, with even an encreaſe of felicity, he was ſuddenly rouſed by two letters.

One was from the man of law, who had procured him on his perſonal ſecurity, jointly with

his brother, a part of the money Adolphus Delmont had borrowed; the other was from another perſon of the ſame profeſſion, who informed him, that as to that ſum for which he had agreed to engage Upwood as a ſecurity, and which was to be replaced with the legacies left by Lord Caſtledanes, and to be furniſhed by both the brothers, there was no hopes of obtaining it from Sir Appulby Gorges, who ſeemed reſolved to delay the payment by every means in his power; and both theſe gentlemen agreed, that George Delmont muſt immediately be in London, to anſwer as well perſonally, as by his property, for the engagements he had made; for Major Delmont was gone to Ireland, and the time when this buſineſs muſt be cloſed was directly at hand. As this was the firſt intelligence Delmont had received of the departure of his brother for Ireland, he was as much vexed as any thing of ſuch a nature could vex him. He now ſaw both his perſon and his little eſtate deeply pledged, for a man who appeared to have no principle whatever; he ſaw pecuniary embarraſſment overclouding a life, which he fondly thought his having avoided thoſe fettering connexions and profeſſions, by which men of family uſually make what is called their way in the world, would have permitted him to dedicate to literary leiſure and love.

Thus, without any fault of his own, he was compelled to enter into that wretched ſort of contention, which lawyers foment and live by. He was to reſign the independence he had ſo earneſtly endeavoured to preſerve, and could now hardly call his own the houſe he inhabited. To procraſtinate, however, was to encreaſe the evil—he therefore determined to go to London, and endeavour, by perſonal application to Sir Appulby Gorges, to procure the legacies, which would in a great degree relieve him.

Without

Without any miſrepreſentation or inſincerity, Delmont accounted to Mrs. Glenmorris for the neceſſity of this ſecond abſence. He ſimply told her, that his brother's careleſs improvidence had left ſome buſineſs undone in London, which would become more intricate if he did not immediately attend to it, and that he thought it therefore beſt to go for a few days. He next endeavoured to prevail upon her and Medora, to take up their abode entirely at Upwood during his abſence; this, however, Mrs. Glenmorris declined, but promiſed to be there every day, and that Medora ſhould go on with a ſeries of wild flowers ſhe had begun, and laughingly added, that the would make a Flora Upwoodiana; for from the great variety of ground around this beautiful ſpot, which conſiſted in ſome places of a rich marly earth, in others of a ſtrong clay, where the ſoil of one field was a light loam, and adjoining to it a heath, with ſand in one ſpot and peat earth in another, and where a ſtream ſtarting from the foot of a chalk hill, wound through rocky hollows and woody hangers of beach, there was an aſſemblage of almoſt every plant indegenous to England, except thoſe that are the immediate inhabitants of the ſea-ſhore.

With an heart heavier than it had been on his firſt parting, Delmont mounted his horſe; Medora ſaw that he made every effort to appear cheerful, and therefore reſiſted, as well as ſhe could, the diſpoſition ſhe felt to weep. Her mother, contrary to her uſual cuſtom, was unable to aſſume the ſemblance of cheerfulneſs; but the moment Delmont was gone, told Medora ſhe was going to write in a cloſet, particularly appropriated to her uſe, at Upwood; and then, in a walk alone through Delmont's favourite copſe, Medora gave way to a weakneſs, which ſhe felt to be a weakneſs even while indulging it; but accuſtomed always to reaſon with herſelf, ſhe ſoon began to enquire

enquire whether theſe uſeleſs tears could be agreeable to her lover—"Ah! let me rather," ſaid ſhe, "occupy my time in ſomething that may be pleaſing to him." She returned to her drawing table, and went on with the flowers Delmont had himſelf gathered, and placed there in the morning."

"Sweet pliability of the human ſpirit," ſays a favourite author*, in ſpeaking of the facility with which books beguile our ſorrows; "ſweet pliability of man's ſpirit, that can at once ſurrender itſelf to illuſions, which cheat expectation and ſorrow of their weary moments; and, when the path is too rugged for the feet, enable us to get off it to one, which fancy has ſtrewn with roſe-buds of delight."

And thus it is with thoſe who are fondly attached to muſic† or to deſign; for each have power to charm away many diquiets. There *are*, undoubtedly, ſorrows which neither theſe nor any other occupations can mitigate, which diſtract the head and unnerve the hand, while every object appears hateful, and moſt ſo thoſe that were in happier times the moſt delightful: but for a young perſon, yet uncruſhed by heavier afflictions, and for a tranſient vexation, there is nothing more deſirable than to urge the mind to one of theſe occupations. What can more forcibly illuſtrate the force of ſuch impreſſions, than that intereſting paſſage of Rouſſeau. He deſcribes himſelf walking with Madame de Warens. "En marchant elle vit quelque choſe bleu dans la haie, et me dit: voilà de la pervanche encore en fleur. Je n'avois jamais vue de la pervanche, je ne me baiſſai pas pour l'examiner, et j'ai la vue trop courte pour diſtinguer

* Sterne.

† If any thing diſturbs me, I go to my harpſichord, play one of the lively airs I have danced to, and all is forgotten!
Goethe, in Werter.

diſtinguer à terre les plantes, de ma hauteur, je jetai ſeulement en paſſant un coup d'oeil ſur celle là, et pres de trente ans ſe ſont paſſés ſans que j'aie revu de la pervanche, ou que j'y aie fait attention. En 1764 étant a Creſſier avec mon ami Monſieur du Peyrou, nous montions une petite montagne au ſommet de laquelle il a un joli ſalon, qu'il appelle avec raiſon, belle vue ; je commençois alors d'herboriſer un peu ; en montant et regardant parmi les buiſſons, je pouſſe un cri de joie. Ah! voila de la pervanche! ..... Le lecteur peut juger par l'impreſſion d' un ſi petit objet de celle que m'ont fait tous ceux qui ſe rapportent à la meme epoque*."—Medora, thus occupied, ſoon felt the pain appeaſed, which Delmont's departure gave her; ſhe imagined his early return, the pleaſnre ſhe ſhould have in ſhowing him her improvements and hearing his criticiſms. It was now the middle of June, and the country was in its moſt luxuriant beauty—Myriads of the ſweeteſt and gayeſt of thoſe plants that form the chaplet of the Engliſh Flora were every where ſcattered in profuſion beneath her feet, and ſhe herſelf might have ſat for a picture of that delicious imaginary deity, as for a day or two after Delmont's departure ſhe returned home from her wood walks loaded with inumerable flowers; but then (and Medora half fancied that his abſence had ſomething to do with it) the weather grew ſo extremely hot, that even her early morning walks, and thoſe of an evening after ſun-ſet, became extremely fatiguing

* I give no tranſlation, becauſe thoſe who are intereſted in ſuch an anecdote will probably underſtand it as it is, and ſome others, who are not, may think that it already has taken up too great a ſpace.

I may however add, that ſome drawings of plants, done many years ago by a very near relation of mine in a favourite reſidence, recal to my mind at this moment the ſcenery of the place, the ſpots where the grew, and the very ſenſations that the air, the ſunſhine, and landſcape then gave me.

tiguing. To this oppreſſive ſtate of the atmoſphere ſucceeded a day of the moſt tempeſtuous weather, thunder and lightning, hail and wind. Another interval of exceſſive heat laſted almoſt a fortnight longer, and then ſtorms ſeemed to clear and cool the air, till they were again ſucceeded by heat equal to that felt under the torrid zone.

Medora often ſpoke to her mother of the fatigue Delmont muſt ſuffer in London—"a place," ſaid ſhe, "which he hates ſo much, and which I have heard you ſay is ſo diſagreeable in hot weather. Oh! would he were returned." Other days however paſſed on, and Delmont came not: he wrote punctually, and Medora, fortunately leſs read in the ways of the world than her mother, was ſatisfied with his letters, becauſe they expreſſed his ardent and even encreaſing affection for her, but Mrs. Glenmorris thought ſhe perceived a great deal of effort to hide his uneaſineſs, and while he merely mentioned that the buſineſs was cruelly ſpun out by the people he was concerned with, ſhe perceived that, impatient as he had reaſon to be at frivolous and vexatious delays, there was yet ſome pain yet more ſerious, though he endeavoured, with his uſual pretence to philoſophy, to paſs ſlightly over it.

Among other proofs of this, was his continual charges to Medora to purſue her drawing—He ſent her down a new ſet of colours, ſome fine papers, and every uſeful article, and added a petition, that he might find on his return his favourite plants, which he was thus deprived of ſeeing in bloom, deſcribed by her pencil.

Mrs. Glenmorris, though leſs able even than he was to diveſt herſelf of her particular anxiety, that now encreaſed but too rapidly, was willing to diſguiſe her ſolicitude, and in a ſort of half playful, half melancholy diſpoſition, anſwered this requeſt

requeſt, by the deſcribing the premature approach of autumn in the following

SONNET:

The faireſt flowers are gone!—for tempeſts fell,
And with wild wing ſwept ſome unblown away,
While, on the upland lawn or rocky dell,
More faded than the day-ſtar's ardent ray;
And ſcarce the copſe or hedge rows ſhade beneath,
Or by the runnels * graſſy courſe; appear
Some lingering bloſſoms of the earlier year,
Mingling bright florets, in the yellow wreath
That Autumn with his poppies and his corn
Binds on his tawny temples.—So the ſchemes
Rais'd by fond HOPE, in life's unclouded morn,
When ſanguine youth enjoys deluſive dreams,
EXPERIENCE withers! till ſcarce one remains,
Flattering the languid heart, where only reaſon reigns!

Very different from ſuch ideas as beguiled the houſe at Upwood were thoſe which Delmont was under the neceſſity of ſubmitting to; in ſpite of all his philoſophy they diſturbed his peace, and threatened to deprive him (if their cauſes could not be removed) of the independence he had ſo anxiouſly cheriſhed, and ſo fondly flattered himſelf of enjoying.

It would be painful to follow him to the chambers of Mr. Solicitor Cancer, of Gray's Inn, and from thence to thoſe of a ſpecial pleader in the Temple. Theſe were the perſons employed by Adolphus, and through whoſe advice George had engaged himſelf, both perſonally and by conſenting to pledge his landed property; they now looked very grave on the ſubject, ſeemed internally to blame the conduct of the elder brother, yet would not ſpeak out, or direct the younger how to act, ſo as to eſcape the very unpleaſant conſequences that were likely to follow. The counſellor hum'd and haw'd; obſerved that there had been great, very great

* "Bubbling runnels joined the ſound."
COLLINS.

great errors committed; things were very unlike what he expected; he underſtood matters to be very different, or ſhould have adviſed otherwiſe; and at length ended by contradicting every thing he had ſaid before; and George Delmont found he was himſelf anſwerable for all the money Adolphus had borrowed, whoſe failure in fulfilling the conditions had made him liable to the whole. This, which was confirmed by the conduct and manner of Cancer, was indeed an exerciſe for his philoſophy; yet he would patiently have ſupported it, had he not dreaded, as the probable conſequence, the loſs of Medora. Though he never diſſembled the truth, he conſidered it unneceſſary to enter into the mortifying detail to Mrs Glenmorris, till he was ſure of the extent of the evil that was to be encountered; his letters, therefore, contained ſketches of the perſons he ſaw, moſt of whom were new to him, and therefore ſtruck him as being ſtrange; for he had never before had occaſion to converſe with ſuch ſort of people as lawyers, or had he ever before ſeen Sir Appulby Gorges, who, though now a ſtateſman, belonged once himſelf to the honourable fraternity of attorneys. "Sir Appulby," ſaid Delmont in one of his letters, "is a ſtrange being; he appears to me never to have had any intellects beyond what might qualify him for the ſame honeſt calling exerciſed by his father, who was, they ſay, an exciſeman, at ſome little town in the north—This man, who is celebrated for the affrontery with which he has made his way to fortune, by dint of accommodating thoſe above him, and who, to the baſeſt humiliation towards them, adds the moſt ſupercilious inſolence towards every one who has been incapable of ſo riſing; whoſe heart is hardened by undeſerved, unexpected proſperity, and whoſe head is ſo confuſed, that no one can be aſtoniſhed at the diſorder

which

which pervaded the department he directed when he was in office—this Sir Appulby Gorges received me with fawning civilty, and by way, I ſuppoſe, of dazzling my imagination by his magnificence, carried me round his improvements. Laviſh and abſurd expenditure of money wrung from the people (for ſuch one muſt conſider the wealth of this ephemeron) could give me only pain. I affected not ſatisfaction I could not feel, but haſtened to enter upon the buſineſs which alone could have brought me to Sir Appulby Gorges. He was very reluctantly brought to the point; at length, as I reſolutely returned to it again and again, he began in his odd north country ſnapping ſort of croak, which it is not eaſy to deſcribe, to ſay, "that in regard to the legacies left to myſelf and my family by his late dear friend, Lord Caſtledanes, [*he* the friend of ſuch a man as my uncle!] would give orders and directions to his ſolicitor, Mr. Anthony Cancer, that all might be *ſeen about*, ordered, and ſettled, as ſhould be, *right*, *proper*, and *legal* (legal is a favourite word with Sir Appulby) and he hoped, and believed, and ſuppoſed, that the whole would be arranged, concluded, and finiſhed in a ſhort time, as ſhould be legal and proper, and proper and legal, according to the different demands, claims, and expectations of the ſeveral perſons and parties to be intereſted in, or benefitted thereby, according to their ſaid ſeveral claims, liens, demands, and rights, be the ſame more or leſs, lying and being in the eſtates, fortunes, aſſets and effects, ſums of money in government ſecurities, mortgages or bonds, or lands, domains, foreſts, woods, coppices, parks, warrens, marſhes, heaths, orchards, gardens, or paddocks, commons, rights of common, fee farm and copyholds, ſervices or fines, manſion houſes, barns, ſtables, granaries, out houſes, mills or granges, rivers

rivers, water courſes, fiſheries, manors or reputed manors, or any other property or properties, whereſoever and whatſoever, of his late dear and honourable friend the Earl of Caſtledanes, as by his laſt will and teſtament, recourſe being had thereto, ſhall and may, or will more fully appear." You ſmile, dear madam, or perhaps are half angry at my writing all this unintelligible jargon, but ſuch, I do aſſure you, is the ſtyle by which Sir Appulby hopes to drive people away, whom he has no inclination to ſatisfy; and I own I was for a moment ſo aſtoniſhed by his impudence, that though "nil admirari" is my uſual maxim, I remained almoſt five minutes ſilent. Sir Appulby taking advantage of it, found it convenient to ſuppoſe I was willing to await his reference to his ſolicitor, Mr. Anthony Cancer, and putting by me, cried "I rejoice, Mr. Delmont, to ſee you among us—I hope you are come to lay claim, in a certain line, to ſome of the places of conſequence which your birth, and rank, and family pretenſions entitle you to—I aſſure you I ſhall be glad of it." I replied with very little attention to this civility, "If you mean, Sir Appulby, that I am come among you in a political ſenſe, I anſwer, that I neither am, nor ever intend it; nor ſhould I ever have left my name at your door, had you not been executor to my uncle, which I am heartily ſorry for, and which is the only part of his will I ever regretted."

"You may eaſily ſuppoſe how a man, who has never liſtened to a word of truth, nor ſpoke one for years, *looked*, on hearing this plain ſentence. He can occaſionally be extremely deaf, and thought it convenient to have this auricular imperfection at the preſent moment; for far from reſenting what I had ſaid, he affected not even to have heard it, but went on to ſay how much he had been told of my talents, and of the great and advantageous marriage

marriage which he had underſtood with great pleaſure it was in my power to make with that fine young woman, Miſs Goldthrope, the daughter of his old friend [all rich men are his friends]. In a word, I found he had his leſſon from Mrs. Crewkherne and was at her inſtigation, as well as for reaſons of his own, diſpoſed to exerciſe on me thoſe *attractive* qualities which have obtained for him the name of *Old Rhodium*. You, deareſt madam, who are ſo perfectly in poſſeſſion of my ſentiments, will believe, that after this diſcovery the dialogue did not proceed much farther; I flung from him with diſdain and abhorrence; and though I have ſeen him once ſince, our converſation was on my ſide peremptory, on his evaſive, and much leſs civil. I never will pollute another ſheet of paper, if I can help it, with his odious name; and have merely told you what this man is, becauſe I foreſee delays and difficulties ariſing from his having the management of my uncle's affairs, that will demand the exerciſe of more patience and philoſophy than I may be able to find, if, beſides the extreme unpleaſantneſs of holding any communication with him, it occaſions the neceſſity of longer abſence from the place which you and Medora have rendered ſo dear to G. D."

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Però ch' ogni altro amaro chi si pone
Tra questa soavissima dolcezza
E un augmento, una perfezione
Ed un condurne Amore a piu finezza.

DELMONT had been a fortnight absent, and Mrs. Glenmorris perceived from the style of his letters, that though he forbore to say so, his perplexities increased, and that there was but little probability of his immediately getting through them; yet with the slight mention which he thought necessary to make of business, he mingled so much of literary anecdote and sensible remark, that she hoped the affairs still detaining him were not likely to have any very unpleasant consequences. Though possessing herself an unusual share of fortitude, she did not imagine so young a man as Delmont, with acute feelings and warm passions, could so easily call off his mind from any very embarrassing circumstances, and apply it with so much gaiety to matters of amusement. But all the worth of Delmont Mrs. Glenmorris could not yet know, nor how greatly his constant habit of reflecting on the real value of every object had given his reason the ascendency over all those inferior motives which agitate the greater part of mankind. It is only at a later period of life that most minds, however strong, dare venture to leave the beaten track, and deviate into sense and freedom. Delmont, at an age when the laws of the country had but just emancipated him from tutelage, was already exempt from the dominion of those paltry pleasures and servile prejudices that

that influence the conduct, or, disgrace the understanding, of the generality of young men.

There were, however, vulnerable parts about his heart, and to those a strange fatality seemed to direct its arrows. The first sentiment he had been conscious of was tenderness for his mother. Whatever *she* had loved was dear to him; every sensation she had encouraged had taken deep root in his memory and in his heart; and his affection for his family had formed a part of the system grown up in his mind, which neither the haughty coldness of Adolphus in their early youth, nor the essential difference of their characters, since the character of each were formed, had been powerful enough to destroy—He carried it perhaps to excess. Even while his brother mingled a degree of insult with the demand of service he expected, and while his reason told him how probable it was, that he was, in gratifying Adolphus, undermining the structure he had fondly imagined of his own happiness, he had not courage to refuse engagements that, had no such happiness offered itself, must have embarrassed his affairs and embittered his life with the interference of lawyers, and perplexities among money lenders, which his temper was ill calculated to sustain.

Of all this he was soon to become perfectly conscious; for he suddenly received information, that his brother, Major Delmont, whose departure for Ireland was already sufficiently embarrassing, had so entangled himself there, and had contrived to collect so many disagreeable circumstances together, that nothing could either extricate *him*, or relieve George himself from the consequences of the engagements he had entered into, but his immediately going to Ireland himself.

Once convinced of this, George Delmont hesitated not a moment. He wrote a short letter to

Mrs.

Mrs. Glenmorris, explaining his reaſons for the ſudden reſolution he was thus compelled to take, and departed directly.

Medora, who had hitherto conſidered his abſence as neceſſary, yet likely to be of ſhort duration, and without future conſequence, could not now think of the diſtance that was to divide them without extreme pain. Her mother was unwilling to encourage any of that languor of ſpirit, which avails nothing, and of which the indulgence in early life is very likely to enervate the mind, and to render women helpleſs and burthenſome on occaſions where to exert reſolution may be their duty; ſhe therefore ſometimes gravely reaſoned with her daughter, repreſenting that Delmont had certainly gone to Ireland merely to accelerate the time when he might return to them freed from all ſolicitude about theſe unpleaſant affairs relative to his elder brother; and that there was nothing worth being alarmed at. At other times ſhe applied to ridicule; and laughing, beſought her daughter not to ſigh like a young heroine of a novel for the abſence of her ſhepherd; but, in fact, the heart of Mrs Glenmorris was very heavy; the gaiety ſhe thought it neceſſary to aſſume was forced merely to prevent Medora's perceiving uneaſineſs that every hour as it paſſed ſerved only to increaſe. The events of her paſt life had taught Mrs. Glenmorris, that by calmneſs and fortitude alone remediable evils are to be ſuſtained and conquered, and ſhe endeavoured to reſiſt the pain which the preſent circumſtance unavoidably inflicted on her; but it was not in her power to call her mind from the uneaſy recollection that ſhe was almoſt without money, and that ſhe knew not where to obtain a ſupply. Her ſoul revolted from the degradation of ſoliciting Mr. Petrify, the merchant, who had tranſacted Glenmorris's buſineſs ſince

ſhe

ſhe arrived in England. To him, however, ſhe had twice written, expreſſing her diſtreſs at the circumſtance of the un-honored bills and her anxiety to know when ſhe might expect a remedy againſt the inconvenience ſhe might ſoon ſuſtain from this circumſtance; but inſtead of any offers of temporary aſſiſtance, which the obligations he formerly had owed to Glenmorris might have induced a liberal minded man to give her, ſhe was ſaluted by ſuch lines as theſe:

" Mrs. Glenmorris,

" Madam,

" Your's received—am concerned at your having been ſtill diſappointed as to the bills drawn on A and B.—but can ſay nothing thereon.—Hoping for good news remain, Madam, your humble ſervants,

" J. PETRIFY and Co.

P. S. " Should we hear any thing thereof, will drop you a line."

Mrs. Glenmorris, while dreading for Medora rather than for herſelf, the pecuniary diſtreſs thus rapidly approaching, had concealed even it from Armitage, to whom ſhe might have written, and whoſe liberal ſpirit, greater even than his fortune authoriſed him prudently to exert, would have relieved every uneaſineſs, and even have reſented that ſhe had for a moment felt them while he had the power to aſſiſt her—But it was her knowledge of his generous temper and ſtraitened circumſtances that withheld her; and becauſe ſhe alſo knew that nothing relative to her and Medora would long be concealed from Delmont. Armitage had, in common with his friend, ideas on the ſubject of money very different indeed from thoſe that influence

fluence the generality of the world—They both thought that true friendſhip conſiſted in a mutual communication of the good, and a mutual alleviation of the evils of life—They were not like thoſe who profeſs unbounded regard, yet ſhrink from any man, whatever may be his merit or their pretended affection for him, the moment there appears any danger of his wanting pecuniary aſſiſtance; and Mrs. Glenmorris, well aware of this ſingularity of character, could not determine, ſituated as ſhe was now, to reveal her difficulties to either of her friends; yet ſhe doubted whether it was not falſe pride, and whether it would not ſubject her to their blame, ſhould it at any time be known.

Now, however, ſince Delmont was gone, her ſcruples would have been partly removed.—While Armitage was at Aſhleycombe, he had always aſſiſted her in ſettling with Mr. Petrify, and even in leſſer concerns; and had he now been there, and from thence viſited her as he uſed to do, ſhe could hardly have hidden from him the diſtreſs that preyed on her mind; ſhe had therefore determined to write to him; yet as the firſt fleet of American merchant-ſhips was ſoon expected, and ſhe thought it certain ſhe ſhould hear from Glenmorris, ſhe delayed from one day to another to begin a letter, which it was very unpleaſant to her to write at all.

In the mean time Delmont waited ſome days at Milford Haven for a wind to convey him to Ireland.—The delay might perhaps render his journey, ſo reluctantly taken, abortive; and he thought with heavineſs and uneaſineſs of a long ſeparation from all he loved, while the buſineſs he was thus compelled to engage in included every ſort of aſſociation that he moſt hated.

The tedious interval of waiting for a wind he amuſed by writing to Mrs. Glenmorris and Medora an account of his journey through Wales.—

The

The country was now in its richeſt ſummer luxuriance; but the wild and magnificent features of nature; the mountains and cataracts, which on a former tour had ſo much excited his admiration, he paſſed by, if not with indifference, at leaſt with very different ſenſations from thoſe with which he had formerly ſurveyed them.

Some of theſe variable ſenſations he deſcribed to Mrs. Glenmorris, in a letter which he wrote to her from the ſea-port.

"You can imagine," ſaid he, "nothing more unlike my former ſelf than I am at this moment. —I now enjoy nothing as I did five years ſince, when I paſſed two months in wandering over Wales—and yet I am in perfect health—I am unfettered by the reſtraints which at that period of my life it was fit I ſhould ſubmit to; and I know that in a few weeks I ſhall return to you and Medora, in a few months belong to you, and that the reſt of my life will be dedicated to her.—There is ſome thing very childiſh, and certainly very unphiloſophical, in this fooliſh depreſſion of ſpirit, and in quarrelling with the wind, which pertinaciouſly inſiſts on blowing a ſteady gale exactly from the quarter which makes it impoſſible for me to put to ſea.—I was not however, at all more reaſonable during my journey—Every beautiful ſcene made me regret that I was alone—I wanted you and our lovely little paintreſs to ſhare with me, or rather to create for me, the pleaſure I now could not find without you.

"The laſt day of my journey, I ſent my ſervant on before in the chaiſe, and hoped to fatigue myſelf by walking the eight miles that remained to the next ſtage; for ſince I have left Upwood I have acquired a fooliſh cuſtom of ſitting up half the night, yet without being able to ſleep the reſt of it—I left the road and followed, on a green

hill that roſe on one ſide, a path made by the ſheep and their ſhepherd, which, ſtill mounting, brought me among other hills, till I came at once to a point where this mountainous tract ſinks ſuddenly into a narrow valley, bounded by precipices of greater height—a valley which nature ſeems to have cleft on purpoſe to make way for a wide and ſhallow but noiſy ſtream, clear as the pureſt cryſtal that burſts from the caverned boſom of an immenſe crag, quite unlike the turf clad downs I had been paſſing, and daſhes away over fragments of ſtone, till by the intervention of other high grounds it is loſt to the eye—its banks are green and ſmiling; copſes creep half way up the hills, and tufts of oak and aſh aſpire above the hedge-rows that part the emerald meadows on either ſide.—The evening was beautiful, and the laſt rays of the ſun, before the hills ſhut them out, fell on a little thatched cottage immediately under the path I was in, ſo that I looked down upon it with its hayſtack, hop-ground and orchard, all in miniature.—I ſketched it for Medora, and the anticipation of the delight I ſhall have in ſitting by her while ſhe completes the compoſition, was the only pleaſurable idea I had felt in the courſe of the day.

"The labourer returned from his day's work before I left my poſt above his humble happy dwelling, and at the ſame time a boy of about eight years old, mounted on a Welch poney, who had been ſent to the neighbouring town, came with his baſket, and the good woman, with one in her arms, and four younger children following her, ſurrounded them both—I added the group, as they ſtood, to my landſcape.—The picture of domeſtic felicity is always delightful; I would have deſcended by the path that led immediately to the cottage, and have aſked for a glaſs

of

of milk, and directions how to proceed on my way, but one of thoſe fits of moodineſs which I catch myſelf in too frequently, and which will degenerate, perhaps, into ſullenneſs and ill-humour, ſtole, I know not how, over me—and I determined, as I had yet light enough, to recover the road from which I had deviated, without exchanging a word with any human being. Within half a mile I croſſed the rivulet by a bridge, and ſoon regained the way to the poſt town, where, not deſirous of remaining, I ordered horſes immediately, and without ſtopping, except to change again, arrived here at midnight. I bade poor Clement, who was much more diſpoſed to ſleep than I was, go to his bed as ſoon as he had ſupped, and I wandered out alone to the ſea-ſide. Satiated as I, and as I ſuppoſe two-thirds of the reading world have been with ſonnets, your's from Upwood has reconciled me to them, and even tempted me, as I traverſed the beach, to ſonnetize myſelf.—

SONNET.

Huge vapours brood above the cliſted ſhore,
Night o'er the ocean ſettles, dark and mute,
Save where is heard the repercuſſive roar
Of drowſy billows, on the rugged foot
Of rocks remote; or ſtill more diſtant tone
Of ſeamen, in the anchored bark, that tell
The watch relieved; or one deep voice alone
Singing the hour, and bidding "ſtrike the bell."
All is black ſhadow, but the lucid line
Mark'd by the light ſurf on the level ſand,
Or where afar, the ſhip-lights faintly ſhine
Like wandering fairy fires, that oft on land
Miſlead the pilgrim; ſuch the dubious ray
That wavering reaſon lends, in life's long darkling way.

"You will laugh perhaps, as Armitage ſometimes does, when he ſays of me, that

"My nobility is wonderful melancholy,
"Is it not moſt gentleman-like to be melancholy?"

And when he ſuppoſes that I ſhall be enliſted, if I commence ſonnetteer, among the moody minſtrels, "mewling out their imaginary miſeries in magazines."—I murmured myſelf to ſleep however, invoking the preſiding powers of every point of the compaſs to blow favourably, or forbear to blow perverſely, ſo that I might have ſailed this morning; but I find it ſtill impoſſible, and here I muſt wait, endeavouring to recollect and apply all the wiſe ſentences I have ever heard recommending the virtue of patience; I have no books, and muſt now wander about till night, or return, after the walk I am going to take, to tell you again the nothing that occurs in my preſent mode of exiſtence.

"I laid down my pen, and ſauntered out along the beach, watching if any of thoſe ſigns appeared by which the ſeamen told me change of weather might be foretold on this coaſt.—But there was nothing that could flatter my hopes for to-morrow. I gathered a few wild plants that grew on the rocks, and among the ſhingles of the ſhore, then threw them peeviſhly away; and went into a cottage about two miles from the town.—The inhabitants, an old fiſherman and his ſon, who are occaſionally pilots, were within at their early ſupper; I entered into converſation with them, and the more cheerfully continued it, becauſe they aſſured me that there would be a change of weather within twelve hours.—They ſaw my impatience for it, and the old man, put into good humour by the half-crown I had given him, ſaid; "Ah! maſter of mine, you have for certain ſome fair lady waiting for your honour t'other ſide the water, for I ſaw you laſt night aſking about the wind."

"There may be other cauſes for my impatience," ſaid I, "beſides a fair lady; I may have buſineſs you know, for myſelf or for my country."—

"Belike

"Belike ſo, cried the man, "but methinks your honour is rather of the youngeſt to take much hoe about all them there botherations of buſineſs and politics and the like.—Ah! maſter, I've ſeen ſomewhat of your lovers as they're call'd, and indeed have reaſon enough to remember um, for what betided about a *misfortunate* young gentlewoman who you muſt know would needs come and lodge in this here old cottage of mine—and it was the laſt lodging ſhe ever had occaſion for.—I took up her poor body indeed, and becauſe they ſaid ſhe was *felo de ſe*, I think, they would not let her be buried in our church-yard. So my wife and I, my wife was living then, it will be two years agone come old Michaelmas, and our Ned, who help'd to dig the grave; we buried her in the lee of the great Mavor Crag; I mark'd the place, for I thought ſome time or other perhaps her friends might make enquiry about her.—But none ever came, and to this hour we don't know who the poor young gentlewoman belong'd to.—She had always paid us very handſome, week by week, and the night before ſhe made an end of herſelf, ſhe ſaid to my dame, that being ſure ſhe ſhould not live long, ſhe deſired that if in caſe ſhe died, we ſhould take her cloaths—every thing but juſt a ſheet to wrap her in, and a ſort of a piece of glaſs that open'd and ſhut, that was done about with little ſhining ſtones, and tied round her neck; and *that* ſhe ſaid muſt be buried with her; and ſo it was, for I would not have touch'd it for all the world.—My wife dreſs'd her in a ſuit of white linen, for ſhe owed us nothing, and we could not bear to wrong her after ſhe was dead.—So we kept the reſt of her cloaths, and a little gold box that ſhe had, for above a year; and we put, as our landlord at the Harp adviſ'd, an advertiſement into the news-papers, to tell any body that belong'd

long'd to our lodger where they might come for the things that belong'd to her; but hearing no manner of tidings of nobody, and times going hard with us, while my poor wife lay ſick, at laſt we ſold the reſt of her cloaths and the box; but there be now ſome books and papers which mayhap might tell who ſhe was, if any body cared to enquire; but, poor ſoul, I reckon ſhe had diſobliged her friends for this ſaid love; and ſo they took no reck of her."

"You may imagine my curioſity and pity were at once excited; I enquired the name of this unhappy young lady, and how ſhe died?

"As for her name," replied my informer, "ſhe bid us to call her Elizabeth Liſburne; but I do not believe that *was* her name. She uſed for the month ſhe was here to ſend our Ned, or elſe I uſed to go, every day to the poſt at Milford for letters directed to that name; but only one came —and after that ſhe grew more and more ſad and ſorrowful till we loſt her."

And how loſt her?" enquired I.

"Why, maſter, ſhe was wont every night to go wandering about. Indeed ſhe did not do much elſe all day, and I thought ſhe expected ſome body from over the water—for *ſhe* was always making enquiry concerning the wind—but one night (ſhe had ſhut herſelf up in her room all the day before) one night, ſhe went out, took a ſmall boat, a ſort of punt that ſerves me to go after my lobſter pots to the rocks, and puſhed it off as we ſuppoſe, till ſhe came into deep water, and then threw herſelf in. When we found ſhe did not come in to go to bed, I ſaid nothing of what I was afeard on to my wife, but I miſs'd the punt, and thought how it was. With the next tide her handkerchief came aſhore, and the little boat; I went out, and found her body!"

"The

"The old man whoſe rugged outſide hid a compaſſionate heart, paſs'd his hand acroſs his eyes.

"I aſked him if he would let me ſee the books and papers he mentioned? "Yes," he ſaid, "willingly if your honour deſires it, I ſuppoſe it can do no harm to the poor deceaſed; perhaps—but 'twill be of no uſe at all now; or elſe they that left ſuch a fine young creature to die, ought to be made to feel for their hard-heartedneſs; but there! *ſhe* would be no better for it. She don't ſuffer any more pain now. I hope ſhe is in heaven, for all our juſtice, and the parſon together, would not let her be buried in holy ground. I hope God Almighty took pity on her for all that."

"If I was affected with this converſation, I was much more ſo on peruſing ſome of the papers. which I purchaſed, together with five books, of my honeſt fiſherman; bidding him conſider what I gave him for them as the laſt legacy of the unfortunate Elizabeth Liſburne. I told him, that as ſhe had certainly wiſhed to be concealed, I ſhould not think it right to ſeek thoſe who might have belonged to her, but that if any accident ever brought them to my knowledge, I ſhould endeavour to obtain for him a further reward for his humanity to an unhappy ſtranger.

"I then—for I was diſpoſed to indulge the melancholy thoughts this incident had given riſe to—I then bid him lead me to the Mavor Crag, near which this luckleſs young woman was buried. It was a place fit to meditate in on ſuch a ſtory. Beetling rocks, barren, cold, ſullen, hung over a ſtony cove, and on all ſides encloſed it, ſave where it opened to the ſea. One point, towering above the reſt in tremendous majeſty, threatened

threatened to overwhelm, in the firſt violent ſtorm, the humble grave of the poor ſuicide, which was now marked by a ſlight riſing in the ſand, and by two blocks of lime-ſtone which the fiſherman and his ſon had placed at the head and feet, imitating, as well as they could, the receptacles of the dead ſo mark'd in thoſe places, where thoſe who die in the common courſe of nature are huddled together in conſecrated earth! The remote and lonely grave of this poor girl, ſhe would perhaps have preferred, had ſhe choſen one. I ſat down, on a fragment of a rock near it, and when I read the following lines, contained among ſeveral copies of verſes, I was glad, methought, that ſhe was dead. They ſeem to have been begun as an invocation to the winds, but her mind, overwhelmed with anguiſh, ſtarted from imaginary beings to its real and deeply felt ſorrows.

" Ye vagrant winds yon clouds that bear
Thro' the blue deſart of the air,
Soft ſailing in the ſummer ſky,
Do e'er your wandering breezes meet
A wretch in miſery ſo complete,
So loſt as I?

" And yet where e'er your pinions wave
O'er ſome loſt friend's, ſome lover's grave,
Surviving ſufferers ſtill complain;
Some parent, of his hopes depriv'd,
Some wretch who has himſelf ſurviv'd,
Laments in vain.

" Blow where ye liſt on this ſad earth,
Some ſoul-corroding care has birth,
And grief in all her accents ſpeaks:
Here dark Dejection groans; and there
Wild Phrenzy, daughter of Deſpair,
Unconſcious ſhrieks.

" Ah

" Ah! were it death had torn apart
The tie that bound him to my heart;
Tho' fatal ſtill the pang would prove;
Yet had it ſooth'd this bleeding breaſt,
To know, I had 'till then poſſeſt
Hillario's love.

" And, where his dear dear aſhes ſlept,
Long nights and days I then had wept,
'Till by ſlow-mining grief oppreſs'd;
As memory fail'd, its vital heat
This wayward heart had loſt; and beat
Itſelf to reſt.

But ſtill Hillario lives; to prove
To ſome more happy maid, his love;
Hillario at her feet I ſee!
His voice ſtill murmurs fond deſire,
Still beam his eyes with lambent fire,
But not for me!

" Ah! words, my boſom's peace that ſtole,
Ah! looks, that won my melting ſoul,
Who dares your dear deluſion try,
In dreams may all Elyſium ſee,
Then, undeceiv'd, awake like me,
Awake and die.

" Like me, who now abandon'd, loſt,
Roam wildly on the deſart coaſt,
With eager eyes the ſea explore;
Yet hopeleſs watch, and vainly rave,
Hillario o'er the weſtern wave
Returns no more!

" Yet go forgiven, Hillario, go!
Such anguiſh may'ſt thou never know,
As that which checks my labouring breath;
Pain ſo ſevere, not long endures,
And I have ſtill my choice of cures;
Madneſs or death."*

* Theſe ſtanzas were given me by a gentleman, now gone to another quarter of the world. They were compoſed for a work he meditated, but gave up ſoon after beginning it, and they have, I believe, no reference to any circumſtance of real life. A few words are altered from what they originally were. Some part of them appeared, by the officious indiſcretion of an acquaintance, in one of the daily prints ſome years ago.

"The verſes are not very good, yet they are ſurely the language of the heart, and mine aches when I think of what this poor unfortunate muſt have endured. Who could ſhe be? I will not lift up the veil that her misfortunes have rendered ſacred. To us in this world ſhe is now nothing.

"I have ſome other pieces that I at this moment think worth tranſcribing. I will keep them, however, till my feelings give me leave to conſult my judgment. The ſhade of poor Elizabeth, ſitting forlorn on her deſolate rock, and reſolving on ſuicide, is now too ſtrongly before me. I have ſomething to think for to-night, that may make me think leſs of the diſtance, alas! the increaſing diſtance between us.

Adieu! for the preſent, to my two dear friends.

G. D.

Thurſday morning.

The wind has chopped about, as the ſailors term it; I do not exclaim, with my favourite Sterne—Oh! the Devil chop it—for I want to be gone. Yet alas! what has it done for me—what will it do for me, but put the ſea between me and all I love on earth!

But they call me!—Once more farewell!

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Why doſt thou treat me with rebukes, inſtead
Of kind condoling cares and friendly ſorrows?

WHEN a ſummons, which ſhe reluctantly obeyed, came from her ſolicitor as well as from Mr. Petrify, to attend in London, the low ebb of Mrs. Glenmorris's fortune was ſuch, as left her hardly twenty pounds in her pocket, and ſhe had ſome weeks lodging to pay.—She had reſolutely declined any aſſiſtance either from Delmont, when the affair of the proteſted notes was neceſſarily explained to her, or from Armitage, whoſe fortune was very limited, and whoſe continual exertions in the ſervice of his friends, left him often in diſtreſs himſelf. The doubts, therefore, of Mrs. Glenmorris whether ſhe ſhould be able to ſupport, even for a ſhort time, the expences of ſojourning in London, had made her for a moment entertain the thought of going to the houſe of a friend of her family's, and once of her's, a Mrs. Grinſted, to whom ſome time before ſhe had applied, with an hope that this lady, who was an intimate at the houſe of Lady Mary, might have brought about a reconciliation; but either the attempt was languidly made, or the long rooted antipathy of the dowager to her youngeſt daughter was become too inveterate, for it proved wholly fruitleſs.

Mrs. Grinſted was the daughter of a baronet of very ancient family, but who being born at a remote diſtance from the title, (for there were nine or ten perſons to precede him, who all died in the courſe of a few years) had been taught to ſhuffle through the world as well as he could, with

with eſpecial care however, not to ſully his honourable lineage by the degrading acquiſitions of commerce, ſo that having only one of thoſe places under government, that are created for the convenience of younger brothers of a certain rank, whom the people ſupport (on account, no doubt, of their hereditary virtues) and having no talents to riſe above ſuch of theſe places as are attained by being abject without being uſeful, Sir Griffith Grinſted ſucceeded to the baronetcy, without carrying any thing to it in ſupport of the honourable diſtinction; yet he felt all the dignity of the bloody hand, and would not have yielded a day's precedence after the firſt year when James the firſt created a baronet, for all the wealth of Leadenhall-ſtreet.

Not that he thought contemptibly of money.—His neceſſities and the deprivations he was compelled to ſubmit to, that he might apparently make a figure not altogether unworthy his great deſcent, had taught him that money was an excellent thing—and his three daughters had imbibed under him and a weak mother, the moſt confirmed notions that title was the firſt, and fortune the ſecond requiſite for happineſs; they were perſuaded, that with thoſe who poſſeſſed neither one or the other, it was a ſort of degredation to them to aſſociate, but that where both theſe advantages were united, they could not teſtify too much reſpect.

In conſequence of the operations of ſuch "ſalutary prejudices" on feeble minds, the elder and the younger of theſe ladies had given themſelves up to be humble and uſeful friends in great families. The ſecond too had commenced her life in the ſame line, but had moſt terribly deviated from the hereditary haughtineſs of her race, and caſt her eyes on an handſome butler, the ſon of a neighbouring farmer, who ſerved in the family where ſhe reſided as a companion. The man, either

either dazzled by the honour, or tempted by the thouſand pounds which was in the lady's poſſeſſion, forſook

"Plump Dolly's freſher charms,
"For withered, lean, right honourable arms."

and Mrs. Mary Grinſted became the wife of Jonathan Sawkins. Her elder ſiſter, who was by that time poſſeſſed of a conſiderable fortune, left her by the dowager with whom ſhe had lived, was ſo ſhocked at this terrible blot in the eſcutcheon of her houſe, that it was ſuppoſed to haſten her death. She died, however, never having ſuffered the odious name of Sawkins to pollute her chaſte and honourable ears; and left all her property to her youngeſt ſiſter, Mrs. Judith Grinſted, who now enjoyed it in a very genteel houſe in a faſhionable ſtreet, occaſionally however, paſſing a few months with her great friends, to whom ſhe was not the leſs welcome on account of the affluence ſhe now poſſeſſed.

She had become, in the courſe laſt five or ſix years of her life, acquainted with a ſet of thoſe well-informed ladies who have acquired the cant name of blue ſtockings. Among others ſhe was known by Mrs. Crewkherne, but no great intimacy had ſubſiſted between them.—Mrs. Grinſted thought herſelf of the very firſt claſs, and aſſociated chiefly with thoſe who were the moſt acknowledged patroneſſes and judges of literature. She was beſides always buſy in a political circle of her own, and deriving a certain degree of conſequence from her independent ſituation, was become a very uſeful perſonage among her friends; and all her friends were people of the very firſt conſideration. Of courſe all that related to them was matter of the utmoſt gravity; and Mrs. Grinſted, whether conſulted on a ſuit for court,

or

or a ſettlement on marriage; whether ſhe was to make a party for the Opera, or bring about a match between two poor young victims who both happened to be rich; the good lady was always of opinion, that ſhe had the moſt momentous affair in the world on her hands, and that a buſineſs of ſuch weight could not be entruſted to any but a perſon of ſo much importance as herſelf.—On Mrs. Glenmorris's arrival in England with her daughter, ſhe had addreſſed herſelf to this lady, whoſe continued intimacy with her mother, might, ſhe thought, have opened between them a means of reconciliation.—Mrs. Grinſted received her overtures with cold civility, till ſhe underſtood that her buſineſs was to try to regain a ſhare of Mr. De Verdon's fortune, and that her principal reliance in England was on the friendſhip of Mr. Armitage; but as ſoon as, from the openneſs of Mrs. Glenmorris's character, theſe circumſtances became known to her, ſhe changed her tone; obſerving, "that ſhe had a great and almoſt filial tenderneſs for the dear venerable Lady Mary, and wiſhed Mrs. Glenmorris very well—had known her, indeed from a child, as well as her dear and ſweet ſiſter the late lady Daventry; but the preſent was too delicate an affair for her to interfere in. She had ſo ſincere an affection and reſpect for all parties, that ſhe felt herſelf unequal to the arduous taſk of attempting a *conglomeration* of the unhappy diviſions that had ariſen between perſons ſo nearly and dearly *approximated*; and whoſe characters were ſo full of amenity, and ſo perfectly *eximious*."—Mrs. Grinſted was a lady of prodigious ratiocination, as well as of profound information: her ſtyle, though not always clear, was elevated, and ſhe hardly ordered her footman to bring her tea, without contriving to ornament the ſentence with a ſeſquipedalian word.

It is certain that nothing but doubts whether ſhe ſhould find reſources to ſupport herſelf and her daughter in London, would have induced Mrs. Glenmorris to have thought for a moment of fettering herſelf by a temporary abode in the houſe of Mrs. Grinſted. The idea was now ſoon given up, on her deſcribing her quandom friend to Medora, who beſought her mother not to think of it. They drove therefore to an hotel; where, notwithſtanding her finances were, by paying her country bills, and leaving money with her old ſervant, reduced to a very low ebb, Mrs. Glenmorris hoped to be able to remain for the few days ſhe was likely to be in town; and it was probable ſhe would very ſoon receive letters from America. Her purpoſe, however, was to introduce her daughter to Mrs. Grinſted, ſtill entertaining, in the fondneſs of maternal affection, an hope, that if Lady Mary, now above ſeventy, could through her means ſee Medora, ſhe would admit her to her heart, and to ſome ſhare at leaſt of her grandfather's fortune.

Checking, therefore, her diſlike, ſhe once more determined to try if Mrs. Grinſted could not be induced to befriend her; but ſhe firſt went to her interview with Mr. Petrify. While ſhe found that from this man, (whoſe heart ſeemed callous to every impreſſion but thoſe made by his own purſuit after money) there was no chance of her obtaining any temporary aſſiſtance, ſhe thought that there was ſomething in his manner very ſtrange and myſterious. He was naturally cold and repulſive, eſpecially when he thought it likely he ſhould be aſked for money; but now he ſeemed even more than uſual to wrap himſelf up in reſerve. He ſaid, theſe were times when a man might well be juſtified in refuſing pecuniary help even to his own father; that for his part he never was ſo hard run for

for money.—Knew not where to get wherewithal to pay his duties—and ſtocks—ſtocks were ſo low that his hands were tied—abſolutely tied; and even if it was not ſo, he muſt ſay, that he ſhould be unwilling to advance any thing for carrying on the ſuit at law againſt Lady Mary, for he had it from good authority that it would come to nothing—"Nay, even your own ſolicitor thinks ſo madam: And if them there gentlemen are of opinion againſt their client, why there's but little to expect."—Mrs. Glenmorris at laſt diſcovered, that the careful merchant had enquired of her attorney as to the probability of her ſucceſs; it was evident that the deficiency of money on her part had operated on both theſe honeſt gentlemen alike, and that they foreſaw, reaſoning from analogy, that her's was one of thoſe caſes, where

The gilded hand of power would ſhove by juſtice.

This unpleaſant conference with Petrify ended, by his telling her, that he had cloſed his account with Mr. Glenmorris, and found that there was a balance in his favour of ſeven pounds five ſhillings and nine-pence halfpenny, which, money being at this time particularly ſcarce, he hoped ſhe might make it convenient to pay. Mrs. Glenmorris now felt how mortifying it is to be under pecuniary obligations to thoſe we deſpiſe.—So far from being able to pay Mr. Petrify his ſeven pounds five ſhillings and nine-pence halfpenny, ſhe had not ſeven guineas in her purſe, nor did ſhe know where to go for a ſupply.

With an heart more heavy than ſhe ſuppoſed any embarraſſment of this kind could have occaſioned her, Mrs. Glenmorris returned to the hotel, and went from thence to Mrs Grinſted, whom ſhe found at home; noticing as little as poſſible the cool formal manner in which ſhe received her, entered

entered on the ſubject of her affairs with the candour and openneſs which was eminently a feature of her character. Mrs. Grinſted at firſt affected to make light of any right Medora could have to a moiety of her grandfather's fortune.—"It does indeed," ſaid ſhe, "ſeem to me highly improbable that your poor good father, who was *incontrovertibly* a gentleman to whom no *incogitancy* could rationally be imputed, ſhould in his will, on which he had *indubitally* meditated with due *profundity*, leave any echappatoire, any *evaſionary indeciſiveneſs* on which a doubt might apend, as to his meaning and intention; and I am free to confeſs, that might I offer in great humility my counſel, it ſhould be, my good madam, that you ſhould *apologetically* addreſs yourſelf to your worthy and venerable mother, Lady Mary, and endeavour to engage her *maternity* to *advigilate* over the intereſt of your daughter not as a right, but as a favour. Perhaps her ladyſhip might *amortiſe* the *interdictory prohibition* that in the early *effervecſcence* of parental indignation ſhe *fulminated* againſt you, and that her affections might not be irrecoverable."

If Mrs. Glenmorris liſtened patiently to this parading affectation of ſuperior talents, it was not becauſe ſhe felt the advice reaſonable, or believed it to be ſincere, but ſhe wiſhed to procure a quiet hearing for what ſhe deſired might be, and knew would be, repeated to Lady Mary; and a quiet hearing ſhe was ſure would *not* be obtained but by firſt lending a certain degree of attention to the *verboſity* with which Mrs. Grinſted *obnubilated* her real meaning.

When an interval at laſt occurred, Mrs. Glenmorris, without denying the juſtice or the ſublimity of the oratorical and elaborate flouriſhes ſhe had heard, took out the opinions that had been given as well againſt as in favour of Medora's claims;

claims; and then ſaid, "My daughter has had the good fortune to engage the affections of a man of ſenſe and honour, to whom ſhe will ſoon be married. Her rights will then devolve upon him, and he will probably purſue them in whatever way the perſons whom he has the means of conſulting ſhall direct. In the mean time it is ſo much my wiſh to return to Mr. Glenmorris, and ſo little my inclination to diſturb the tranquillity of Lady Mary, that if Mr. Delmont . . . . . ."

"Mr. Delmont!" exclaimed Mrs. Grinſted, "pray, what Mr. Delmont? it is not *he* I apprehend who has a diſpoſition to eſpouſe your daughter?—

"There may be many of the name, replied Mrs. Glenmorris. "I do not know which *you* mean—I am acquainted with only one Mr. Delmont. He has however a brother."—

"You certainly cannot mean any of Lord Caſtledane's family? ſaid Mrs. Grinſted.

"What is there ſo improbable in it? enquired Mrs. Glenmorris.

"Oh! I had heard—I underſtood that Mr. Delmont—I am acquainted with ſome branches of his family—was to be united to a Miſs Goldthrop, a young woman of conſiderable fortune, and I heard alſo—but perhaps—yes certainly—I have been miſinformed.—So he is engaged to *your* daughter then? and it is of *you*, madam, that ſome friends of mine really ſpoke who have been in that neighbourhood? A ſeries of artful queſtions followed, and from the candid anſwers of Mrs. Glenmorris, who had no notion of concealing anything, Mrs. Grinſted was ſoon miſtreſs of every particular relative to Delmont, and to her own views. She then deſired leave to conſider in what way it might be beſt to open to Lady Mary the preſent ſituation of her daughter and grand-daughter,

ter, and promiſing that they ſhould hear from her in a few days, they parted. Mrs. Grinſted ſeaſoning her adieu with rather more kindneſs then ſhe received her with,

Mrs. Glenmorris returned to her beloved girl. Her friend haſtened to inform Lady Mary, that that the pretentions of the innocent Medora, (which ſhe knew the old lady was determined to oppoſe at any expence, and by any means) were likely to be ſupported by a man, whoſe intelligence they could not doubt, and whoſe perſeverance they could not baffle.

Impotent as may appear the malice of an old woman of ſeventy, Lady Mary was rich enough to point, with the moſt infallible of all metals, the arrows that ſhe from every quarter aimed againſt the peace of her own child. Mrs. Crewkherne had been of her council; from Mrs. Crewkherne ſhe had learned the legend of Mr. Armitage's ſuppoſed attatchment, and of Medora's being brought by him as a bait to George Delmont, with a thouſand other ſtories invented by falſehood, and regiſtered by malignant imbecility.—And Lady Mary had even affected to deplore, as the greateſt calamity of her life, that ſhe ever had ſuch a daughter as Mrs. Glenmorris.

Sir Appulby Gorges was alſo one of thoſe whom the Lady Mary was in habits of conſulting. Loadſworth and Brownjohn, the council and attorney employed by Major Delmont, had alſo been occaſionally her's; for the old lady was naturally extremely litigious, and had continual quarrels with her tenants and her tradeſmen; and now no ſooner was conſultation called, in conſequence of Mrs. Grinſted's intelligence, than the lawyers, who well knew the ſolidity of Medora's claims, and that they would be eſtabliſhed whenever they were properly purſued, declared

Lady

Lady Mary, that unleſs ways could be found to put off this intended marriage, nothing could prevent Medora's recovering near half her grandfather's fortune. This taſk, however, was no eaſy one. The character of Delmont, open, brave, generous, daring to think and act for himſelf, was well known to them.—And Mrs. Grinſted had aſſured them, that ſuch was Mrs. Glenmorris's ſituation, both on account of want of money and her anxiety about her daughter, that the moment Delmont returned from Ireland, which might every hour be expected, the marriage would take place; and though ſhe had diſcovered that immediately afterwards the whole party would depart for America, there was but little doubt, but that Delmont would take care the recovery of his wife's fortune ſhould not be neglected.

It was a maxim of Mrs. Grinſted's that evil might always be done, and in ſhort, that it loſt its nature, and was no longer evil, when good was intended to be promoted by its commiſſion.

Theſe accommodating maxims of policy are ſo convenient, that they are adapted as well to the enlarged views of the ſtateſman, who deluges half the world with blood, and ſweeps millions from its boſom, (for what he pleaſes to term general good, or the balance of power) as to the minor projectors in private life, whoſe limitted operations only allow them to contrive, how to render a few couple of ſimpletons miſerable by tying *them together* (however ill ſuited they may be) for *their good*, that is, that they may be ſure of a certain income, probably ſix times as much as they can poſſibly want; and that though each may execrate their being ten times a day, they ſhall at leaſt do it in a coach of their own, or in a ſplendid houſe, ſurrounded by a handſome eſtabliſhment.

It

It was therefore poſitively with the beſt *intentions* in the world, that Mrs. Grinſted became the active agent in the plans which Sir Appulby Gorges and Loadſworth the counſellor, though feed on the other ſide, together with Brownjohn, with with her aſſiſtance, contrived, to relieve Lady Mary from all ſolicitude; to prevent Delmont from committing ſo great a folly as following the dictates of his heart, or of his jacobinical friend Armitage; and at the ſame time to compel Mrs. Glenmorris to return to her huſband, that Lady Mary might not have her latter days, good Lady! diſturbed by her doubts or her convictions as to the conduct of this her rejected daughter. It was ſufficiently calamitous that the excellent and venerable perſon had loſt her elder daughter, and ſeen her faireſt hopes levelled with the duſt; becauſe Lady Daventry had left no male heir, Lord Daventry had married again, and had another family, ſo that all the latter expectations of the Lady Mary were centered in Miſs Cardonnell, her grand-daughter, whom ſhe had taken to live with her; and it would have been a misfortune not to be endured, had this young lady, owing to a mere miſtake, a flaw in her grandfather's will, (which however there were ſome ſuſpicions of his having left on purpoſe) been heireſs to only ninety thouſand pounds inſtead of an hundred and ſeventy, which ſhe would poſſeſs if this unreaſonable claim of her obſcure couſin could be baffled; and it was the duty of every one of her friends to prevent ſo great a calamity. Sir Appulby Gorges thought it *his* duty, becauſe he intended one of his grandſons, about the ſame age, ſhould marry Miſs Cardonnel, if her fortune did not ſuffer this diminution. The duty of Loadſworth it undoubtedly was to prevent his client Delmont, from forming an alliance with a ſtranger rejected by her family, and the

the daughter of Glenmorris, whom he hated, becauſe there had formerly been ſome pique between them, which Glenmorris had long ſince either had indifference enough to forget, or magnanimity enough to forgive.

Loadſworth however never forgave—and he gloated with infernal delight over an opportunity of revenging himſelf on Glenmorris. A better inſtrument for this purpoſe could not be found than Brownjohn. With very little underſtanding, he had a daringneſs of conduct, and a fluency of ſpeech which were for a moment impoſing. Not ſupported by the regular practice of his profeſſion, but living by ſhifts, he contrived by impudence, and a flouriſhing way of talking, to paſs himſelf upon thoſe who had not found him out as a man of fortune; and being a moſt adventurous liar, he was the leſs frequently detected, becauſe nobody imagined ſuch aſſertions, ſo roundly and confidently delivered, could be falſe. Deſtitute of every principle, and totally without feeling, he made no ſcruple of taking money from two adverſe parties; and once (perhaps oftener) when he was employed for an impriſoned client, he paid the debt for which he was intruſted with the money, at the very moment when he gave notice to have a detainer for a ſtill larger ſum, put in by his client's enemy; and fixed him in priſon (he thought) for life.

Either by recommending clients to Loadſworth the ſpecial pleader, or from coincidence of diſpoſition, they had long preyed together on the unfortunate. And when ſuch men were employed under the direction of Sir Appulby Gorges, and aided by Cancer, and while the colluſion with Mrs. Crewkherne and Mrs. Grinſted as auxiliaries, was ſupported and ſet on foot by Lady Mary de Verdon, cemented by her money, and rendered

fearleſs

fearleſs by her intereſt, the miſchief was to be dreaded, but could not be calculated, that might ariſe from its whole force being directed againſt the unprotected Mrs. Glenmorris and her innocent Medora.

CHAP. VI.

Virtus repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures,
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

THOUGH Mrs. Glenmorris concealed the event of the conferences ſhe had held, and ſtruggled to hide the pain they had given her, Medora was too intelligent and had acquired too much judgment to be deceived. She ſaw that the cheerfulneſs her mother aſſumed, was entirely the effect of effort; and that while ſhe talked of their proſpects, and their plans of happineſs, her voice betrayed anguiſh rather than hope, and her looks refuſed to ſecond what her tongue uttered. Medora could not bear this; her mother had never before concealed any thing from her, and it now ſeemed, as if ſhe thought her too weak to reſiſt the misfortunes, whatever they were, that threatened them, or rather her mother for her ſake; unable to endure the ſight of her mother's uneaſineſs, while denied the comfort of ſharing it, ſhe determined to ſpeak to her, and if poſſible to put an end to a ſtate ſo inſupportable.

"I know," ſaid ſhe, "you are very uneaſy my mother, and why do you attempt to conceal

it

it from me?—For God's ſake let us give up this chaſe after fortune, and return to my father; Delmont will not be leſs attached to me—fortune is no object to him—it is none to us, if my father determines to remain in America, where we had always enough for our wiſhes. We were very happy before this project of going to law, that I might ſhare Miſs Cardonnel's fortune, was unfortunately put into our heads. We may be very happy again if we determine to haſten back to America, and think no more about it; if Delmont loves me as he ſays he does, he will go with us, and if he does not—[her voice had nearly failed, but ſhe recovered it] if he does not—it would be a misfortune to me to be married to him, whatever ſituation I may be in, and indeed, my deareſt, deareſt mother, I can get the better of my attachment to him, ſhould he be found unworthy of it: Oh! eaſier, much eaſier than I can bear to ſee you thus unhappy, and wearing out your health in ſolicitude for me! What could make me amends for the loſs of your cheerfulneſs, your health—and what could make amends for the loſs of ſuch bleſſings to my father? Nothing, oh! nothing in the world! Let us then bring all this to a concluſion at once—pray let us. Write to Delmont, my dear mamma, and if he cannot diſengage himſelf from the buſineſs which has called him to Ireland, let us not wait for him, but go, before the winter ſets in, back to my father. Delmont, if he loves us better than his family, will follow us, and if he prefers them—Oh! God forbid that I ſhould interfere with his collateral affections."

The laſt words were uttered in a tone that was almoſt like ſobbing. Mrs. Glenmorris folded her daughter fondly to her boſom—a boſom that throbbed with anguiſh when ſhe reflected, that

ſo

ſo far from being able, had ſhe wiſhed to realiſe the propoſal of her generous girl, and directly begin their voyage back to their natural protector and deareſt friend, ſhe was abſolutely without money to anſwer the expences of the day that was paſſing over them.

The abſence of Delmont, though ſhe believed it unavoidable, was ſo ill-timed that it affected her almoſt like an intentional omiſſion.—That of Armitage too, now travelling with his ſick friend in the North, was ſo unfortunate that it ſunk her ſpirits in deſpite of every effort of her courage. Yet from neither of theſe, had they been preſent, would ſhe have accepted of money; and the cruel calumny which had been diſſeminated by Mrs. Crewkherne, and which had loſt nothing by having paſſed the medium of Dr. and Mrs. Winſlow, their niece, and all the elegant acquaintance of the one, and the ſentimental *ſweet friends* of the other, would have deterred Mrs. Glenmorris from availing herſelf of the friendſhip of Armitage, had he been in London, in a thouſand inſtances wherein he could have been of uſe to her.

The charming ſpirit and generous affection of her Medora brought tears into her eyes. She was too much affected to enter at that moment into a further diſcuſſion, and contented herſelf with endeavouring to re-aſſure Medora in regard to Delmont, of whoſe love, his abſence, which had now been of near a month, had induced her, naturally enough, to entertain ſome infant doubts; and then, telling her ſhe would determine in a few days what it would be beſt to do, ſhe retired to bed; not indeed to ſleep, but to ſuffer unobſerved the tortures of reflection, and to form vague plans for the next day.

Nothing, however, occurred to her by which ſhe could get through the preſent preſſing neceſſity ſhe was in for money, unleſs it was an application to Mrs. Grinſted, the moſt painful meaſure ſhe could be condemned to, though not becauſe ſhe feared a refuſal. Another reſolution ſhe took was to write to Mr. Armitage, whoſe advice at leaſt might be obtained, without expoſing her to the invidious reflections which Mrs. Grinſted had taken care to tell her had been already made on her intimacy with him. Yet while ſhe ſacrificed to this cruel and malicious report the plan ſhe would otherwiſe have purſued, her heart revolted againſt the chains which malice and prejudice combined induced her to ſubmit to; and ſhe enquired of herſelf, who thoſe were, to whoſe opinion, or rather to whoſe goſſip, ſhe for once conſented to give up the real advantages ſhe could derive from the judgment and friendſhip of Armitage, who, had ſhe not cautiouſly worded her letter, and if he had underſtood the real exigencies of her ſituation, would, ſhe believed, have quitted his friend, at leaſt for ſome time, to have come to her aſſiſtance.

When, conquering with extreme difficulty her repugnance, and taking Mrs. Grinſted apart, ſhe aſked for the loan of ten or twenty guineas, ſhe ſaw a ſtrange expreſſion ariſe in her face, for which ſhe could not at that moment account. Mrs. Grinſted, however, inſtead of immediately obliging her, began to ſay, in the common cant of refuſal, that money never was ſo ſcarce. —That ſhe really had found her tenants in Northamptonſhire ſo backward, that ſhe was a good deal ſtraitened herſelf, and was quite at a loſs how to go on till ſhe ſhould receive her next dividends. But, however, ſhe had five or ſix guineas then at her ſervice, and would write to a friend

friend in the city, on whom, if Mrs. Glenmorris would herſelf call the next day, he would probably ſupply her with the reſt, "at my requeſt, my dear," ſaid the friendly lender; who immediately aſſuming the privilege lenders uſually aſſume, of giving advice to the borrower; went on thus, "I aſſure you, dear Laura! Ah! thoſe were delectable days when it was my accuſtomed manner ſo to addreſs you—I aſſure you that whatever may be my exigencies, I have an infinitude of gratification in being able to teſtify my affectionate wiſh for the acceleration of your accomodation, and therefore permit me the liberty, in the effervescence of my regard, to adviſe you—I am ſome gradations more elevated on the theatre of life than you are: I mean as to our time of abode in this ſphere of exiſtence; and I hear and ſee a conſiderable deal as to exiſting circumſtances.—How ſhall I expreſs myſelf? Alas! the world is cenſorious! yet perhaps generally juſtifiable in its conjectural ſtrictures.—Alas! it is a verity, and much to be deplored, that the generality of its obſervations are founded in experience of the irrationality of its inhabitants; and at the preſent period of political mania more eſpecially. Let me caution you, dear madam, againſt any degree of intimacy or confidence with that Mr. Armitage. If you were more known, believe me you could not eſcape without more ſevere ſtrictures. As it is, every body by whom you *are* recogniſed, animadvert upon it. He is a man whoſe principles are moſt inimical to all good order. His morals are extremely lax, and the notions he has diſſeminated extremely dangerous to the regulation of poliſhed ſociety. Let me therefore adjure you, Mrs. Glenmorris, to exonerate yourſelf from all communication with this man. Indeed, prudential precaution preſcribes it, and decorous

dignity demands it. I muſt perforce add, however reluctantly I ſhall advert to it, that if any thing is expected from my interpoſition with my venerable and dear friend Lady Mary, this renunciation muſt be a preliminary condition."

The ſpirits of Mrs. Glenmorris were ſo depreſſed; her heart, which could have proudly reſiſted any evil threatening only herſelf, was ſo heavy when ſhe thought of Medora, that for almoſt the only time in her life ſhe was unable to repel impertinence as it deſerved, and contented herſelf with ſaying, "I imagine you really mean this as friendſhip, and therefore I will not reſent it; but if it is with reflections on Glenmorris, and on his and my beſt friends, that your kindneſs is to be empoiſoned—keep your money, dear Mrs. Grinſted—I had rather be without it; and as for your interpoſition with Lady Mary, I expect, I deſire, nothing from it. If ſhe had any feeling, ſhe would receive her grand-daughter, a creature who would do honour to any family—if ſhe has none."—Some cruel recollections preſſed on Mrs. Glenmorris at that moment, and her voice failed her.

Mrs. Grinſted had reaſons why ſhe did not wiſh to loſe the hold that neceſſity had given her over Mrs. Glenmorris, ſhe forbore therefore to preſs on ſo jarring a key, and paying ſome ſlight compliment to Medora, ſhe repeated, that ſhe was willing to ſupply her with money on her application in the city the next morning; and then ſuffered all farther diſcourſe on buſineſs to drop.

Mrs. Glenmorris had no courage to renew it. The dread of poverty, of not being able to find ſupport till ſhe could ſee her beloved child in the protection of her father or of Delmont, was an apprehenſion at once ſo new and ſo painful that her

her fortitude ſunk under it; and when, after ſhe returned to their temporary abode with her daughter, and had diſmiſſed Medora (who watched her every look with diſtreſſing ſolicitude) to her repoſe, Mrs. Glenmorris retired to her own reflections; the immediate proſpect appeared ſo gloomy and ſo hopeleſs that, inſtead of urging her mind to meet the difficulties before her, ſhe ſhrank from them in fear, and dared not inveſtigate the cauſes of dread, which was even more than the occaſion ſeemed to call for.

Sleep was a ſtranger to her eyes till towards morning.—Then ſhe awoke to the recollection of her appointment in a ſtreet, at the fartheſt end of this great town, where ſhe was to meet one of the lawyers employed, and to receive the money (while her very ſoul recoiled from the weight of the obligation) which Mrs. Grinſted had promiſed her. Leaving then Medora once more alone in her room, from whence ſhe never ſtirred during her mother's abſence, Mrs. Glenmorris ſet out about two 'clock to walk to the extremity of the city. The ſolicitor was not at home, but expected in a ſhort time; ſhe waited above an hour; he came not.—Wearied by delay, her next attempt was to ſee Mrs. Grinſted's agent.—He too made her wait above half an hour before he appeared; and then he was ſo ſlow, ſo tedious, began ſuch a long relation of the time he had known Mrs Grinſted; the buſineſs he did for her; what her income was; and how well ſhe economiſed, that more than another hour was waſted. At laſt, however, bewildered and fatigued, Mrs. Glenmorris returned once more in ſearch of her attorney.—It was late, and he was by this time ſitting down to dinner.—With great parade and affectation of reſpect, he ſolicited her to dine with him; declared he knew

not

not when he could wait on her, becauſe he was juſt at this moment overwhelmed, abſolutely cruſhed, and annihilated by buſineſs.—But if ſhe would but honour him with her company at dinner, he would immediately afterwards attend her commands with the greateſt pleaſure.

Mrs. Glenmorris, to whom every abſence from Medora was painful, and who felt that it was improper to leave her long alone in a houſe of public reſort, reſiſted this invitation; till being again told that if ſhe did not now conſent to ſtay and talk over the buſineſs, it might be ſome days or even weeks before ſhe could ſay what was neceſſary to Mr. Brownjohn, ſhe at length reluctantly acquieſced, and deſiring to have a porter called, one of the ſervants of the houſe preſented himſelf, by his maſter's orders, and undertook to carry to Miſs Glenmorris theſe lines, which her mother wrote haſtily with a pencil:

"I am detained, my deareſt girl, and cannot, as I intended, return to dinner, without riſking the neceſſity of having this diſagreeable walk again.—It is abſolutely neceſſary for the peace of my mind to decide on ſomething directly, therefore you will not be uneaſy if you do not ſee me till the evening.

"Your moſt affectionate,

"L. G."

Mr. Brownjohn and his *wulgar* wife, (one of the coarſeſt, weakeſt, and moſt illiterate of all pretenders to gentility, was *waſtly* the moſt diſagreeable *lady* it had ever been Mrs. Glenmorris's fortune to meet with) were *purdigious* civil in their way.—At the table were ſeveral other perſons, whoſe manners were equally new to her and

and equally diſguſting.—*Gentlemen* they called themſelves, and *Eſquires*, from dark lanes and narrow alleys in the city, who paſſed their ſummers at Brighton, and hunted at Windſor in the winter, and talked very loud and very magnificently of their exploits at both places.—Ladies too, who were ſo extremely faſhionable that they looked with great contempt on Mrs. Glenmorris, and whiſperingly enquired, who that odd looking woman was, and whether ſhe was not an author? Theſe ladies talked of the crowd at the opera, and all the people of faſhion they had ſeen there. —It was *purdigious* crowded; and Miſs Fanny Simpkinſon, whoſe papa formerly kept a tavern, complained how Lord Edward Evelyn and Sir Charles Sedley *ſqueeged* her, and how impertinent they looked at her; and then how frighted ſhe was at coming out, for ſhe *rayall*, thought her *carridge* would have been broke to ſmaſh. Mrs. Brownjohn alſo aſſured her friends that ſhe had been herſelf quite frighted in the park the preceding Sunday, for her *coatch* was as near broke as any thing—"And then," added ſhe, "Brownjohn would have made a fine noiſe, and I ſhould not have heard the laſt of it for one while."—"No, faith,," cried the attorney, "that you would not;—not that I mind the coach ſo much, though it coſt me an hundred and ſixty guineas without the harneſs—but I can't bear to have my horſes hurt, and women never have any mercy upon horſes.—That there pair of horſes, by G—, and the third at graſs in Hertfordſhire, that I bought of Sir Miles Whiſker, coſt me upwards of three hundred guineas.—But Mrs. Brownjohn thinks no more of 'em than if they were drayhorſes.—She is utterly inſenſible of their value, and minds them there ſort of things no more than the pump at Aldgate. Why now Bagſhaw,

(addreſſing

(addreſſing himſelf to a tall awkward young man, who looked ſomewhat like a groom out of place) I'll tell you what; that brown horſe, by Spanker, you ſaw me upon the laſt time we hunted; don't you remember you ſaid you'd give me a cool ſixty for him.—Well, Sir, I offered him and forty guineas to boot, for a bay gelding, a match for theſe three, and, by G—, my Lord refuſed the offer." "Lord who?" ſaid the macquignon* in a ſurly tone, "Lord—why Lord—Lord Maccurragh, *he* as we uſed to hunt with along o'the Brighton hounds."

"He was a curſed fool," ſaid the grumbling voice, "not to take you at your word."

"I was ſtaying two or three days at his houſe in Eſſex," continued Brownjohn, "and he and I——

"He has no houſe in Eſſex," ſaid a pert looking young man, at the other end of the table, "I happen to know, for my uncle Crockam ſerves his lordſhip with wine—and his houſe is in Surry."—"Aye, he *has* a houſe in Surry," ſaid Brownjohn, "but this is an hunting box where he only goes now and then."

"'Tis in the hundreds then I'll ſwear," ſaid the *gentleman* groom, "and he goes a hunting of widgeon, for I'll be d——d if he has an houſe in any other part of Eſſex."

Brownjohn perſiſted, and the other contradicted.—One was undaunted in lying, the other obſtinate in maintaining an inſignificant truth.—They were very noiſy and very rude to each other; and would perhaps have quarrelled, if the attorney had not had an intereſt in keeping his client in general good humour, and if the client had not been deeply indebted to the attorney.

From

* A ſort of jobber in horſes, who ſtill calls himſelf a gentleman.

From ſuch converſation, however, Mrs. Glenmorris would at any time have retired in diſguſt, and now that her heart was heavy with many troubles, in which ſhe expected council and relief, it was altogether inſupportable, ſhe therefore roſe from the table, dinner being now over, and addreſſing herſelf to the ſporting ſolicitor ſaid, "that ſhe was ſorry to interrupt him, but as ſhe muſt immediately go, ſhe wiſhed to have the converſation ſhe had requeſted in the morning."

The man promiſed to follow her in a few moments, and did ſo in ſomething more than half an hour, when ſhe found his boaſted hoſpitality had ſo operated upon himſelf while he exerted it to his gueſts, that he was not capable of uttering three conſequent words; the little degree of rationality which he uſually ſhewed had quite forſaken him.—Convinced of this, Mrs. Glenmorris forbore to waſte her ſpirits and time, but deſiring to have a coach called, returned home aſtoniſhed that Mr. Petrify could recommend her to ſuch a man; diſguſted by the whole party ſhe had ſeen, and ſaying to herſelf with a ſigh!—"Of people like theſe is made up the bulk of that world, to which prejudice and fear induce us to ſacrifice real happineſs.—It is this mob, which overbears all retiring and ſimple virtues, and deſtroys all ſimple pleaſures.—This affectation of the manners of upper life—how ridiculous!—and how very unlike are theſe people to thoſe they would copy!"—"Ah! it is not the *ſwiniſh multitude*—the "plebs et infima multitudo," that diſguſt one with the ſpecies. It is ſuch people as theſe; people who hold the honeſt labourer

and the induſtrious mechanic in contempt, yet are indeed "poor in intellect and vulgar in all they do or ſay.—Groſs, ſtupified, and ferocious, yet affecting ariſtocratic ideas.—not knowing even the meaning of the word—and fancy their opinions of importance, and that they belong to a party!"

Mrs. Glenmorris had been above a week in London, and though ſhe had given her whole time to the buſineſs that brought her, nothing was done in it.—With a deſponding heart ſhe now repented not having referred herſelf entirely to Mr. Armitage, and accuſed herſelf of weakneſs for having been deterred from taking advantage of his friendſhip by the malice, which to deſpiſe was to render impotent, and to which it was feebleneſs of mind ever to liſten.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

——Your looks are pale and wild, and do impart
Some miſadventure!——

BEFORE Mrs. Glenmorris could determine, on the following day, what it would be beſt to do in her preſent difficult and uneaſy ſituation, a young man was introduced, who ſaid he came to her from Mr. Brownjohn.

Mrs. Glenmorris imagining him a clerk, ſpoke to him of buſineſs.—But he immediately gave her to underſtand that he was not Mr. Brownjohn's clerk—by no means. He felt his dignity injured by the very ſuppoſition. He was a gentleman.—Mr. Brownjohn's brother by the ſecond marriage of his mother. His name was Darnell. He had an independent fortune, and the honour of bearing his Majeſty's commiſſion.

Mrs. Glenmorris refraining with difficulty from ſmiling at the very great importance of this very great man, then deſired to know what had procured her the honour of a viſit from him, and after another parading ſpeech, he had at laſt the goodneſs to inform her, that he came at his brother's requeſt to apologize for the delay which had unavoidably happened; and to ſay that if on the next evening ſave one, ſhe would be at the houſe of a conveyancer in Threadneedle-ſtreet, Mr. Brownjohn would attend with the copy he had at laſt made of her father's will, and that he would appoint a conſultation of counſellors to meet her, on whoſe final advice ſhe might depend. The hour of ſeven in the evening was that on which Mr. Sergeant Sedative and Mr. Counſellor

Counſellor Clang, gentlemen of the firſt eminence in the profeſſion, could attend, both being under the moſt indiſpenſable engagements for the next day.

Mrs. Glenmorris having promiſed to be there, imagined that Mr. Darnell would relieve her from the neceſſity of any longer entertaining him; but he ſeemed now to have recovered from the ſort of awe, which thoſe that are elated by the preſumption of monied ignorance, involuntarily feel before ſuperior elegance of mind and manners, though they know not what it is that deprives them of their uſual forwardneſs and conſequence. As if by proper reflection on his own value, Mr. Darnell had conquered this uneaſy ſenſation, he entered on what he ſeemed to ſuppoſe very entertaining converſation, and gave an account of the fine people he had lately ſeen at Aſcot races, and the money he had won by betting. He then launched into a diſſertation on his ſkill in horſeflesh. Informed the ladies, that his curricle horſes had been admired by people of the firſt diſtinction, his manner of driving them ſtill more; and miſtaking paſſive civility for approbation, he began to be ſo very pert and familiar, particularly in his looks, and his manner of addreſſing himſelf to Medora, that Mrs. Glenmorris at laſt loſt her patience, and giving her daughter a hint to leave the room, ſhe told her unwelcome viſitor, that ſhe was obliged to him for having taken the trouble of bringing Mr. Brownjohn's meſſage, but *that* being done, ſhe muſt beg not to be detained, having no time to give to unintereſting talk about things indifferent to her, and with people who were ſtrangers to her. The countenance of Darnell immediately fell; he looked as if he was on the inſtant of emerging from Trophonius's cave. —Yet there was an expreſſion of malignity mingled

mingled with his viſible diſmay.—He ſoon, however, diſappeared.

While Mrs. Glenmorris and Medora were thus uneaſily paſſing their time in London, waiting with anxiety for letters from Glenmorris, and doubting how they ought to act, Delmont was not happier at Dublin.

The Major no ſooner ſaw the alacrity with which he had come over, than he ungenerouſly ſought for means to make advantage of it; but George, who could not forget the unhandſome manner in which he had left him anſwerable for all the engagements contracted in London, reſiſted his importunity; Coldneſs and even anger ſucceeded; but Delmont was ſteady to his purpoſe, and Adolphus' conduct was every day ſuch as convinced him that he might utterly ruin himſelf, yet neither benefit his brother's affairs, or derive, from any ſacrifice he could make, either friendſhip or gratitude. Adolphus, far from feeling any diſpoſition to return to London, and releaſe George from the heavy conſequences of the engagements he had entered into, was plunging into deeper play, and under pretence of retrieving his fortune, inevitably involving himſelf in tenfold ruin.

He perſiſted, however, in conſidering George as one born only to promote his views and obey his mandates. Impreſſed with ideas of primogeniture at a very early age, he could never ſubmit to any mention of equality even among brethren. Nothing, he ſaid, was more infamous than the change made in that reſpect in France—he thought it ſcandalous that in any country, the younger branches of a family ſhould be ſufferred to diminiſh the property of the elder, and wiſhed he could have ſaid to his ſiſters—"Au couvent Meſdemoiſelles," that their ſhare of the fortune of his father might have been his; while as to his

his brother, he wanted only the power to treat him (allowing ſomewhat for the ſuperior amenity of modern manners) not very much otherwiſe than Oliver treats his brother Orlando, in one of Shakeſpeare's moſt intereſting dramas.

As it was, he had no heſitation in calling upon his purſe or his ſervices, nothing doubting of his right to command both.—And when he at length found that George was induced merely by his regard for the memory of their common parents to befriend him any farther, he affected in all companies to turn his manner of life, his propenſities, his taſte, into ridicule, and was not aſhamed to do ſo, even among the ſtrangers to whom he was introduced in Ireland—but the real dignity of Delmont nothing could degrade. Such was the influence he ſoon obtained wherever he was known, by the manly ſweetneſs of his temper, and by the good ſenſe and juſt feelings appearing in all he ſaid or did, that the former admirers of his arrogant and ſelfiſh brother, immediately diſcovered how inferior that brother was; and even the arts of inſinuation, which the Major well knew how occaſionally to uſe, could never, after George's appearance, reſtore him to the ſame degree of favour and faſhion that he had enjoyed in the principal Iriſh families before George's arrival.

Yet the younger brother neither drank with the men nor coquetted with the women—He neither played nor romanced, and he had none of the gaiety which uſually recommends young men of his age, and particularly in that country; for his heart was not gay, and he could not affect it, and though he neither coldly or rudely repulſed the hoſpitality of the very hoſpitable Iriſh, he pretended not to enjoy ſociety as he might have done under other circumſtances, but confeſſed that he was impatient to return to England.

More than one young woman of rank, and of conſiderable fortune, found George Delmont ſo much their taſte, that they ſcrupled not, with more deciſive kindneſs than even Miſs Goldthorp had betrayed, to ſignify that they were very favourably diſpoſed towards him.—He allowed that they were extremely handſome; bnt anſwered all his brother's railleries on the ſubject by declaring to him, that if Medora (who was he acknowledged, poſſeſſed of all his affections) were out of the queſtion, he would not marry either of theſe ladies.—"Nor ſhould I like," ſaid he, "to live in Ireland. highly as I reſpect the inhabitants, and greatly as I honour the talents of the many illuſtrious men it has produced*. I ſhould be miſerable where I muſt daily witneſs, without having the power materially to alleviate, the miſeries of the lower claſſes of people.—"The people!" exclaimed the Major with a contemptuous ſmile,—"the people—what the devil haſt thou to do with them?—Egad I begin to be almoſt afraid of aſſociating with thee, George.—Why thou haſt certainly picked up this damned cant of ſome preſbyterian meeting-houſe, or got it by rote at a debating ſociety from ſome greaſy chandler or grim ſmith.—Oh? pray let us never be bored by ſuch eternal nonſenſe.—Rights of men!—The people!—Rogues who would cut *our* throats and thine among the reſt, George, becauſe thou haſt a little better blood in thy veins; but it would be hard indeed wert thou to pay the penalty, who have nothing of nobility about thee but that blood, not even thy ideas.—No haberdaſher of ſmall wares has more plebian notions! Why one would think thy every days had been

* Sir William Petty, Parnell, Orrery, Swift, Goldſmith, Burke, Sheridan.

paſſed

paſſed in meaſuring buckram; and thy Sundays in walking to Iſlington to eat hot rolls at White Conduit Houſe. It is amazing to me where thou haſt picked up ſuch vulgar cares—and by what warp in thy head, it has happened to take this reforming twiſt."

"It is equally aſtoniſhing to me," replied George, "that you are ſo totally devoid of feeling, or perhaps I ought rather to ſay of the ſenſe of ſelf-preſervation; for very great men to fail in feeling for *others* is not extremely uncommon, but they ſeldom are deficient in the buſineſs of taking care of themſelves; and it is not difficult to foreſee what will be the end of the ſyſtem they are now urging. However, it is not with you, Adolphus, I ever deſire to hold political controverſy. Nothing will ever bring our views into the ſame line."
"No, by G—, I believe not," replied the other; and there the dialogue ended.—Such converſation, however, was often renewed; for the Major, who had the moſt perfect reliance on his own powers, and the moſt arrogant contempt for the talents and opinions of his brother, ſought every occaſion of conteſt; this intrepidity of inſolence George bore with apparent indifference, but it inſenſibly weaned him from his attachment to Adolphus, and only that ſtrict integrity which preſcribed to him to adhere to his engagements, however ungenerouſly he had been drawn into them, and however injurious they might prove to himſelf, could have induced him to continue ſo patiently to arrange the buſineſs which had brought him to Ireland; buſineſs which his brother was ſo far from aſſiſting him in, that he gave himſelf no manner of trouble, and merely ſigned or did whatever his lawyer told him was neceſſary, entreating only not to be annoyed any more with it.

Delmont

Delmont had at length accompliſhed this painful and uneaſy taſk, as far as it could be done till the money could be recovered, which Sir Appulby Gorges ſeemed determined to retain. And while he regretted the loſs of ſo conſiderable a part of his property, he with true greatneſs of mind forebore to reproach his brother, determined to return to England to complete what he had begun (this extrication of Adolphus, as far as it depended on him), and then diſmiſſing from his mind the loſs and the vexation, reſort quietly for the preſent to his farm, where he hoped to prevail on Mrs. Glenmorris to beſtow Medora upon him, and having regulated his few remaining concerns in England, to leave all his troubles behind him, and croſs the Atlantic, the happy huſband of the woman he adored.

Such were the viſions with which he appeaſed his impatience, and beguiled the time that muſt neceſſarily paſs before he could return to Upwood, where, or in its immediate neighbourhood, he concluded Mrs Glenmorris and Medora yet were. The very moment he could diſengage himſelf he took leave of his Iriſh friends, and reſiſting the invitation of one of them to ſee on his way the Giants Cauſeway, and other remarkable places in the north of Ireland (from whence he might have croſſed to Port Patrick) his impatience urged him to take the ſhorteſt road to the ſouthern part of his native Iſland.—Adolphus, however, at the ſame time left Dublin, and took the route by Port Patrick, hating the longer paſſage, and intending to paſs ſome time with a friend in Yorkſhire.

No letter from Mrs. Glenmorris, in which ſhe had named her ſudden journey to London, had ever reached George Delmont; had he known ſhe and Medora were there, ſurrounded by difficulties and deſtitute of money, thither he would have directed his ſteps.

But

But the deſtiny of Mrs. Glenmorris and of her daughter, decided otherwiſe.

Delmont was already on his way, when letters from both reached him.—The mother demanded his advice, whether ſhe ſhould purſue or relinquiſh the proſpects of fortune that had offered to her daughter. It was neceſſary for her to come to a reſolution, however, before ſhe could have his anſwer. And that reſolution was to be taken in the appointment ſhe had now made at the houſe of one of the lawyers.

Thither then Mrs. Glenmorris repaired alone. Some of the parties who were to aſſiſt at the conſultation were not yet arrived; others, and Brownjohn among them, had *been dining*. When at length they all aſſembled, there were no two of them that thought alike—they all talked at the ſame time, and it ſeemed to be a conteſt not of reaſon or of law, but of aſſurance and lungs. One quoted a caſe in point to maintain his opinion; a ſecond ſupported his, by one which he affirmed was much more to the purpoſe: A third begged leave to diſſent from both, for reaſons that he gave at a great length, but to which (all parties being heartily tired) nobody liſtened. Mr. Councellor Sedative fell aſleep; and Mr. Clang and his friend Brownjohn, having both talked themſelves out of breath, could at length agree in nothing but a reſolution to adjourn to the dining-room, and conſider the matter farther over ſome excellent Maderia, which the ſolicitor aſſured the learned counſel had been to the Eaſt Indies, and was a preſent from a very good client of his.

Mrs Glenmorris, who ſaw that nothing was to be done, deſired, however, to ſpeak a few words; but the gentlemen giving very little attention to what ſhe ſaid, obſerved, that things of ſuch moment could not be decided in a day—no, nor in twenty days; that ladies, however great their

their underſtanding, were apt to be a little impatient in matters, which to hurry would be to mar; that they could not commit themſelves by an haſty determination; begged to think farther of it—and would name an early day, after their reſpective returns to town, for that purpoſe. Mrs. Glenmorris thought ſhe plainly perceived what all this meant, and determined to write to Brownjohn (her former averſion from whom now amounted to antipathy) and to withdraw the affairs entirely from him; ſhe was not aware that this was already impoſſible.

Avoiding, however, every diſcuſſion, ſhe deſired an hack to be called, and vexed at the loſs of time and of money ſhe had thus incurred, reſolved, as ſhe was driven towards the hotel, to return the very next day to her country retirement; the money ſhe had borrowed would, ſhe hoped, be ſufficient to carry her and her daughter home, and it could not be very long before they ſhould have letters, and probably remittances and orders, from Glenmorris; it could not be very long before ſhe ſhould hear from Armitage, and ſee Delmont. Having taken this reſolution her mind became calm, and ſhe felt a great degree of ſatisfaction in figuring to herſelf the pleaſure their journey into the country would give her Medora.

Arrived at the hotel, ſhe went up to the room where they uſually ſat; Medora was not there, but as in her abſence ſhe had uſually remained in the bed-chamber, as more private, Mrs. Glenmorris ſought her above ſtairs—Medora was not there!

She returned, not without ſome diſquiet, to the lower apartment, and rang the bell. A waiter appearing, ſhe enquired for the young lady. "The young lady ma'am," ſaid the man, "why ſhe has been gone out above theſe two hours."

"Gone

"Gone out! Good God Almighty—with whom—how gone out?"

"Indeed, ma'am," anſwered the man, "I do not know the gentleman, for I never ſaw him before; but he came in a coach, and ſent in a note writ with a pencil, for I carried it myſelf to miſs, and ſhe read it, and bid me I ſhould tell the gentleman to pleaſe to walk in, and ſhe would ſoon be ready, but he ſaid he would ſit in the coach till miſs was ready—and preſently ſhe came down in her hat and cloak, and got into the coach, and ſo it drived away."

A deadly ſickneſs ſtole over the unhappy mother while the man ſpoke. She knew that Medora had not an acquaintance in the world that was not alſo hers; that it was uneaſy to her to be ſeparated from her for a moment, and extremely improbable ſhe ſhould go any where voluntarily without her knowledge. Where could ſhe be? Into what hands might ſhe not have fallen! Where could ſhe ſeek her? Diſtraction ſeemed to be in the enquiry! Yet to remain in ignorance, to be tortured with uncertainty, with dreadful conjectures, was not to be endured. Hardly able to ſpeak, ſhe enquired of the waiter what kind of a man it was with whom her daughter went. He anſwered, "that he did not much notice him, but that thought him a jollyiſh, middle-aged man, with a roundiſh, freſh-coloured face; and that he ſeemed very complaiſant to Miſs, and got out himſelf to hand her into the coach; but miſs did not ſeem ſomehow to know him, and ſtared at him like as one does at a ſtranger."

"What coach was it? enquired Mrs. Glenmorris.

"Why I think, ma'am, it was what we call a glaſs coach; though it might to be ſure be the gentleman's own; howſomdever 'twas not remarkable genteel—and there was ne'er a footman."

It

It now ſuddenly occurred to Mrs. Glenmorris, that it was poſſible ſome opportunity had offered to Mrs Grinſted, of introducing Medora to Lady, Mary, and that ſhe had ſeized it without waiting for her return or conſent; but then would ſhe not have written to her? Would Medora, who liked her ſo little, and who had ſuch a dread of her grand-mother, have gone unprotected by her mother!

This was, however, the only conjecture between her, and horrors which threatened, if ſhe dwelt upon them, to deprive her of reaſon. Eagerly, therefore, endeavouring to cheriſh any hope that afforded a temporary relief, ſhe ſent again for an hackney coach, and ordered it to be driven in all haſte to Mrs. Grinſted's. Mrs. Grinſted was gone out to ſupper, at the houſe of a friend in May Fair, and her woman, to whom Mrs. Glenmorris now ſpoke, in a ſtate bordering on phrenzy, aſſured her that Miſs Glenmorris had not been there, and that ſhe was very ſure her lady had not written or ſent any perſon for her.

The woman, ſeeing the dreadful ſituation of mind into which the loſs of her daughter had thrown Mrs. Glenmorris, had the humanity to aſk her to come into the houſe. She accepted the offer, hardly knowing what ſhe did, and glad to have any body who would liſten to her conjectures, and feel an intereſt in the cruel circumſtance overwhelming her with aſtoniſhment and terror—Yet hardly had ſhe got into the houſe, when fancying it poſſible Medora might return to the hotel, ſhe ſtarted up, and without attending to the entreaties of the ſervant that ſhe would be compoſed, and putting by the refreſhment offered her, Mrs. Glenmorris again haſtily entered the coach, and bade the man hurry back to the place where ſhe had taken her up.

As

As ſhe went the fears that crowded on her mind were ſo cruel, ſhe was ſo deſtitute of every ray of light that might guide her to the recovery of her loſt child, that her head became affected, and when ſhe arrived at the door of the hotel, and heard that nothing was known of Medora ſhe ſtared wildly around her, loſt all power of immediate recollection, and getting out of the coach, walked quickly away along the ſtreet, without any reflection whither, abſorbed only by the idea that Medora was gone, Medora loſt, Medora in the hands of ruffians, of wretches—ſhe knew not whom! Soon grown incapable of reaſoning, ſhe knew not what was ſaid to her, when the coachman followed her to be paid, and the waiter begged her to return to the houſe. This man, not without ſenſe and humanity, perceived the melancholy condition to which the diſappearance of her daughter had reduced the unhappy lady, and half perſuading, half leading her, he at length ſucceeded in getting her back into the houſe, where he called his miſtreſs and the women ſervants to her aſſiſtance.

They led her, ſcarce reſiſting, to the room ſhe had inhabited ſince their reſidence at the houſe; but there ſhe had been uſed to ſee her Medora waiting her return; there now lay the gown ſhe had worn that morning—there was her travelling hat on the chair. The ſight of theſe things ſeemed to give new poignancy to the anguiſh that tore her boſom; ſhe ſhrieked aloud, called inceſſantly on her daughter, walked in a frantic manner round the room, inſiſted on being allowed to go out in ſearch of her, and when the woman remonſtrated that it was paſt twelve o'clock, and that it would be impoſſible to find her that night, the agony of her mind became ſo great as to produce all the appearances of actual madneſs. She raved

raved incoherently, endeavoured to force the door, and threatened puniſhmeut to thoſe who ſhould dare to detain her. The miſtreſs of the houſe, who now foreſaw a great deal of trouble and very little profit from her lodger, heartily wiſhed her gone—and repeated—"But let me ſend for ſomebody, madam—Let me ſend to ſome of your's or miſſes friends,"—"Yes yes," cried Mrs. Glenmorris, after having ſtared wildly at her a moment, without appearing to underſtand her—"Yes, yes, yes! —ſend for her father to America—ſend to Ireland—to Ireland for Delmont, and tell—yes, tell Armitage he has been unkind to abandon his friend's child. They would all have come if they had known it ſooner—but it is too late!—And now Lady Mary will not let them; Mrs. Grinſted knows it is in vain; and Glenmorris!—Oh! he ought to have been here—Poor Glenmorris, what will he ſay!"

The woman who had no doubt but that the young lady had eloped with a lover, began in the common phraſes of conſolation to ſay, "that ſhe hoped all would be for the beſt, though to be ſure it ſeemed a little hard at firſt for parents, when young people chuſes them as are not altogether agreeable, but after all, when a thing was done there was no uſe in fretting, and happineſs was every thing. Riches did not ſo much ſignify—and perhaps the gentleman, ma'am," ſaid ſhe, "may prove more agreeable than at preſent you ſeems to think. Pray, good madam, compoſe yourſelf—a great many other ladies have had the ſame thing happen. It was not a fortnight ago, that a young miſs, an heireſs to above thirty thouſand pounds, ran away from her father and mother too, with an officer of dragoons from this here very houſe; and her parents to be ſure, eſpecially the old gentleman, took on very much about it;

it; the young folks, however, got the ſtart of them, and were clear off; and they made it up, and all was ſettled mighty agreeable after they come back from Scotland."

Totally unconſcious of the purport of this harangue, Mrs. Glenmorris heard nothing but the word Scotland, which fell on her ear as a ſound to which ſome affecting remembrances were annexed "Scotland!" exclaimed ſhe, "who ſays ſhe is in Scotland? No, no—there is no uſe now in going to Scotland, no uſe in going without me, for ſhe will never find the place—but I will go with her—and I inſiſt upon it, madam, that you do not detain me here. Pray," added ſhe addreſſing herſelf to the houſe-maid who had uſually waited in her chamber," pray, my good girl, get me a coach—here is money for you, (and ſhe took out her purſe with ſix or ſeven guineas in it) here is money—Go—make haſte, get me a coach or a poſt chaiſe—I can call upon Mrs. Grinſted and let her know as I go along." She then began to take her cloaths and Medora's in a haſty way out of the drawers, and requeſted the maid to help her to put them into a portmanteau; but her manner and her looks were ſo wild, and ſhe appeared to be ſo entirely without any rational plan, that the miſtreſs of the hotel, who thought ſhe might not be paid for the days ſtill due if ſhe ſuffered her lodger ſo to depart, refuſed to let her leave the room; and as ſhe was evidently not fit to be left, directed the maid to ſtay with her, at at leaſt till ſhe was quieter, and conſented to go to bed. The provident landlady then counted the the money before the maid, and then put the purſe in her own pocket, after which ſhe fetched up ſome bread, wine and water, and endeavoured to prevail on Mrs. Glenmorris to eat, but as ſhe put every

every thing away by a motion of her hands, and ſtill continued to inſiſt on being allowed to go, the woman, tired of the contention, left her to the care of her ſervant, and retired.

CHAP. VIII.

She talks to me that never had a child!

ALL night—a moſt diſmal night, Mrs. Glenmorris ſat up; liſtening to every carriage that paſſed in the ſtreets, eagerly attentive to every noiſe, ſometimes even fancying that ſhe heard a coach ſtop, and Medora's voice on the ſtairs; and then, ſtarting from the gloomy ſilence ſhe had ſunk into, ſhe inſiſted upon being ſuffered to go out of the room, demanded by what right ſhe was detained, and proteſted ſhe would ſeverely puniſh thoſe who ſo barbarouſly prevented her ſeeking her child. The ſervant could only appeaſe, by aſſuring her that when it was morning ſhe ſhould go whither ſhe would. The morning at laſt came, but having been without reſt or food, and ſuffering ſuch diſtracting anxiety for ſo many hours, ſhe was unfitted for any of the exertions which might really have been of uſe; and notwithſtanding the eagerneſs with which ſhe inſiſted on being allowed to do ſomething, ſhe really was not enough in poſſeſſion of her ſenſes to have decided what were the moſt probable means of recovering her daughter.

Mrs. Glenmorris had, on all other occaſions, ſhewn great ſtrength of mind, and now dreadful as the calamity appeared, ſhe would probably have had reſolution enongh to have acted, had not the miſerable uncertainty ſhe was in, quite bewildered and overwhelmed her; the various forms of horror which crowded on her mind as to the fate of Medora, while ſhe dare not look ſteadily on any of them; and the impoſſibility of her gueſſing with whom, why, or whither ſhe was gone, were circumſtances unlike any evil either dreaded or known. Had ſhe been aſſured of what ſhe had to dread, ſhe would have bent her mind to counteract it; or had it been inevitable, the neceſſity of enduring would have benumbed and ſteadied her faculties, as it is ſeen every day to do thoſe of perſons ſuffering under irremediable misfortunes. But her child, her beloved, her adored Medora! The cheriſhed object of her maternal affection; the only hope of her Glenmorris; a creature ſo eminently lovely, and with ſuch an heart, ſuch a mind! She might now be vainly calling upon her mother to ſave her from evils to which death would be preferable. She might be ſhrieking in vain for that father to protect her, who was divided from her by almoſt half the world; that father who had ſo reluctantly parted from her, and might now never ſee her more.

It was theſe thoughts that drove the unhappy mother to deſpair. Her ſenſes became more and more bewildered the longer ſhe dwelt upon them; and ſhe had no friend to ſpeak words of comfort, to participate her anguiſh, or with friendly reſolution to ſet about the ſearch, which ſhe was herſelf incapable of directing. There was not on earth another calamity which could thus have affected her.

The

The miſtreſs of the hotel made her appearance about eight o'clock in the morning, and found her miſerable lodger had not ſlept the whole night, and that ſhe had, with hardly any interval of tranquillity, inceſſantly raved for her daughter, talking incoherently of different people. Her countenance was changed, her eyes haggard and ſwollen, though ſhe was unable to ſhed a tear; her hands burnt, and her diſcourſe was more wild and disjointed than before. The firſt impulſe the miſtreſs of the houſe felt, was to ſend for medical advice. Some apothecary is uſually employed at ſuch an houſe, and to him accuſtomed to attend her hotel, ſhe now thought of applying, being certain that the money ſhe had in her cuſtody was more than ſufficient to pay her own bill for the four days due, and to ſatisfy the demand of her phyſical friend.

It happened that the apothecary was one of the moſt mercenary and intereſted of his claſs. He firſt acquainted himſelf with the circumſtances of the perſon he was called upon to attend, and as he thought they promiſed him but little advantage, and had no doubt but that the girl, as he called her, was gone off with a lover, he adviſed Mrs. * * * * to have as little trouble, and to get the buſineſs off her hands as ſoon as ſhe poſſibly could. He repreſented, that it was extremely improbable a lady of faſhion or fortune ſhould travel without a ſervant of any kind; and that as the perſon had uttered ſo many incoherences about a law-ſuit and lawyers, it was beſt to ſecure what money ſhe had about her for payment of what was already due, and ſend her as ſoon as poſſible to her friends.

"I don't know who her friends are," replied Mrs. * * * *, "not I! ſcarce any body have come to ſee her here, though ſhe have been here going on three weeks, except ſome odd looking

people, as I took for lawyers, and them there ſort of gentry; but no gentlemen and ladies of quality in their own coaches. The man that came to carry off miſs, which I dare to ſay was a concerted thing, was in the only coach, except an hack, which has ever been at my door on their account. I believe as you do, indeed Mr. Colocynth, that this Mrs. Glenmorris—the name don't ſound ſomehow like an Engliſh one neither—is ſome poor woman come over from America (for I know they are Americans) about a law-ſuit which ſhe has loſt, and ſo is not able to find money to return; and miſs, ſeeing how the caſe was, has very wiſely and properly provided for herſelf."

"Yes that is the truth of the thing—there's no doubt on't, replied Colocynth; "and I ſuppoſe you cannot doubt neither, if it be, what is your beſt ſtep to take. There is no prudence at all in heſitating about ſuch a matter. As you have enough in hand to pay yourſelf, make your bill, juſt for the ſake of ſatisfying, you know, any enquiries that may be made—and let her go—I warrant ſhe's not ſo mad but what ſhe can tell of ſome one or other that will take her in, but if not, you know you are not in any way anſwerable. It cannot be expected that you ſhould be bound to keep all the ſtrangers that may come without money to your houſe

Carrying with her a bill for five days board and lodging. Mrs. * * * * proceeded to the chamber of her mourning gueſt.

She was ſitting on the ſide of the bed, her head reſting on her hands; and heeded neither the houſe-maid, who was exhorting her to patience, nor the entrance of the miſtreſs. The latter, however, rouſed her by ſaying, "that as ſhe was ſo deſirous of going to conſult her friends about miſs's elopement . . . . ."

Mrs.

Mrs. Glenmorris looked up—and in a hollow and tremulous tone of ſurprize, repeated the word "elopement!"

Yes, ma'am," ſaid the woman, "to be ſure it muſt be counted ſo, that's for certain. No doubt the young lady is gone to be married in Scotland."

"In Scotland!" repeated Mrs. Glenmorris, with a deep and broken ſigh.

Why, yes ma'am," cried the woman, "that is the moſt common way, and moſt natural, as I was a ſaying t'other day—and ſo I think, Mrs. Glenmorris, it would be better for you, ma'am, to make yourſelf eaſy about it, and go to your friends till ſuch times as—

"Friends!" anſwered the patient, half ſhrieking, "friends did you ſay? *I have* no friends."

Mrs. * * * *, whoſe philanthropy was not at all encreaſed by this declaration, was only the more determined to clear her houſe of a perſon in ſo unfortunate a predicament as ſoon as poſſible; and finding her lodger, as ſhe believed, perfectly ſenſible, was decidedly of opinion that there was no time to loſe; ſhe preſented therefore her bill, and the purſe which ſhe had ſecured the night before, intimating, in plain and unequivocal terms to her gueſt, that ſhe muſt go to her friends. "For beſides that, to be ſure, ma'am, it will be a great deal more convenient to you," ſaid ſhe, "I aſſure you it would be quite a thing impoſſible for me to let this here apartment after tomorrow, for I have had a letter, to inform me that Squire Canterly and his lady, and two miſſes, and five ſervants are a coming tomorrow, to ſtay three weeks, on their way to *Northumbellan*, and to be ſure, as the young ladies have always been uſed to have this here room, and as the famully are as good cuſtomers as any I have, and always comes here when

when they are in Lonnon, I could not upon no account let it be full when they come."

Mrs. Glenmorris, who heard not a word of all this, underſtood however the purpoſe of her hoſteſs was, that ſhe was deſired to depart; ſhe motioned therefore to Mrs. * * * * to take the money for her bill—who immediately did ſo, and returned, of ſeven guineas, two pounds ten ſhillings. She then intimated to Mrs. Glenmorris, that it was always uſual to diſtribute money among the ſervants—and two guineas more were conſcionably taken for that purpoſe. Her cloaths and Medora's were then packed up, ſave a few trifling articles, ſuch as muſlin and cambrick handkerchiefs, and ſilk ſtockings, which Mrs. Biddy, the maid, thought the lady would not miſs, "bin ſhe was to be ſure a little crazed," and that the young lady her daughter would never think it worth while to enquire for; and this honeſt and humane arrangement being completed, Mrs. Glenmorris was led unreſiſtingly to a coach, and her baggage placed on the oppoſite ſeat. The waiter then deſired to know whither ſhe would be driven?—and abſolutely incapable of anſwering, ſhe gave him, on his repeating his queſtion, a card, on which was written Mrs. Grinſted's addreſs. He read it to the coachman, returned it, and the coach drove away.

This brutal conduct on the part of Mrs. * * * * was in ſome degree beneficial to the unhappy mother of Medora; it awakened her for a moment from that torpor of deſpar into which ſhe had ſunk, when her ſpirits having been ſo long agitated, ſhe had exhauſted every conjecture of where Medora could be, and rejected every vague plan for her recovery that ſucceſſively aroſe. She felt not the unjuſtifiable behaviour of the hoſteſs. She thought not about it. If no intelligence was to be

obtained

obtained at the hotel, why ſhould ſhe ſtay; yet when ſhe was for a moment calm and reaſonable enough to aſk herſelf whither ſhe ſhould go? her heart ſunk again, and a deadly ſickneſs crept over her. It was almoſt mechanically that ſhe had given the coachman orders to go to Mrs. Grinſted's, the firſt perſon whoſe name occurred; but from her ſhe had no hope of aſſiſtance in recovering her loſt darling—and but little of ſympathy and pity, though ſhe in fact wiſhed not for either, and felt that the pity of moſt people would irritate rather than ſoothe the dreadful anguiſh ſhe laboured under.

Mrs. Glenmorris, however, did not expect—it was not in her nature to ſuppoſe it poſſible, that there could exiſt in a human form—in the form of a woman—a being who would feel an horrible and malignant pleaſure in aggravating the miſery of a mother for the loſs of an only child.

Mrs. Grinſted had not left her bed when the poor heart-broken and almoſt ſenſeleſs mourner entered her houſe. Her woman ſeemed much concerned when ſhe ſaw her.—"You have not heard of Miſs Glenmorris, ma'am, I fear?" ſaid ſhe.—The wretched parent ſhook her head, but could not ſpeak.—

"Am I to have the trunks taken in, that are in the coach, madam?" enquired the ſervant.

"I know not," repled Mrs. Glenmorris, in a faint voice. "I have no place to go to; I do not want to go to any place, unleſs to my poor girl— or to die!"

Mrs. Grinſted's woman ſaw how incapable ſhe was of giving any direction, and ventured, though by no means ſure her lady would approve of it, to order in the baggage.—Mrs. Glenmorris ſat down in a parlour.

She was unconſcious how long ſhe waited there, nor had ſhe any fixed purpoſe in ſeeing Mrs. Grinſted.

Grinſted. Her mind, in its anguiſh, reverted, yet confuſedly, to the paſt, and ſhe reproached herſelf for having been ſo weak as to have been frightened from applying to Armitage. "Had he been here, I ſhould not, "ſaid ſhe," have loſt Medora.—To what, to whom, have I ſacrificed her and her father?—Oh! Glenmorris, you never can forgive me. I never can ſee you more!"

It was, in fact, towards Mr. Armitage alone her hopes turned, faint as they were; but even were he in town, how could he aſſiſt her in a ſearch which ſhe had not the ſmalleſt clue to direct? She had, however, reſolved to write to him, had rung for a pen and ink; the ſame ſervants, ſhe had before ſpoken to, brought it, and Mrs. Glenmorris took up the pen, attempting to begin, but her hands trembled—her eyes failed her—the room ſeemed to turn round with her, and ſhe was compelled to reſt her head on a table—after having illegibly marked ſomething that ſhe meant ſhould be "dear ſir"—and ſtill more illegibly the name of Armitage. Breakfaſt was now brought in by the footman, and after near an hour Mrs. Grinſted made her appearance.

Mrs. Glenmorris was hardly conſcious of her entrance. When ſhe ſaw her however, half riſing from her ſeat, ſhe held out her hand; but, unable to ſupport herſelf, ſat down.

There was nothing friendly or compaſſionate in the countenance and manner of the rigid ſpinſter.

She did not even ſpare her unhappy viſitor the painful taſk of relating what had happened, though her maid had informed her of the enquiry of the night before, and now, that the young lady was ſtill miſſing.

"You have not breakfaſted, Mrs. Glenmorris," ſaid ſhe formally—"you will take ſome tea?"

"You

"You know what has befallen me, Mrs. Grinſted?—you know that I . . . ."

Yes, I *have* heard.—I am ſorry—ſorry—but not ſurpriſed."—

"Not ſurpriſed!—Why then," aſked Mrs. Glenmorris, collecting her wild and half frantic thoughts—"why then did you know any thing of it; did you expect it?"

"*I* knew any thing of it," haughtily returned the lady—"*I* be acquainted with the clandeſtine operations of ſome nefarious libertine, and an inconſiderate young girl?—No, madam, I have no ſuch irrational confidencies, I aſſure you.—Would to God, Mrs. Glenmorris, *your* conduct had always been as irreproveable. I am not aſtoniſhed at the flight of your daughter; for this reaſon, that I ſaw her averſeneſs from all ſociety that was caſtigated by prudential reſerve; and I am afraid, pardon me Mrs. Glenmorris, but the propenſities of young perſons have frequently their firſt volition given them by parental example. And you muſt now have ſevere recollections, indubitably; for you now feel perhaps, ſolicitude and even conſternation, ſuch as eighteen years ago your mother, my admirable and revered friend, Lady Mary, endured, when you unadviſedly, to call it by no harſher name, left the paternal roof, and threw yourſelf, if I muſt ſpeak my ſentiments, with as little prudence as delicacy, into the arms—upon my word the idea is ſhocking—of a man of ſo diſſipated a reputation as Mr. Glenmorris."

The diſtracted ſpirits of the mother were all collected to repel, as ſoon as ſhe underſtood this charge; but ſhe could not expreſs what ſhe felt—ſhe could only ſay, "Medora! Oh cruel to ſuppoſe it, Medora has no lover. Medora is incapable of leaving me. She has no lover."

"I have have heard Lady Mary ſay, that *ſhe* thought *her* daughter incapable of ſo acting. Beſides, madam, give me leave to remark, that you yourſelf communicated to me that Miſs Glenmorris had an admirer—that Mr. Delmont—a diſciple, as I have ſince learned, of *your friend*, the philoſophical poet, Mr. Armitage. *I* ſee nothing impoſſible in ſuch a perſonage taking advantage of your predilective imprudency—and matrimonial engagements are now, you know, ſpoken of with great levity—Mr. Delmont, perhaps, knowing the predilection of yourſelf and Mr. Glenmorris for the manners and morality of modern Gallia, may have conjectured that he acted not very injuriouſly to your principles, in appropriating for a ſhort period your daughter to himſelf.

"Delmont!" cried Mrs. Glenmorris, rouſed by ſo cruel a ſuppoſition, "Delmont is incapable of ſuch conduct—My poor Medora! had Delmont been in England, would never have been ſo loſt. No, madam, had Delmont—had Armitage been here."

"Upon my word, Mrs. Glenmorris," ſaid the good and charitable lady, "you oblige me to ſay harſh things, when I am very unwilling to do it. Why will you perſiſt in attaching yourſelf with adherency of infatuation to a man ſo obnoxious. I am not naturally cenſorious, madam, but as a friend in your days of juvenility, intereſted for your welfare, on account of your excellent mother, my venerable friend Lady Mary; and as lately you have been pleaſed to ſuppoſe my interpoſition might be beneficial, I think there is a degree of incumbency upon me to ſtate to you my unqualified opinion of *that* ferocious character, and to implore you, if it be only for the ſake of your own reputation, that you would diſcard that man from your acquaintance. You know

not

not how very injuriouſly the fatality of his pretenſions to be your confidential friend has already operated; and, indeed, it would be a diſcovery that would ſuperinduce very little aſtoniſhment, if, on inveſtigation, it were diſcovered that this *friend* was himſelf an auxiliary, and inſtrumental in what has befallen your daughter."

Mrs. Glenmorris, heart-ſtruck before, was quite incapable of anſwering; ſhe ſunk back in her chair, and for a moment was again deprived even of the power of calculating the extent of her calamity. Nor did ſhe diſtinctly hear a long harangue made by this humane and religious lady; yet ſhe comprehended that it was compoſed of very ſevere ſtrictures on her conduct, from the hour of her leaving Sandthwaite till the preſent moment, and reflections on the education and manners of Medora—"It is now too late," added ſhe—"the evil is no longer admiſſable of a remedy; but one laments! one laments the denunciation ſo evidently fulfilled againſt diſobedience—"Behold the fathers have eaten ſour grapes, and the teeth of the children are ſet on edge."

Mrs. Glenmorris uttered a broken ſigh; but ſhe was ſtill ſilent. The pious and humane gentlewoman, hoping her eloquence had produced, or was about to produce, penitence, proceeded:

"If you, and the perſon whom you ſo indiſcreetly elected as the arbiter of your deſtiny, had in due time been viſited with due compunction for your ill-adviſed dereliction of the very beſt of parents; and if you had thought proper, at an early period, to have tranſmitted your daughter to the protective matronage of your truly eſtimable mother, ſhe would doubtleſs, with the benignity ſo particularly inherent in her diſpoſition, have protected, educated, and ſuperintended her—approximated

imated to all that was praiſe-worthy and eſtimable among her own relatives, Miſs Glenmorris might then have added a ray of illuminoſity to the elevated hereditary reſpectability of her anceſtors. As it *is*, however"—a pauſe enſued, the worthy lady ſeemed ſilenced by the ſhocking contraſt ſhe had painted, and to wait till ſhe could recover eloquence enough to purſue her charitable purpoſe. Her auditor became leſs and leſs in a ſituation to interrupt her; and ſhe again, ſipping her tea at intervals, went on.

"Do not think, Mrs. Glenmorris, that I ſay all this with the intention of communicating any painful retroſpections. I ſpeak in the plenitude of amicable ſolicitude; and I ſhould indeed be very unworthy of the confidential regard of dear Lady Mary, if a miſapprehended tenderneſs withheld me from probing to its foundation the ulceration of principles and connections, inimical to real ſobriety of character and conduct; when you ſeem to expect that I ſhall be perſuaded to an interference with your venerable mother on your behalf."

Loſt in the contemplation of her own miſery, Mrs. Glenmorris heard nothing of all this parading harangue but its concluſion.

She anſwered faintly—"It is not of my mother, 'tis of my child, I think."

"Alas," rejoined her perſecutor, "If you had originally meditated more effectually on the one, you might not now ſuffer as you do for the other. But pray inform me, Mrs. Glenmorris, what is it you intend to do?"

"To die," anſwered the unhappy mother of Medora; whoſe ſenſes again began to wander—"on this earth I have no buſineſs, if my daughter is taken from me."

"There!"

"There!" cried the pityleſs Mrs. Grinſted; "that is another ſhocking proof of your erroneous principles. What!—becauſe conſequences have followed the reſult of your own miſconduct, which there was ſo much reaſon to expect, you would ruſh uncalled into the preſence of an irritated and vengeful Deity, inſtead, oh! unhappy infatuation, inſtead of humbling yourſelf in the duſt, before the angry Omnipotent, and owning, with tears of contrition, and a chaſtiſed ſpirit, that you have deſerved the puniſhment inflicted upon you, and deprecate the wrath to come; ſo may your ſorrows in this world ſuffice, and you may not be accounted among thoſe, who, following the new modes, have verily "ſacrificed their ſons and their daughters unto devils"—Beſides—has it eſcaped your recollection, have you forgotten, that you are forbidden to fix your heart and mind on any ſublunary creature—you are not to love any thing over much—but to conſider yourſelf as a ſojourner here on earth, and get the maſtery over all paſſions, and affections, and inclinations. I am in good hope this untoward circumſtance may bring you to a due ſenſe of your paſt indecorous errors, which will contribute to your ſalvation hereafter; but give me permiſſion to repeat my queſtion,—what do you intend to do at preſent?"

The heart-broken ſufferer, underſtood no more of theſe barbarous reproaches than that they were meant to aggravate her ſorrows; and that the perſon to whom ſhe had addreſſed herſelf with a vague hope of being aſſiſted in the ſearch after her child, endeavoured to perſuade her ſhe deſerved the dreadful misfortune of having loſt her. Mrs. Glenmorris was by this time totally incapable of anſwering; ſhe was incapable of forming any reſolution, except that ſhe would liſten no longer to the inhuman woman, who, abuſing the name of religion,

religion, could thus pour corroſive poiſon on the dreadful wounds of her heart, bleeding for the loſs of an only child.

If inſtances did not daily occur, of the uſe made by hypocrites of the cloak of piety, to gratify with impunity the moſt odious paſſions of the human heart, it would be almoſt incredible that any creature, in the form of a woman, could delight to irritate the anguiſh of a mother weeping over miſfortunes that might be even worſe than death; but, beſides that the heart of Mrs. Grinſted was naturally malignant, and her temper ſelfiſh and arrogant; beſides the early prejudices ſhe had acquired, which had taught her that the high-born and affluent only were worth her conſideration, or worthy to be ranked in the ſame claſs of beings, ſhe had never forgotten that when Glenmorris was a young man, frequenting the houſe of Lady Mary, where ſhe was occaſionally an inmate, ſhe had vainly endeavoured to attract his notice, and that he never ſhewed either attention to her perſon, though ſhe was then thought young, (being not much turned of thirty) nor the leaſt deference to her opinions, though every elſe allowed her to be "a remarkably ſenſible woman." She ſtill bore in mind, that he and Laura were once overheard to turn into ridicule her ſuppoſed attempts to engage the heart of Mr. Vanhugheynbourg, one of Mr. De Verdon's rich partners—and theſe recollections were ſufficient to add perſonal hatred to the other motives, which engaged her to aſſiſt in delivering from the importunity of her daughter, or claims of her grand-daughter, her dear, venerable friend Lady Mary, from whom ſhe alſo expected for her ſervices, a very conſiderable addition to a legacy which ſhe knew that excellent dowager had already bequeathed her. When, however, ſhe ſaid that ſhe believed Medora had eloped

eloped with ſome young fellow, ſhe for once declared what ſhe at that moment believed to be true, though like Mrs. Crewkherne, ſhe held it to be perfectly juſtifiable to alter, change, or falſify any thing, if the *exiſting circumſtances* required it—a ſophiſtry, in which ſhe was countenanced by ſome of the greateſt and moſt ſucceſsful orators and ſtateſmen of the preſent enlightened period.

CHAP. IX.

No—rather I abjure all roofs, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmity of the air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl.

WHEN Mrs. Grinſted had undertaken to aſſiſt, in what ſhe called the "pious combination of juſtifiable deceptions," that were to put Lady Mary de Verdon at eaſe; and when ſhe therefore engaged not to loſe ſight of Mrs Glenmorris, and to accommodate her with a ſmall ſum of money, at once to convince her of friendly intentions, and acquire ſome power over her; Mrs. Grinſted by no means intended to embarraſs herſelf farther, and certainly not to receive her into her houſe for any time. She hated to be put out of her way; and when ſhe had ſatiated her malignity, by ſharpening and ſtriking deeper the empoiſoned arrow which lacerated the boſom of her wretched gueſt, ſhe ſhrank from the fear of having ſickneſs and

and ſorrow near her. Mrs. Grinſted had ſometimes little elegant aſſemblies of literary ladies at her houſe; where, if any male creature was admitted, it was an author of ſatire on the opinions of reformers, or the preacher of a court ſermon, printed "by particular deſire." This party ſometimes began in diſcuſſions of poetry and politics, but ended almoſt always in rubbers and pools. The ſcience of cards being, notwithſtanding any affectation of more elevated purſuits, the true alma mater of this reſpectable community. Her tenderneſs for a ſick friend, would indeed have been almoſt as good a ſubject of panegyric to Mrs. Grinſted, as was her liberal contribution to all public charities, where the names of ſubſcribers are regiſtered; but when once it were known, that this inmate was the diſobedient daughter of Lady Mary, the wife of Glenmorris, who had been much talked of as a political writer of republican principles, and the avowed friend of Armitage, a man ſtill more obnoxious —and when it was known, that ſhe was ſuppoſed to be made over by her profligate huſband to this wicked Armitage, and that her daughter, who was trying to deprive ſweet, dear, lovely Mary Cardonnel of half her fortune, had been ſo ill educated, that ſhe had already eloped from her mother and was gone off, none knew with whom—when all this was known, it was impoſſible that either Mrs. Grinſted's long acquaintance with her family, or her compaſſion for a ſtray ſheep, or indeed any other conſideration, ſhould be allowed to qualify her reception of this unhappy woman, with the name of "an amiable weakneſs." Oh! no, ſuch undiſtinguiſhing indiſcriminate charity, would be ſaid to give encouragement to the too much relaxed morality of modern innovators, and be derogatory to the dignity of her

her own immaculate reputation. To let Mrs. Glenmorris, in her preſent affliction, ſtay in her houſe, was therefore for this reaſon impoſſible. But had not the opinion of her dear friends been in queſtion, there were two other reaſons ſufficient to determine her not to do it. One was, that ſhe hated any kind of trouble, and the other, that ſhe had a ſtill greater averſion to any kind of expence.

No ſooner, therefore, was Mrs. Glenmorris retired to a room above ſtairs, where ſhe begged leave to remain a few moments alone, than the lady of the houſe, who was always ready to cry out with the Phariſee—"God, I thank thee that I am not as others are," began to murmur at Mrs. Battins, her maid, for having invited Mrs. Glenmorris into the houſe, and taken in her baggage.

It has been ſaid, that "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre."—And it is perhaps equally true, that no ſaintly gentlewoman has quite, in the opinion of her own woman, ſo great a ſhare of perfection as ſhe endeavours to exhibit to the reſt of the world.

Certain it was, however, that Mrs. Battins appeared, occaſionally, to loſe towards her miſtreſs that reverence which ſhe deſired to extort from more diſtant ſpectators. And, whether preſuming on the confidence her miſtreſs had in her, or on the opinion that ſhe could not do without her, Mrs. Battins governed her almoſt as deſpotically as ſhe did the two ſervants who executed the buſineſs of houſe-maid and cook.

This woman had probably more feminine feelings than her lady, for ſhe reſentfully anſwered, that whatever her miſtreſs might do, *ſhe* had not the heart to ſhut the door againſt a poor lady in ſuch diſtreſs.—"I am really quite

ſorry

ſorry to ſee her—It is enough to break any Chriſtian heart; and to be ſure it muſt be a cruel thing for a mother to loſe ſuch a ſweet daughter, and not to know into what bad wicked hands ſhe's fallen."

"And what is that to us?" cried the miſtreſs —"you know I am to have the laſt party of the year on Friday, and what am *I* to do with her?" —"I thought," ſaid the maid, "that Mrs. Glenmorris had been your friend."

"I wiſh you would not think for me"—rejoined the lady with more aſperity than ſhe generally uſed—"as to friendſhip, this is no time to feel much of that; and beſides it is Lady Mary, the mother whom this unfortunate perſon abandoned, that is my friend; and it was for her ſake I troubled myſelf about her at all."

"Then I ſhould think you mid as well interfere for Lady Mary, who is as rich as an old Jew, and goes about with three footmen behind her coach, to have ſome bowels for her own lawful daughter, and not ſuffer her to be ſo unhappy and without money. I'm ſure ſhe ſeems to me to be a worthy lady; and I'm ſure—" "*You* are ſure!" cried Mrs. Grinſted, "and who gave you authority to be ſure? What! ſhe is a worthy lady—that is, ſhe has given you money, I ſuppoſe, becauſe ſhe has ſo much. Such folks are always generous when they will not be juſt; but I tell I'll not be incommoded, nor I cannot. Go to Lady Mary with a note I ſhall write, and ſee if you can perſuade *her* that this unhappy daughter of her's is a worthy lady. For my part it is an unthankful buſineſs, and I'll have nothing more to do with it."

"I hate Lady Mary," ſaid Mrs Battins, ſullenly—"and if I muſt go to her, I ſhan't be afraid

to

to tell her my mind, I aſſure you—you had much better, ma'am, go yourſelf"

"You are impertinent, methinks, Mrs. Battins."

"No, ma'am, I'm true and juſt, and that's what I will be as long as I can. I won't tell a lie to pleaſe the king; nor twenty kings and queens too—and I'm free to ſay I do think Lady Mary a croſs and wicked old woman, to let her own daughter want a place to put her head in, when ſhe have three or four houſes, and beſides rolls in money, and all her ſervants are always a boaſting how well they live, and ſeem to think no other people are worthy for to wipe their ſhoes.—"He that provideth not for their own," ſaith the Scriptures, "is worſe *nor* an infidel."

Mrs. Grinſted continued to inſiſt on the former undutifulneſs of Mrs. Glenmorris; and declared that what had happened looked very like a judgment upon her; and the converſation became ſo warm, that neither miſtreſs nor maid were any longer guarded either in their tone or their terms.

Mrs. Glenmorris, when alone, had reflected as well as her overwhelmed and diſtracted mind would allow her to do, on all ſhe recollected of the diſcourſe ſhe had head from Mrs. Grinſted.—Another night was now approaching—Another night! and Medora loſt—Medora ſuffering, perhaps, every terror, every indignity, and calling in vain on her mother—that mother who had never, ſince her birth, been one day abſent from her. The idea was ſo dreadful, that to endure it was impoſſible; yet the very anguiſh it inflicted nearly annihilated the faculties of the unhappy ſufferer, and deprived her of power to conſider of the beſt means for recovering her child; who, notwithſtanding

withſtanding the cruel intimations of Mrs. Grinſted was, ſhe well knew, incapable of having voluntarily left her. Innocent, candid, ingenuous, Medora never had a thought that ſhe deſired to conceal from her mother—Delmont was the only man who had ever ſpoken to her of love; to Delmont her young heart was attached, with all the tenderneſs his merit deſerved; and to him ſhe had been authoriſed by the approbation of both her parents to dedicate her life. It was not in nature, therefore, that any other man ſhould have eſtranged her from him and from her duty, had any one had an opportunity. But no ſuch opportunity had been given—Medora had no acquaintance—ſhe had never been out of her mother's ſight ſave only thrice, when Mrs. Glenmorris had gone among the lawyers, where it would have been unpleaſant for her daughter to have accompanied her; and at thoſe times ſhe had remained above ſtairs during her mother's abſence; and the maid who waited on her there had declared, that till the note was delivered to her from the perſon with whom ſhe had left the hotel, no one had ever been admitted to ſpeak to her, or ever aſked it, or had ſhe received any letter or meſſage whatever. It was then certain, that ſome ſtratagem muſt have been uſed to decoy her from her mother's protection: but why or by whom? Her ſweet and youthful figure, and countenance, though eminently lovely, were leſs captivating at firſt, than irreſiſtible after the mind that informed them was underſtood. Many young women were as handſome—a ſtill greater number more ſhewy—and it was not likely in theſe times, when beauty is ſo common, that in this country any one ſhould carry her off againſt her conſent, merely on account of perſonal attractions. Medora

dora was poor—and therefore it was equally improbable that any other motive could engage an adventurer or fortune-hunter in ſo hazardous an undertaking. Why, therefore, and by whom was ſhe thus torn from the arms of her mother—and where could that wretched mother ſeek her?"

Far from having received any conſolation or advice from Mrs. Grinſted, all the anguiſh of heart which Mrs. Glenmorris ſought to aſſuage by her advice had been redoubled; and finding ſhe had nothing to expect from the compaſſionate aſſiſtance of a woman who knew not how to feel for her, ſhe had endeavoured to collect all her ſtrength, and to take ſome ſteps herſelf. It occurred to her, that by advertiſing ſhe might gain ſome information, as well as by enquiring of perſons who let out hired coaches, and for this purpoſe ſhe was deſcending the ſtairs when the animated dialogue between the miſtreſs and the maid reached her ears—for the ſtairs and paſſages were all carpeted, and the door of Mrs. Grinſted's dreſſing-room, where they were talking, was half open.

Mrs. Glenmorris then, deſcending the ſtairs, heard her name mentioned, and heard too that ſhe was conſidered as likely, from the ſtate of her mind and fortune, to be a troubleſome inmate; that ſhe ſhould be looked upon as an unworthy acquaintance by the coterie to which Mrs. Grinſted belonged, and was ſpoken of as the diſgrace of her family, and the unhappineſs of her mother. There were not many circumſtances that could have added to the anguiſh of mind Mrs. Glenmorris at this moment endured, but the undeſerved ſtain thus thrown on her character; the cruelty of imputing to her, twenty years of whoſe life had been paſſed in the moſt affectionate exe-

cution

cution of the duties of a wife and a mother, errors and crimes, the commiſſion of which had never entered her mind; the malignant arrogance with which Mrs. Grinſted decided, that the deepeſt wound which could lacerate the heart of a parent was inflicted on her by the juſt vengeance of heaven, were circumſtances that (when added to the fatigue, fear, and want of reſt for ſo many hours, during which ſhe had hardly ſwallowed any nouriſhment) quite overcame the little fortitude ſhe had been trying to collect, and inſtead of going again to ſpeak to Mrs. Grinſted and name to her the means ſhe meant to purſue, Mrs. Glenmorris now walked haſtily out of the houſe, unknowing whither ſhe was going, yet reſolute to return to it no more.

In her pocket ſhe had two five pound notes (the remainder of Mrs. Grinſted's loan) and ſome ſilver. The idea of advertiſing for her daughter returned to her mind as ſoon as it was impreſſed no longer with the ſtrictures of the cruel-hearted woman ſhe had left; of herſelf ſhe thought not; her whole ſoul was again abſorbed in the idea of having been deprived of Medora, and in vague and half-formed projects for recovering her.

That with a huſband, who idolized both her and her daughter; with ſuch a man as Delmont, ſo fondly attached to that daughter, and ſuch a friend as Armitage, Mrs. Glenmorris ſhould be ſo deſtitute of protection, appeared to be the moſt ſtrange as well as lamentable of all circumſtances; yet her long reſidence out of England, and her eſtrangement from the family of her parents, had prevented her from cultivating the acquaintance of the former friends of her houſe, and thoſe of Glenmorris were, beſides Armitage, men who had either

ther been carried to different parts of the world by the extraordinary changes which had happened within the laſt ten years in Europe, or had retired to their eſtates at a great diſtance from London, ſo that Mrs. Glenmorris could not recollect one perſon to whom ſhe might, in this cruel exigence, apply for advice and aſſiſtance.

Thus forſaken and forlorn, her frame ſinking with weakneſs, and her heart agonized with pain, ſhe continued to walk along the ſtreets towards Charing Croſs, where ſhe had ſome recollection of having ſeen the office of a news-paper. The hurry in the ſtreets, the noiſe of carriages, and the buſy faces, all eager in ſome purſuit, and none probably, at leaſt none in her rank of life, who had not a houſe to receive them, and friends who participated in their diſappointment or ſucceſs, contributed to diſtract her; ſo that when ſhe at length found the place ſhe wanted, and entered the office, ſhe was unable to relate the occaſion of her coming; and when the perſon who attended aſked her commands, ſhe ſat down and had nearly fainted, for tears had not once come to her relief, ſince the dreadful conviction that Medora was torn from her.

The man in the office, like thoſe in offices of more conſequence, was totally void of feeling; he again, and ſomewhat roughly, demanded to know her buſineſs; and with difficulty ſhe explained to him, that ſhe wiſhed to put into the papers an advertiſement relative to the diſappearance of a young lady; but the moment ſhe had ſaid ſo much, the cruel neceſſity of deſcribing her daughter, of making her loſs public, and expoſing her to the malicious animadverſions of the brutal and vicious, ſtruck ſo forcibly upon her mind, that when the man with an ironical ſneer on his

conſequence

countenance aſked her for the particulars, informing her at the ſame time of the price paid by the line at their office, Mrs. Glenmorris found herſelf utterly incapable of executing her plan; her ſenſes were again forſaking her; ſhe left the place abruptly, and once more found herſelf in the ſtreet.

She then, without any ſettled reſolution, went to the hotel which ſhe had quitted that morning; but the miſtreſs of it was conſcious that ſhe had been impoſed upon and ill-treated, and apprehended ſhe had either returned to reproach her, or might be again come to take up her abode there, which would be attended with trouble greater than the profit that could be derived from it; and of her madneſs the hoſteſs doubted not. For theſe reaſons that prudent perſon diſappeared, and ordered her ſervants to give ſuch anſwers as might deter her late gueſt from renewing her enquiries there. Rudeneſs and denial, when ſhe had ſo much need of conſolation and pity, completed the diſtraction that was now gaining rapidly upon her, and impreſſed only with the idea that ſhe was ſeeking Medora, and that Mrs. Grinſted had driven her from her houſe with menaces and reproaches, ſhe for ſome hours wandered about the ſtreets, unconſcious whither, and becoming every moment leſs and leſs fit for the purpoſe ſhe fancied ſhe was executing, that of ſeeking her daughter. Towards evening ſhe found herſelf in one of the ſtreets near May Fair. Her wild looks, her diſordered ſtep, and ſomething that at once demanded reſpect and excited pity, had been unnoticed while ſhe had rambled through the great avenues of the city; but now ſeveral women obſerved her with curioſity, and ſervants ſtanding at the doors looked

after

after her. There was nothing about her that gave riſe to ideas of her being a perſon of doubtful character. She was ſtill very handſome, but ſuch was the dignity of her figure and the expreſſion of her face, that even the vulgar could not miſtake her; her derangement of mind, however, becoming more and more viſible, expoſed her to the deſigns of thoſe wretches, always on the watch for prey, who lurk about the ſtreets of the metropolis, and two of them were following her, when a woman who obſerved them, and the object of their purſuit, went alſo after her, and as ſhe was turning to go towards Hyde Park, (for a confuſed notion had ſuddenly ſtruck her that Medora was perhaps gone back to Upwood) the woman, who was one of thoſe good body's that attend the ſick, or lying-in ladies, accoſted her with "Madam, I'm afraid you are not well; I am afraid you have loſt your way—It is a late hour rather for a lady like you to walk alone in the park."

Mrs. Glenmorris looked wildly a moment on the ſtranger who accoſted her, then anſwered in a breathleſs, incoherent way, "that ſhe was going to Upwood—She thought her daughter might be there—Delmont would aſſiſt her, and they ſhould find her ſhe hoped—Only," added ſhe, "my fear is that Mrs. Crewkherne may have got there firſt, and have hid her from us—and Mrs. Grinſted, I am ſure, would never let me know it—It muſt be ſome ſuch thing—I am aſtoniſhed I did not think of it before."

The woman who had now an opportunity of obſerving her more nearly, was convinced that it might be well worth her while to take care

of a lady whom ſome calamity ſeemed ſuddenly to have deprived of reaſon.

She had a valuable watch by her ſide, and a diamond ring on her finger, while the fine linen and muſlin, of which her dreſs was compoſed, and the handſome laced cloak ſhe was wrapped in, left no doubt on the woman's mind as to her rank of life; and of courſe ſhe calculated, that any ſervices done to ſuch a perſon would be ſufficiently advantageous to herſelf, and perhaps they might alſo be the means of getting her recommended to ſome "good families." Mrs. Deacon had juſt left a lady whom ſhe had attended, and was likely to be for a fortnight diſengaged. Having nothing therefore to intercept her humanity, and imagining it could not fail to be profitable, ſhe perſiſted in following Mrs. Glenmorris, who, having once ſpoken to her, ſuddenly conceived that ſhe was ſent to engage her to go back to Mrs. Grinſted, and to divert her from the purpoſe her mind was now bent upon, that of haſtening to Upwood, and to Denbury Farm, at one of which places ſhe was ſure to find Medora.

Impreſſed with this notion, the unhappy diſtracted mother ſtarted away from Mrs. Deacon, who would have taken her hands, and ran back along the ſtreet from whence ſhe had juſt iſſued. Mrs. Deacon purſued her, but, fat and heavy, was likely every moment to loſe ſight of her, if ſhe had not called aloud to the paſſengers to ſtop her. "The lady is mad," cried ſhe, in a voice that echoed through the ſtreet; "ſtop her,, pray ſtop her, or ſhe will do herſelf a miſchief." Two footmen, who were lounging at the door of a great houſe, came forward at the cry, extended their arms

to

to prevent her paſſage, and the poor affrighted Mrs. Glenmorris ſunk down before them—while ſhe tried, but had no voice to implore their mercy. Mrs. Deacon, who followed quickly, found her fallen on her knees on the pavement, her hat had fallen off, and her ſtill fine hair, flowing over her face, added to the wildneſs of her countenance, while ſhe graſped the iron bars of the area, and proteſted that no force ſhould compel her to return to Mrs. Grinſted, who had uſed her ſo cruelly; that ſhe would go to Upwood; and that nobody had any right to detain her. The woman now began to expoſtulate, while a crowd gathered round them, and Mrs. Glenmorris, whoſe phrenzy encreaſed by oppoſition, by heat, and by the ſtrange faces that ſurrounded her, anſwered only by repeated ſhrieks, and by proteſting, that ſhe would ſeverely puniſh any one who attempted to detain her from going to Upwood.

Lady Mary de Verdon was at cards in her front drawing room, with Lady Limpſton, Lady Barbara Grieves, (her old friend and correſpondent) and Mrs. Bayley, one of thoſe good ſort of folks who are ſo uſeful in the houſes of ſuperannuated dowagers, to make up a rubber, or do any other little ſervice that may be required of them. Miſs Cardonnel, the darling grand-daughter of Lady Mary, and a Miſs Richmond, one of her young friends, were practiſing a new duet in the adjoining dreſſing-room, which, as the houſe was large, was alſo in front, when the meditations on the long trump in one room, and the muſical harmony in the other, were interrupted by the increaſing noiſe in the ſtreet.

At length Mrs. Bayley, who was the only one of the elderly party whoſe ears were very quick, could not refrain from going during a deal, to the window; but as what ſhe could ſee from thence rather irritated than ſatisfied her curioſity, ſhe rang the bell to know what was the matter, and the only ſervant who was not by this time engaged before the door, attending the ſummons, was interrogated by Lady Mary, as to the noiſe in the ſtreet. "Oh! my lady," ſaid Michael, "'tis a crazy perſon, my lady, who have ſcaped away out of a mad houſe, my lady, and got to be ſtart ſtaring mad, juſt here before your ladyſhip's door; and Miſſus Dacon, my lady, the nuſs tinder, as uſed to be at Lady Benton's, over-right, is trying, my lady, to make her quiet, and get her back to the mad doctor; but ſhe's deſpert miſchievous, my lady, and Abel and John are a helping to hold her."

Miſs Cardonnel, at this moment, ran into the room, and told her grand-mother, that the unfortunate perſon in the ſtreet was certainly a gentlewoman—"It is ſhocking to ſee her," ſaid the young lady. "Mrs. Bayley, I wiſh, if my grand-mama has no objection, that you would go down and ſee what can be done for her." Lady Mary, who underſtood very little, and cared ſtill leſs about the diſtreſs of a perſon at her door, never however contradicted a wiſh of Miſs Cardonnel's, even though the rubber muſt ſtand ſtill, and Mrs. Bayly, glad to oblige the young heireſs, went down.

There was by this time a collection round the door of near three hundred people. Mrs. Bayley, on the firſt glance at the unhappy object before her, ſaw ſhe was a perſon of ſome conſi-

deration,

deration, and being ſhewn the watch and ring which Mrs. Deacon had taken into her care; nothing more proper occurred to her therefore, than to have the poor ſufferer brought into the houſe, in the lower part of which there was no likelihood of her incommoding Lady Mary, who was too infirm ever to come down ſtairs, (except when carried by her ſervants to her coach.) Miſs Cardonnel, who with generous ſolicitude had by this time ventured to the door, was eager that the unhappy ſtranger might be brought away from the rude gaze of the multitude. Her will was the law of all the family, and the men ſervants were now directed to what was very eaſily performed, for by this time Mrs. Glenmorris was quite exhauſted, and, unreſiſting, ſuffered herſelf to be carried into the houſe, whither Mrs. Deacon followed her by Miſs Cardonnel's directions, and the men being diſmiſſed ſhe was placed on a ſopha in a back parlour, appropriated to the uſe of the houſe-keeper.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

——The worſt
Of evils, and exceſſive, overturns
All patience!

MRS. GLENMORRIS was now in the houſe of her mother, brought thither by accident, after the lapſe of near twenty years; but ſhe was totally unconſcious where ſhe was, and Lady Mary little knew the inmate whom the compaſſion of Miſs Cardonnel had induced her to receive.

Miſs Cardonnel was of a humane and generous diſpoſition; and though her education had been ill directed, and every poſſible pains had been taken to make her proud, ſelfiſh and inſenſible, by the fooliſh admiration and boundleſs indulgence of her grand-mother, and the adulation of the dependants and domeſtics, ſhe was a rare inſtance of a young woman poſſeſſing a heart which proſperity could not harden, nor bad example vitiate.

The general calamities of poverty and ſorrow, which diſtreſs thoſe who are not determined to be blind, in every ſtreet, and form a ſhocking contraſt to the ſplendour and luxury of the rich in the metropolis, had always hurt the ſenſibility of Miſs Cardonnel, who had frequently been remonſtrated with by her governeſſes, and laughed at by her young companions, "for collecting," ſaid the elderly ladies, "ſuch crowds of beggars round the coach door, that there was no comfort in their airings," while the gay giddy flutterers of fortune, who threw away their time and money in purſuing all ſorts of trifles round the town, thought it vaſtly abſurd that Miſs Cardonnel often

put

put aſide half a crown or half a guinea, which ſhe was ſolicited to lay out, ſaying, ſhe made a conſcience of not throwing away in frivolous purchaſes money which ſo many unfortunate people wanted to enable them merely to exiſt.

With this general diſpoſition to benevolence, the appearance of Mrs. Glenmorris could not fail to affect her, and probably would have done ſo, if ſhe had not obſerved in the haggard countenance, the glazed unconſcious eyes, and incoherent ravings of the unhappy ſtranger, ſomething that appeared familiar to her memory. Who was it the perſon before her was like? and where had tones exactly ſimilar been preſent to her?—The form of the face, the figure of the perſon, and the voice, all bore a moſt extraordinary reſemblance to her mother, who died when ſhe was thirteen, and whom ſhe perfectly recollected. This reſemblance was, ſhe thought merely accidental, but it affected Miſs Cardonnel ſo much, that when after a ſhort interval of ſilence, the conſequence of her being totally exhauſted, Mrs. Glenmorris again began to call upon her daughter, to entreat them to let her go to her child, her angel child, and to conſider what might be the conſequence of her mother's being thus torn from her; when ſhe again ſhrieked and raved, calling on heaven to witneſs how barbarouſly ſhe was treated, Miſs Cardonnel could not remain in the room, but recommending her earneſtly to the care of the houſe-keeper and Mrs. Deacon, retired in tears; yet recovering herſelf as ſoon as ſhe could, went to give an account to Lady Mary of the ſituation of the unfortunate lady, and aſk permiſſion for her to be put to bed, and taken care of in the houſe, till her friends, who would undoubtedly miſs her, ſhould come to take her into their care.

Lady

Lady Mary, who was in no danger of being herſelf incommoded by this arrangement, willingly conſented, but Mrs. Bayley, though with great deference to Miſs Cardonnel, raiſed ſome objections. She ſaid the poor lady was moſt undoubtedly raving mad, and ſhe ſhould have thought, had broke from her confinement in ſome houſe deſtined for the reception of lunatics, yet ſome appearances contradicted that ſuppoſition; her dreſs, and her remarkable fine long hair; the watch ſhe had by her ſide, and the ring on her finger; therefore to be ſure, mad as ſhe was now ſhe had not long been ſo; and for myſelf, I freely confeſs," ſaid Mrs. Bayley, "that I have my doubts—If the poor lady ſhould be afflicted with a phrenzy fever—It may be infectious; it may be attended with very diſagreeable circumſtances—I own I have my doubts how dear Lady Mary might like to be put to the inconveniencies it might bring on."

Lady Mary heard not half this, and what ſhe did hear made very little impreſſion upon her—She bade her dear Mary (Miſs Cardonnel) do juſt as ſhe pleaſed, and then returned again to her rubber with her two venerable friends, who took no part whatever in the converſation, and ſeemed to have outlived every faculty and every feeling but thoſe which enabled them to deal, ſhuffle, and calculate their winnings.

But if tranquillity was thus reſtored above, it was by no means the caſe below, where the houſe-keeper, who never loved any kind of trouble, and began to apprehend ſhe ſhould have a great deal, was very much out of humour with Mrs. Deacon, with whom ſhe was acquainted, and after many oblique remarks on mercenary officiouſneſs, ſaid, "I hope you will ſtay yourſelf, ma'am, and look after this perſon, if Miſs Cardonnel's

Cardonnel's whim is for her to ſtay here; for my lady is going out of town in a few days, and for my part, I ſhall have fatigue enough, and cannot have my reſt broken in upon by ſtrangers, not I."—She then deſired Miſs Cardonnel's maid to aſk her miſtreſs what room the ſtrange lady was to have, and who was to ſtay with her? —"We ſhall be waked all night, I ſuppoſe," ſaid ſhe, "and mid as well paſs it in Bedlam, if once ſhe begins her tantarums. A ſtrange fancy, I think, of Miſs Cardonnel's, to bring mad folks into our houſe; but I hope we ſhall be quit of the trouble on't tomorrow."

The unhappy ſubject of theſe ſelfiſh apprehenſions was once more ſunk into ſilence. Exhauſted and breathleſs, almoſt ſenſeleſs, ſhe ſuffered them to carry her up ſtairs, where ſhe was put into bed, and Miſs Cardonnel, directing Mrs. Deacon to ſtay by her, and aſſuring her ſhe ſhould be ſatisfied for any trouble ſhe might have, ventured once more to approach, and take her hand, which now lay lifeleſsly on the quilt. It was very feveriſh, and communicated a heat like that which is felt after touching nettles; her pulſe could not be counted, and Miſs Cardonnel, alarmed for the life of the unhappy ſtranger, diſpatched her own footman for the phyſician that attended the family.

This gentleman, as humane as he was ſkilful, highly applauded the generoſity of Miſs Cardonnel. He told her the lady, who was certainly oppreſſed with fever, which ſeemed to him to ariſe from violent agitation of ſpirits and exceſſive fatigue; that of the diſarrangement of her intellects he could not judge in her preſent ſtate, but that he would order what ſhould quiet her, and prevent, if poſſible, her relapſing into thoſe alarming fits of raving and exclamation that had been deſcribed to him. This done, he went away,

Lady Mary not knowing of his viſit, and the medicine being ſoon after, though not without difficulty, adminiſtered, Mrs. Deacon entered in due form on her office of nurſe, valuing herſelf highly on her ſagacity, and thinking with complacency that ſhe was ſure of being handſomely paid by Miſs Cardonnel, beſides the advantage ſhe expected to derive from the friends of the lady whom ſhe had ſo opportunely met and protected.

It was only by repeated doſes of the medicine that the unhappy patient was kept during the night in a ſort of unquiet ſlumber. With the morning a ſlight degree of conſciouſneſs returned, and Mrs. Glenmorris ſtarting up, undrew her curtain, and looking wildly on the woman who ſat near the bed, ſaid in a hurrying manner, "Where am I? My child, my Medora, is ſhe here? Has any one had the humanity to reſtore her? Pray, madam, tell me, where am I?"

Mrs. Deacon, who imagined her patient had a lucid interval, and that ſhe ſhould take advantage of it to find where her friends reſided; ſhe therefore began with more exactneſs than diſcretion to relate what had paſſed the evening before, adding, "So you are now, ma'am, in the houſe of a lady of faſhion, who is very willing you ſhould remain, till ſuch time as you are able to be moved to your friends."

Mrs. Glenmorris now endeavoured to recal all that happened the preceding evening, till after leaving the news-paper office, ſhe had found fatigue of body and anguiſh of mind inſenſibly overwhelm her. She was now become an object of charity to a ſtranger, and admitted to her houſe from wandering in the ſtreet! But it was the cauſe of all this that hung with dreadful weight on her heart. However humiliating the conſequences, they were nothing, and only the image of her dear

dear loſt girl dwelt on the mind of the wretched mother.

In the ſevere trials ſhe had been expoſed to in the early part of her life, Mrs. Glenmorris had ſhewn no want of fortitude and force of mind. The ſeries of years ſhe had ſince paſſed with a man, the ſtrength of whoſe underſtanding had ſubdued the violence of his paſſions, and who poſſeſſed the rare aſſemblage of genius and reaſon, had given to a mind naturally of ſuperior rank every advantage which it could derive either from obſervation or books; but during that time, protected by his tenderneſs from every inconvenience, ſhe had not felt the evils of life, and was now but ill prepared to reſiſt what had ſo unexpectedly fallen upon her—the heavieſt, the ſevereſt of all miſeries—the loſs of a beloved child.

A partial recovery of that reaſon, which this great misfortune had ſhaken, was to her only a renewal of anguiſh. She had juſt enough recollection of the general habits and ſentiments of her mind, to know, that, inſtead of giving herſelf up to deſpair, ſhe ought to collect all her powers, and exert them to recover her child. With her hands preſſed cloſely over her eyes, as if at once to conceal from her the light of day, which was become odious to her, and to ſtop the throbbing pulſes in her temples, Mrs. Glenmorris endeavoured to acquire calmneſs enough to act with more effect than ſhe had hitherto done. Two nights, and the greater part of two days, ſhe had been lamenting inſtead of acting; and perhaps rendered incurable, evils ſhe might have remedied—and duty, affection, every motive now called upon her to practiſe maxims ſhe had a thouſand times recommended. While the nurſe continued therefore to talk, Mrs. Glenmorris heeding her not, and, unconſcious of what ſhe ſaid, was contriving

triving how ſhe might avail herſelf of the kindneſs of the woman of rank, in whoſe houſe ſhe underſtood herſelf to be, to ſet on foot thoſe enquiries for Medora, which Mrs. Grinſtead had been ſo far from aſſiſting in, that, inſtead even of words of pity and conſolation, ſhe had heard from her only taunts and reproaches.

In purſuance of this plan, Mrs. Glenmorris deſired to have her cloaths brought her, and exerted all her ſtrength to riſe and dreſs herſelf; but having with difficulty done ſo, ſhe became ſo faint, and found her head again ſo confuſed, that ſhe was under the neceſſity of lying down on the bed for a few moments, when ſhe told the nurſe, ſhe thought ſhe ſhould be a great deal better.

Mrs. Deacon was one of thoſe good women, who are paid for their attendance on others, and apply the advantages derived from their labour to the indulgence of themſelves in articles of luxury, which from their own ſituation in life they could never obtain. She was a jolly dame of fifty-four, with a round red face, and almoſt gigantic perſon, and an herculean conſtitution; ſo that ſhe could ſit up for months together, and eat and drink the whole day, with a perſeverance which was, apparently, extremely beneficial to her health. Lady Mary had always been remarkably attentive to the elegance and nicety of her table; and, as ſhe advanced in years, ſhe became more faſtidious and luxurious. At two o'clock, every day, a collation was ſerved up in her dreſſing-room, and as ſoon as it was over, Mrs. Spicer the houſe-keeper, and any one among the domeſtics whom ſhe choſe to honour, were admitted to ſhare the ſame repaſt in Mrs. Spicer's parlour. The brawny attendant on poor Mrs. Glenmorris was extremely diſpoſed to avail herſelf

herſelf of this occaſion of indulging her appetite, and of taſting ſome ſweet white wine, with which ſhe knew the gueſts in the houſe-keeper's room were occaſionally treated.

As Mrs. Glenmorris deſired to be left alone, the opportunity was not to be neglected; gliding, therefore, down the back ſtairs as ſilently and nimbly as her bulk would permit, the good guardian of the ſick, who was received kindly by Mrs. Spicer, was ſoon ſo buſy with the niceties before her, and the Spaniſh wine had ſo powerful an influence, that ſhe forgot the poor lady above, and began to relate hiſtory after hiſtory, of all "the good *families* ſhe had *tended* in—told how ſuch a lord had behaved to his lady; and how genteel Sir Marmaduke Mandrake was to all the *nuſſes* and ſarvunts, when Lady Mandrake, after being married nine years without arrow, child purſented Sir Marmaduke with as foin a boy as iver the ſun ſhoon upon."

Mrs. Glenmorris, being thus relieved from her impertinent prate, regained once more that degree of recollection, which was neceſſary to enable her to carry into execution the vague plan that had before occurred to her. She got up, therefore, and having twice rang the bell, in the intention of ſending a meſſage to the lady of the houſe, but no one attending the ſummons, ſhe determined to go herſelf. On reaching half way down the ſtairs, however, the opiate, which had failed of giving her quiet ſleep, added to the giddineſs and confuſion of her head. She had juſt preſence of mind enough to hold by the baluſtrade, that ſhe might not fall, and ſlowly and with difficulty arrived at the drawing-room floor, which conſiſted of two very ſpacious, and one ſmaller apartment, ſplendidly furniſhed. Paſſing through the firſt of theſe, which was empty,

Mrs.

Mrs. Glenmorris advanced through the open door to the ſecond. An old lady was there alone, ſeated on a damaſk ſofa, and ſurrounded by ſilk pillows. Not hearing very diſtinctly, and imagining it to be one of her attendants, ſhe took no notice of the perſon approaching her, till Mrs. Glenmorris, at that moment, conſcious that ſhe beheld her mother, uttered a loud ſhriek, and fell at her feet.

Lady Mary, terrified, and confuſed, not directly knowing her daughter, yet having recollection enough of her face and figure to be ſhocked and amazed, rang violently for the attendants. A man and two female ſervants flew in alarm to my lady—"My lady! your ladyſhip!"—they were ſtruck dumb, as well by the proſtrate and agonized figure of Mrs. Glenmorris, as by the exclamation of Lady Mary.

"Who is this?" demanded ſhe angrily—"how came ſhe in *my* houſe; who dared bring her here?"

"It is the lady, ma'am," replied the man—"the lady that was taken mad in the ſtreet laſt night, and that Mrs. Bayley—"

"Mrs. Bayley!" it was ſhe then whoſe officious impertinence had contrived this interview—for Lady Mary was now certain it was her daughter ſhe ſaw kneeling before her; that daughter to whom ſhe had been indifferent and ſevere in her youth, and who now was the object of her diſlike and dread.—"Mrs. Bayley!" cried ſhe angrily, her voice trembling with paſſion—"Let Mrs. Bayley be ſent for this moment—how dare ſhe take ſuch liberties—where is my Mary?—where is Miſs Cardonnel?"

Mrs. Glenmorris, diſtracted as ſhe was between the loſs of her child, and this ſudden and unſought interview with her mother, was hardly able

able to articulate—"My mother! have mercy upon me!"—uttered in a tone of anguiſh, which would have moved any other heart, had no effect on the callous boſom of Lady Mary.—She moved away from the place where her unhappy daughter knelt, and, aſſiſted by her woman, was carried to her dreſſing-room, when ſhe again gave peremptory orders that Mrs. Bayley might be ſent for; and continued loudly to call for Miſs Cardonnel—her dear Mary.

The footman informed her that Miſs Cardonnel was gone out in the coach with Miſs Richmond. A ſervant was diſpatched for her, and another ſent to deſire Mrs. Bayley would inſtantly attend. Lady Mary then began to lament herſelf, and ſoon explained to ſuch of the wondering ſervants as were preſent, who the lady was, that till then had appeared to be a ſtranger, introduced into the houſe by the active compaſſion of Miſs Cardonnel.

Mrs. Bayley being really one of thoſe officious perſons, who are generally deteſted by the ſervants of a great family, was now without an advocate to remind Lady Mary, that ſhe had in fact, oppoſed the admiſſion of the ſtranger, while Miſs Cardonnel had inſiſted upon it; but, beſides that, none of them felt diſpoſed to ſpeak in favour of the buſy whiſperer, Mrs. Bayley; they were thunderſtruck, when they perfectly comprehended that the unhappy perſon, whoſe diſtreſsful entrance into her houſe was ſo offenſive to Lady Mary, was her own daughter. No offence that ſhe could poſſibly have committed eighteen or twenty years before, ſeemed to be a ſufficient reaſon for this unnatural rejection of her, and however their intereſt might compel them to follow their lady's orders, there was not one of them who would go with a meſſage to Mrs Glenmorris to leave the houſe. They lingered inſtead of obeying,

obeying, in hopes that the generoſity of Miſs Cardonnell might obtain a reſpite, at leaſt, for the unfortunate lady.

She was herſelf again unconſcious of her miſeries—for ſome moments after her mother ſo abruptly left her, ſhe remained ſtill kneeling, with her head on her arms, which reſted on a chair—and the ſhort though extraordinary ſcene ſhe had paſſed, appeared like a wild dream. The delirium which had been gaining on her ever ſince Medora was miſſing, returned with accumulated force, and ſhe was ſeized with a paroxyſm more violent than that of the preceding day. Her cries ſoon brought Mrs. Deacon, and ſeveral of the ſervants into the room, and with great difficulty, aſſiſted by the footmen, they forced her back to the room ſhe had left, where, as it was at a great diſtance from the apartment of Lady Mary, they imagined ſhe might remain unheard, at leaſt till Miſs Cardonnell arrived.

That amiable girl came back in about an hour, and at the ſame moment arrived Mrs. Bailey. The latter, with difficulty obtained an hearing in vindication of her innocence; the former was ſhocked and amazed to underſtand, that the poor wanderer ſhe had been induced to ſuccour from motives of humanity was ſo near a relation.—She could not liſten, without ſhuddering, to the ſevere anathemas which Lady Mary uttered—inſiſting upon it, that the whole was a plan artfully contrived, to force her to receive an ungrateful and worthleſs woman, whom ſhe never would conſider as her child. Miſs Cardonnell had often attempted, but in vain, to ſoften the reſentment that, whenever they were named, her grandmother expreſſed againſt the family of Glenmorris. This was the only point wherein ſhe had no influence, and Lady Mary had frequently enjoined her ſilence in ſo peremptory

tory

tory a way, that Miſs Cardonnell thought ſhe did more harm than good in attempting to plead for them. Since it had been known that they intended to try how far the will of old de Verdon left an opening to the ſucceſſion of his youngeſt daughter's heirs, this hatred on the part of Lady Mary had received an acceſſion of inveterate malignity, and ſhe had never heard the ſubject named without reproaching Miſs Cardonnell for her weakneſs. "Theſe are the people" cried ſhe, "you would have me be kind to—theſe very people who are now going to law with you, and would rob you of your birth-right."

Lady Mary, far from being moved to compaſſion, when the deplorable ſituation of her daughter was repreſented to her, perſiſted in her reſolution of having her removed from her houſe. Miſs Cardonnell reſolved not to execute ſo cruel an order, at leaſt till ſome comfortable ſituation could be found for her aunt, ſent for Mrs. Grinſted, who was, ſhe thought, the likelieſt perſon to aſſiſt her with counſel, and to appeaſe the anger of her grandmother.

Mrs. Grinſted arrived at a late hour of the afternoon, and appeared neither much ſhocked, nor much ſurprized at what had happened. She explained the cauſe of Mrs. Glenmorris's inſanity by relating, that having come to London with her daughter on the law buſineſs. they had lodged at an hotel, where the youg lady had it ſeems ſome acquaintance, with whom, in the *inconſiderateneſs* of her juvenile enthuſiaſm, the effect probably of an ill-directed education, ſhe had evaded—in a word eloped.

Miſs Cardonnell was more affected than before, when ſhe had learned the ſource of that ſorrow, which had cruſhed to the earth a woman, whom even in her preſent ſtate of mental imbecility, engaged

gaged her affection, while ſhe called forth her pity; but Mrs. Grinſted did not encourage this generous ſympathy; ſhe appeared very reſerved; hinted that there were circumſtances in the caſe, with which it was not deſirable that Miſs Cardonnell ſhould be acquainted, and repreſented how very improper it was, that ſhe ſhould interfere in an affair that could only properly be decided by the feelings and judgment of Lady Mary.

Having thus damped, as ſhe imagined, the indiſcreet zeal of this young and diſintereſted advocate, Mrs. Grinſted renewed her private conferrence with Lady Mary; while Miſs Cardonnell, whoſe affectionate heart was agonized by her aunt's diſtreſs, went up to enquire after her. Mrs. Glenmorris became every hour in a more diſtreſſed ſtate. The fever which had ſeized her brain gained upon her, and whoever had ſeen her at that period, would not have heſitated to ſay, as the nurſe and the people about her now did, that ſhe was abſolutely inſane. At Miſs Cardonnell's requeſt, the phyſician again attended her in the evening, and ſhe appeared to him to be in a ſtate that would require remedies and diſcipline, ſuch as could only be obtained in a houſe appropriated to the reception of patients labouring under the loſs of reaſon. Miſs Cardonnell wiſhed to conceal this opinion yet another day from her grandmother and Mrs. Grinſted, in hopes that ſome alalteration for the better might happen, but Dr. * * * * * * thought it his duty to announce the truth to Lady Mary—he knew not how nearly the ſtranger was related to her.

In conſequence of this intelligence, which was ſtill farther determined in his viſit the following morning, it was determined that the name and condition of Mrs. Glenmorris ſhould be kept a ſecret from every body, and that ſhe ſhould be conveyed,

veyed, as privately as poſſible, to one of the moſt remote houſes, within twenty miles of London, where lunatics are received. It was by no means proper, that one ſo nearly related to Miſs Cardonnel, ſhould be known to be in this unhappy condition.—And Lady Mary, in agreeing to pay a very handſome ſalary, tried to perſuade herſelf that ſhe ſhould acquit herſelf of her duty—She was ſure at leaſt of gaining many points of great conſequence. Impreſſed from the reports of Mrs. Crewkherne, with the moſt invidious idea of her daughter's attachment to Mr. Armitage, ſhe really thought that to conceal her from him, was to ſave her from future miſconduct. She would, by holding Mrs. Glenmorris in her power, put an end to the proſecution of a ſuit which ſhe could not think of with patience, and acquit herſelf of her maternal duties in a manner even exemplary, by receiving, though under another name, the daughter who had thrown off her protection, and defied her authority.

Mrs. Grinſted undertook to ſettle this buſineſs for her, aſſiſted by Mrs. Deacon. Lady Mary haſtened a few days her intended departure from London, and Miſs Cardonnell no longer ſuffered to exerciſe her generous humanity, was compelled to leave the unfortunate mother of Medora, who, ſometimes raving for her daughter, ſometimes ſunk in dejection, was conveyed under the name of Mrs. Tichfield to an houſe in Hertfordſhire, on the borders of Eſſex.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

If ſhe is gone—*if* I have loſt her! if?
Ah! how endure I now to think it may be—
How, ſhould it prove ſo, *live?*

WHEN, after a rapid journey, George Delmont arrived at Upwood, his diſappointment and conſternation are not to be conceived.

By a ſeries of theſe perverſe circumſtances, which frequently occaſions the delay of letters between England and Ireland, Delmont had never received any of thoſe written to him by Mrs. Glenmorris or Medora, after the firſt week of his abſence, ſo that now, without the leaſt previous information, he found his houſe deſerted by thoſe, whoſe love and eſteem he had conſidered as the deareſt additions to the comforts of home; and to which he had looked forward as a compenſation for all the perplexity and uneaſineſs of his long abſence.

He haſtened over to Mrs. Glenmorris's lodging at Dalebury—there it was ſtill worſe.

He approached the farm-houſe, on the ſide where were Mrs. Glenmorris's apartments. Suſanne, her Swiſs ſervant, was ſitting in the old faſhioned projecting window, where, on a ſort of ſhelf that went round it, within, was Medora's little collection of geraniums and myrtles, with ſome curious roſes and mignionet. Suſanne was at work, but her mind ſeemed indeed to have ſtrayed from her fingers, and ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe was ready to weep over the plants left to her care. Delmont ſtood looking at her a moment; but when

when ſhe perceived him, the poor woman flew round to the door, and eagerly enquired for news from her dear ladies? He came to her, he ſaid, for news, for he had only heard at home that they had been gone a fortnight; the countenance of Suſanne immediately fell, and it was with difficulty ſhe ſufficiently recovered herſelf to tell him, that ſhe had every day expected her ladies home, becauſe ſhe had not heard of them for above a week, and could no otherwiſe account for their ſilence. She had never ſince ſhe entered on her ſervice, which was when Medora was an infant, been ſo long ſeparated from her and her mother; and now poor Suſanne felt ſo deſerted and forlorn, that ſhe tormented herſelf with a thouſand wild conjectures and apprehenſions, which, vague and unfounded as he thought them, failed not to add to the diſquiet of Delmont.

Aſhamed, however, of being alarmed at what was probably only a common occurrence, he checked the diſpoſition he felt to indulge deſpondence which might be groundleſs and childiſh, and endeavoured to re-aſſure Suſanne; while ſhe continued however to lament herſelf, and to tell, in the motly language, which had often a ground of French' oddly embroidered with Engliſh and German, how dull and ſad a life ſhe led. The farmer's wife was a very good woman to be ſure, but then ſhe was always buſy brewing and baking, and getting the men's dinner, or elſe out at market, and ſometimes there was nobody in the houſe, Suſanne ſaid, but herſelf and *alors elle avoit peur, des Bohemiens, des mandiants, des matelots avec des jambes de bois, qui rodient autour de la maiſon*;—"*et dont il y'en avoit un Monſieur*," ſaid ſhe, "*qui parceque je lui ai repondu en Francois, a peſte jure, et m'appelle* FRANCHE BICHE—*avec des* GODE DAMS, *et des juremens effrayant.*"

Delmont

Delmont, to relieve poor Suſanne from any ſuch diſagreeable rencounters for the future, told her ſhe ſhould remove to Upwood till her lady's return; a propoſal the poor woman joyfully accepted, and the ſame evening Delmont ſent one of his men to attend her, in a convenient cart, with Medora's moveable garden, which Suſanne declared ſhe could not leave to the chance of their being taken care of by the farmer's maid.

Her arrival did not ſerve to appeaſe the reſtleſs anxiety of Delmont. He had now ſomebody to talk to of it, and his wanderings round his houſe and grounds no longer yielding him any delight, uſually ended in a conference with Suſanne—whoſe ſolicitude every hour encreaſed, and after two days ſhe ſaid, "*Il eſt impoſſible que madame, ou mademoiſelle ne ſoit pas malade; mon Dieu!—Ah! monſieur, ſi vous vouliez ecrire!*"

To write had been Delmont's firſt idea—yet there was ſomething like impropriety in writing, as if to require Mrs. Glenmorris's return as ſoon as he himſelf arrived. There were, undoubtedly, letters that had miſſed him, accounting for abſence; and all that ſeemed now neceſſary was for her to know (which he had informed her on the inſtant of his arrival) that he was once more at Upwood.

He waited her anſwer, which might have arrived on the ſecond day, with inquietude. It was, however, poſſible that a tranſient abſence, the preſſure of buſineſs, or many other circumſtances, might have prevented her replying exactly by the poſt's return. Another day, however, came—no letter!—a fourth arrived, and ſtill the comfortleſs anſwer that there was no letter at the poſt for him.—Suſanne repeated, "*Ah! ſi monſieur voudres ecrire un petit mot.*' And it occurred to Delmont, that poſſibly Mrs. Glenmorris might have removed

removed from the hotel, whence his letters to Susanne were dated, and had gone into lodgings, while it was very probable that the at their first residence had forgotten her address, or neglected to send her letters.

On the fourth day, therefore, after his return, Delmont wrote to the mistress of the hotel, and on the fifth received the following letter from one of her men:

"Sir,

"With my missus's humbel dutty, this comes to let you no, that Mrs Glenmurry and miss, has been gone from here about a wick. The young lady went fust, and the older lady stade on night, but no more ater her. Cant pretend to say were there gone two, not havin leefa drickshon. From, sir, your humble servant to command,

CHRISTOPHER CRUET."

* * * *'s Hottel,
Jully 30th, 17——.

Delmont was astonished at the purport of this letter—and when poor Susanne heard it, he was obliged to suppress his own feelings to appease the grief and fear it inflicted on her. He then walked out to consider what he should do, and after weighing maturely every circumstance that related to Mrs. Glenmorris's situation, he could not help concluding, that it must be some disagreeable event which had compelled her first to go so suddenly to town, and now to take what appeared to him measures to conceal herself.—If she was in the slightest degree embarrassed, he could not too soon be with her; he therefore pacified Susanne as well as he could by assuring her, that if her ladies had occasion to stay much longer, she should be sent for to them;

and

and then mounting his horſe, he ſet out that evening for London, where, merely allowing time for his ſervant and horſes to reſt on the road, he arived at noon the following day.

Delmont haſtened immediately to the hotel. His eager looks, and quick manner of queſtioning the waiter, ſoon baffled that ſecrecy which had been recommended to this man. He became confuſed, and that there was ſomething to hide, could not eſcape the penetrating eyes of Delmont —reſerve in ſuch a caſe indicated ſome painful myſtery. He therefore put an half-guinea into the waiter's hand, who, after a ſhort preamble, informed Delmont, that the young lady, after whom he enquired, had gone away one day, unknown to her mother, with a gentleman who came to fetch her in a coach—"Her mother, ſir," continued the man, "but Lord, ſir, your honour looks very white! ſhall I fetch you a little ſomething?"

"Go on!" cried Delmont eagerly!

"Well, ſir, as I was a ſaying—Upon this, that is upon the mother's coming home, ſhe was quite beſide herſelf like, to think as her daughter was miſſing; and out ſhe ſets again to ſome frind of hern where ſhe thought miſs mought be!

"You diſtract me," exclaimed Delmont, "pray haſten what you have to ſay."

"Well, ſir, and ſo, ſir, as I was ſaying, Mrs. Clanmurry, after ſhe comed in, out ſhe goes again to this frind's. But no miſs was there, ſure enough. Well! ſo about twelve and one, ſhe comes back."

"Who?" cried Delmont, ſtamping impatiently.

"Why, ſir, the elder lady; the mother; I was a gwine to ſay the old lady; but to be ſure ſhe is not old—only that her daughter is younger."

Delmont's

Delmont's patience wholly failed him—"This is insupportable," cried he—"What, my good fellow, do you mean?"

"Are you the lady's brother, sir?" enquired the man—"If so be as you are a very near a-kin, why . . . ."

"Why, what then? For God's sake, friend, tell me—Suppose I am her brother?"

"Then, sir, to be sure you must be concerned; for though the young lady's mother could not abide for to think so, I must say, to speak the downright truth, that the lady did certainly elope, as they call it."

"Elope!" repeated Delmont, "impossible, Medora leave her mother!—Medora elope?—with who?"

"Nay, sir, that's more than any of us knows. Why, that's what her mother said; says she, it's no such thing, says she. My daughter Dorer is not capable of no such thing, says she, and, . . . (poor lady, she seem'd quite distracted mad) and so says she . . ."

"Where is the person who keeps this house?" asked Delmont, "I must see her."

The waiter began to give many reasons why it would be of no use for him to see Mrs. * * *; but Delmont push'd by him, and went into the room where she sat.

Though her account was more formal and more guarded, and though she took care not to say that she had desired Mrs. Glenmorris to quit her house, because she believed her insane, Delmont thought it even less satisfactory than that of her servant. He besought them to recollect the name of the friend to whom Mrs. Glenmorris went, but they both declared they had not the least remembrance of the lady's name. All they could recal was, that she lived in one of the new

ſtreet beyond Oxford Road—" Could they remember the number of the coach ſhe went in?" —Neither of them had noticed it.

Delmont then ſummoning all his preſence of mind, inſiſted upon having every circumſtance repeated to him that had happened. But when they mentioned a gentleman in a coach who had fetched Medora away, he found their deſcriptions differ entirely. And at laſt the good woman, who choſe to draw him as a tall, genteel, handſome young gentleman, owned that ſhe did but juſt ſee him through the window, and being very buſy juſt then had not much noticed him.

Delmont, having exhauſted every queſtion by which he hoped to gain any information, left the houſe in a ſtate of mind of which he had before formed no idea. He walked along the ſtreet perfectly unconſcious whither he was going. Amazed at what he had heard, and bewildering himſelf in conjecture, he tried to recollect the perſons Mrs. Glenmorris had occaſionally named as thoſe ſhe had buſineſs with in London.—Petrify, the merchant, was the only one he could at that moment think of; he turned, and went towards his houſe.

On enquiring for Mr. Petrify he was ſhewn into a compting-houſe, where one clerk was running over aloud to another the Banker's book. They heeded him not, civility being no part of their character, unleſs towards thoſe by whom they expected to profit. There was, however, ſomething very impoſing in the figure of Delmont, and having at laſt obtained the notice of a lad who was writing in a corner, he went out to call the maſter of the houſe, and Delmont was ſhewn into the parlour.

Such was the uncontroulable anguiſh that tore the heart of Delmont, that when a little ſhort-

legged

legged Jew-looking man entered and announced himself as Mr. Petrify, he could not find terms to express himself. To mention the words lost, disappeared, eloped, with that of Medora, he found impossible. He therefore, though in visible agitation, enquired whether Mr. Petrify could direct him to the present residence of Mrs. Glenmorris.

The little shuffling man, (with a look much resembling that which a young Israelite turns towards a purchaser for his oranges whom he meditates to cheat), examined Delmont's countenance while he spoke.—It was agitated by struggling passions; but Petrify knew nothing about them. He would have understood better the sharp etchings made by disappointed avarice; and had Delmont come to enquire after an insurance, or deprecate the attempt to put an end to

"that dreadful trade,
"Which robs unhappy Afric of her sons,"

Petrify would from sympathy have comprehended his sensations. As it was, he neither understood nor liked Delmont. Conscious that his treatment of Mrs. Glenmorris, though all proper and justifiable in the way of business, might be differently considered by such a man as the person before him, he thought it prudent and proper to give such answers as might put an end to all farther enquiries addressed to him. He therefore replied that he knew nothing, nothing at all of Mrs. Glenmorris; had not seen her for some days; imagined she was gone back into the country; and was sorry to say he could give no information whatever.—Delmont urged him to try to recollect the names of some persons with whom she had been acquainted in London; Petrify protested he had not the remotest knowledge of any of her

connections; declared that it was merely by chance he was introduced to Mr. Glenmorris's correſpondence, from which he had derived ſo little advantage, that he had determined wholly to decline it.—Delmont aſked where the friend, who was the means of introducing him, was to be found? Petriſy anſwered that he had long ſince returned to America; and Delmont, finding he could obtain no information, left the "little Jew-looking" merchant to return to ſpeculations on profit and loſs.

Whither could he now go? The name of Mrs. Grinſted occurred to him; and after a long ſearch, and by enquiring of ſeveral tradeſmen in the part of the town where he remembered ſhe lived, he found the houſe; Mrs. Grinſted had left London the day before for the remainder of the ſummer; and there was nobody but a man and his wife, hired to take care of it, who could not even tell him where to direct to its miſtreſs. They only knew that ſhe went firſt to the houſe of *ſome lord*, a long way out of town; but was to ſtay there only a few days, and had ſaid ſhe would write to let them know where her letters ſhould be ſent after her.

It had been the buſineſs of Delment's life to acquire that firmneſs of mind which can alone render a man ſatisfied with himſelf, or reſpected by others. This he knew was to be obtained by ſhaking off his prejudices, and ſubduing his feelings—By determining never to be miſled by the paſſions of others, or hurried into dangerous purſuits by the ardour or his own; but in the preſent inſtance all his philoſophy was uſeleſs. He was wretched; and his endeavours to eſcape from his miſery were vain. In attaching himſelf to Medora, he had followed the pureſt dictates of reaſon and nature. He had loſt her, and the hideous

hideous obſcurity that involved the circumſtances of his loſs, became deeper as he tried to remove it. He would have reaſoned with himſelf; but the pain that diſtracted him was not to be appeaſed by ſentences, or mitigated by compariſons. It was in vain he recollected the cruel certainty which at an early period, flaſhed on his mind, that man is born but to ſuffer and to die—and equally vain were the examples that occurred to him; examples of the power of reaſon to raiſe the ſoul above the tranſient ſufferings of humanity. There are ſtill ſome inſtances where the greateſt vigour of intellect had failed under the preſſure of human miſery*; and the fortitude of a philoſopher of twenty-three might well deſert him, when evils were felt that had ſubdued the ſtoicism of the moſt illuſtrious characters.—Delmont tried (and for the firſt time in his life, ſince the loſs of his mother, when he was too young to have that command over himſelf which he had ſince obtained,) fruitleſsly tried to argue away the anguiſh that now overwhelmed him.

While his calmneſs thus deſerted him, he could find no comfort in exertion, no relief from local circumſtances—even the certainty of Medora's death, though his ſpirits ſeemed to fail him at the very idea of it, appeared to him now an evil leſs horrible than the dread that oppreſſed him. It was not poſſible for him to imagine that Medora had voluntarily left her mother. Simplicity might be miſled, and innocence betrayed; but when ſimplicity and innocence were united with ſuch good ſenſe and *integrity*† of underſtanding,

* Cicero is one of the moſt remarkable examples.

† I do not know whether this expreſſion conveys my meaning, which is, that natural ſtrength and rectitude of mind, ſeldom ſeen, becauſe it muſt be ſtrong indeed where it has reſiſted the early counteraction of what is called educacion; but which, where it does ſurvive, forms characters capable of every thing that is good and great.

ſtanding, as Medora poſſeſſed, he believed it impoſſible that the arts of a libertine (for men under that deſcription are generally the moſt ſhallow and contemptible of their ſpecies) could in a ſhort period change her heart by vitiating her judgment. Her mother he knew was as attentive as tender. Over this dear and deſerving object of her fondeſt affections Mrs. Glenmorris watched with unremitting vigilance; and it was to him incomprehenſible that any man ſhould have an opportunity of executing ſo daring a ſcheme, (even ſuppoſing ſuch had been formed) as to ſnatch Medora from the vigilant care of ſuch a guardian.

And this dear, this venerated and beloved mother, where was ſhe? Why could he not participate with her the anguiſh this cruel event had inflicted on them both?—"Oh! deareſt and fondeſt of mothers," cried he, "had you been leſs influenced by ſcruples, and by falſe delicacy, unworthy a mind like yours; had you confided your lovely daughter to me, we ſhould now have taſted altogether, almoſt unexampled happineſs. Inſtead of which, we are condemned to ſuch wretchedneſs that I dare not truſt myſelf ſteadily to look upon it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Multo putans, fortemque animo miseratus iniquum.

AT the approach of night, Delmont found it impossible to attempt taking any repose—Yet whither could he go, or what could he do to relieve himself from the misery of suspence?—Had he ever cultivated any accquaintance in London, it was not now that society could relieve him—Armitage was the only man to whom he wished to speak; *his* voice the only one that he thought he could endure to hear. Fortune, as if to teize him with trifles, than which nothing is more difficult to bear with temper, while any heavy sorrow presses on the mind, contrived to throw him into the way of Dr. Winslow, who was waddling along the Hay Market, and whom he did not see, till he was so near that it was impossible to escape him.

The doctor, who had long since lost all fears about his niece, and all resentment for what had happened at Upwood, and who was proud of such an acquaintance as Delmont, advanced to him, expressed great pleasure at seeing him, and began to inform him, as if it was a matter of great import to all the world, that he and his family were in London only for a fortnight, having come from his house in Wiltshire, to furnish themselves with a few articles for a tour to Scarborough, which had been settled for the rest of the summer. Before the Doctor had half finished

finiſhed what he had to ſay, Delmont had totally forgotten that he was ſpeaking at all; the doctor however ended ſome ſentence, to which his companion had given no attention, by ſaying, "I am ſure, Mr. Delmont, you muſt be of the ſame opinion?"

Delmont,

"Anſwering negligently he knew not what,"

but which the Doctor took for an aſſent to his propoſition, he cried, rubbing his hands, "Ah! now that's right, my dear ſir—*I thought ſo*—I *thought* good ſenſe like your's would at laſt induce you to hear reaſon—Indeed I often ſtood amazed that it could ever be otherwiſe. I was afraid you were carried too far among the enemy, but I rejoice, and with exceeding great joy, to find that I am deceived. No no, the enemy, muſt have nothing to do with perſons of eminent merit, and I hope . . . ."

"What enemy, doctor?—who are you talking of?" cried Delmont, "but I beg your pardon—I am in haſte; good evening to you—my compliments to the ladies." Delmont would then have haſtened away, but the doctor ſaid he was merely going to take a turn in the park for a little air, after the fatigue of his day's ſhopping, and would walk with him. He began a long hiſtory about his ſon; (Delmont walked on in ſilence, hoping every moment the hum of the doctor's monotonous proſe would ceaſe); he then detailed the hiſtory of a trial he had had with the farmers of one of his pariſhes, about ſetting aſide a modus—quoted precedents temp. Eliz. to juſtify his demand; made a ſhort philippic againſt the unreaſonableneſs of farmers; from thence glided into an epiſode, which deſcribed the dinner given by a nobleman to the judges on the circuit;

circuit; a retailed bon mot of Dr. Squably's; and was entering, with the moſt perſevering deſire of being heard, on a ſecond hiſtory relative to Mr. Middleton Winſlow, when Delmont, unable to preſerve the forms of politeneſs, turned from him, and quickening his pace, was ſoon at the end of Bond-ſtreet, the coffee-houſe he had uſually frequented being in that neighbourhood; when ſuddenly he ſaw before him a figure which ſeemed to be that of Armitage. Delmont haſtened to look in his face—it was Armitage himſelf.

Hardly were they able to expreſs their joy at meeting, before Delmont eagerly enquired if he ſeen Mrs. Glenmorris or Medora?

"No," replied he, "but I was now going to Mrs. Grinſted's to obtain a direction to them—for I cannot tell why, but the people at the hotel gave me evaſive anſwers, and denied knowing any thing about them."

Delmont now found that his friend was ignorant of the ſtrange and moſt diſtreſſing intelligence relative to Medora. The ſtreet was not a place in which to communicate it, but entering a coffee-houſe together, Delmont there related all that had paſſed—and if any thing could equal the pain he felt in telling, it was that with which Armitage heard him. The latter then told Delmont that Mrs. Glenmorris had written to him, "and though," ſaid he, "I could ſee by her manner of expreſſing herſelf that her heart was ill at eaſe on other ſubjects, ſhe touched very gently on her pecuniary embarraſſments, which I am afraid have been more perplexing than either of us were aware of, and it is impoſſible to tell how far thoſe embarraſſments might have been the cauſe of the extraordinary and moſt diſtracting cataſtrophe of her diſappearance. I loſe all

patience when I reflect that nothing of all this could have happened, had Mrs. Glenmorris poſſeſſed reſolution enough to have deſpiſed the paltry goſſip of I know not what fooliſh women—and if with every other virtue under Heaven ſhe had but poſſeſſed that decided character which, ſelf balanced from conſcious rectitude and ſuperiority, is above being put out of its courſe by every whiſ of malice or folly. Mrs. Crewkherne, and ſome other contemptible cats, choſe to ſuppoſe, in the purity and delicacy of their veſtal imaginations, that I could not have an affection for my friend's wife without deſiring to ſupplant my friend; and here has this dear woman, as ſhe almoſt acknowledges herſelf, been deterred from applying to me by this infernal crew. I cannot ſpeak of them with patience—and who can now tell what may have been the conſequence to her daughter, to herſelf, and to my poor friend Glenmorris, who would not, I am convinced, ſurvive, or at leaſt not poſſeſs his reaſon if he ſhould be deprived of thoſe two creatures ſo juſtly dear to him!"

He who is in deſperate circumſtance, catches at every hope however feeble. Delmont had a vague expectation of receiving ſome conſolation from Armitage—Armitage had none to give him. Their mutual doubts and conjectures ſerved only to augment their mutual diſquiet, and they agreed to ſeparate at an early hour, that each during the night might conſider what could be moſt effectually done the next day to diſcover their loſt friends. By day-break Delmont was again on foot, and Armitage did not long ſuffer him to wait. Yet when they once more reconſidered the projects of the preceding night, they neither of them ſaw any light to direct their ſearch. The morning paſſed in fruitleſs efforts

on

on both ſides, and they met again at five o'clock, only to relate their vain enquiries, and to aggravate the apprehenſions with which they were both tortured.

A note was brought to Delmont while, he ſat at table, (not while he dined, for he had neither eat nor ſlept ſince his firſt knowledge of Medora's being miſſing) ; he opened it eagerly, for all his thoughts being on that ſubject he concluded it could relate to nothing elſe. At any other time it would have given him pleaſure, for he was fondly attached to both his ſiſters, but particularly to Louiſa ; but now he was incapable of joy, and every thing like happineſs ſeemed an inſult on his miſery. Louiſa wrote thus:

" My deareſt George,

" I came to London laſt night with my aunt " Crewkherne, and Mr. and Mrs. Bethune. " The latter are going into Wales to attend on " Mr. B—'s mother, who is much indiſpoſed. " Mrs. Crewkherne, who is very civil to me, " though you know I am no great favourite, " gives me my choice whether to accompany " her to Ramſgate ; accept an invitation I have " had from Miſs Goldthorpe to accompany her, " with Dr. and Mrs. Winſlow, to Scarborough, " or return to you. You have taught me, " where I am alone concerned, to act from the " impulſe of my own heart ; and you will ſurely " gueſs that its fondeſt wiſhes are, to be once " more in that beloved ſpot, and under that dear " protection, which I prefer to every other. " This may not be politic in regard to Mrs. " Crekwherne, but it is pleaſant, and I cannot " ſacrifice my affection for you, to the hope of " ſharing her fortune with Caroline. But, my " dear brother, if you have any reaſons that

" make

" make this inconvenient, ſay ſo at once to your " Louiſa—I am ſure however that you will, " for you are candour and ſincerity itſelf. I am " almoſt aſhamed of the doubt this enquiry " ſeems to imply; but you know not the legends " I have been compelled to liſten to on the ſub- " ject of perſons who muſt I am ſure be deſerv- " ing, ſince they are dear to you.

" Mrs. Crewkherne having room in her " houſe only for my ſiſter and Mr. Bethune, " with their ſervants, I have taken advantage " of Miſs Goldthorpe's obliging invitation, and " fortunately heard from Dr. Winſlow that he " had met with you in the ſtreet, and remem- " bered your addreſs. I wait impatiently to ſee " you, my dear George—and I hope nothing " that paſſed at Upwood will make it unpleaſant " to you to ſee at this houſe

" your ever affectionate
" LOUISA DELMONT."

At any other time Delmont would have flown with impatience to Louiſa for her own ſake; he now haſtened to Dr. Winſlow's, glad indeed to embrace her whom he had not ſeen for ſome months; but now the tender intereſt he took in his ſiſters was overborn, by his agonizing ſolici- tude for Medora and her mother, while a con- fuſed idea forced itſelf upon his mind, that Louiſa, who evidently alluded to them in her letter, might have heard ſomething of them. He thought not of the awkwardneſs of meeting Miſs Goldthorp; but haſtened to Dr. Winſlow's and regardleſs of forms, ſent for Louiſa into a parlour. Louiſa, enchanted with his kindneſs, ran down to him immediately, and throwing her- ſelf into his arms, wept for joy. The ſight of her called forth anew all thoſe affections which

his

his ſiſters particularly inherited in right of their mother; but when his mind recurred with new force to the loſt object of his love, to his innocent lovely Medora, expoſed to inſults which his ſoul ſhuddered to think of, he betrayed ſymptoms of grief and deſpair which could not eſcape the obſervation of Louiſa. "For God's ſake, my dear George," cried ſhe, "what is the matter? —You look very ill!—you ſeem very uneaſy?"

"And do you know nothing Louiſa, that is likely to make me ſo?"

"I know that Adolphus has embarraſſed himſelf and you; and that your journey to Ireland was on his account, and has diſtreſſed you; but I was in hopes . . . ."

"And does Louiſa know me ſo little as to ſuppoſe that mere money matters, however perplexing, could inflict ſuch a degree of uneaſineſs as would empoiſon my meeting her, and not admit of palliation or concealment at ſuch a moment? Oh! no, Louiſa; I have learned ſhould it be neceſſary to be content with a little; Adolphus has not acted towards me quite as I think I ſhould have done towards him; but it is over, and I give my paltry troubles on that ſcore to the winds. Ah! my Louiſa, there are ſorrows for which there is no cure—which no philoſophy can combat, no reſignation endure."

Louiſa, more alarmed by his look than even by his expreſſions, exclaimed, "Good heaven! —my dear George, what do you mean?—for pity's ſake keep me not in ſuſpence, but tell me —what is the misfortune you deplore?—Is the young lady dead, to whom you were attached?

A deep groan preceded Delmont's anſwer— "Louiſa, there *are* misfortunes worſe than death."

"You

"You torture me," cried ſhe, "pray explain yourſelf.—Delmont then related, as coherently as he could, the hiſtory of the growth and progreſs of his love for Medora; and ended with the extraordinary recital of her being miſſing from an hotel; of her mother's leaving it the next day in a ſtate of dejection—for he had extorted as much from the ſervant at the hotel—and the more ſtrange circumſtance of their both diſappearing, though certainly *not together*—— which diſtracted him—yet in ſome way ſo unaccountable, that he had not been able to diſcover the leaſt trace of either.

Louiſa liſtened to him with amazement and concern—"My dear George," cried ſhe, "how my heart bleeds for you, and for this unfortunate young woman. You hoped, you ſay, that *I* could give you ſome intelligence!—— Would to God I could; but I have never heard her name, or that of her mother mentioned, ſince Mrs. Crewkherne was ſo extremely angry with me for taking her part, that I thought I ſhould have been ſent back to you in diſgrace; and ſo I certainly ſhould have been, if Caroline and her huſband had not good naturedly interpoſed. My aunt Crewkherne's abhorrence of poor Mrs. Glenmorris is to me unaccountable; I ſhould think there was ſome great perſonal animoſity between them, if I did not know that Mrs. Crewkherne never ſaw her.—My aunt, to be ſure, ſeldom ſpares any body; but her violent averſion to theſe friends of your's exceeds in virulence and ill humour all I ever ſaw before—and ſhe does not ſcruple to ſay ſuch things . .!"

"What does ſhe ſay?"—aſked Delmont eagerly.

"There is no uſe in repeating what ſhe has ſaid," replied his ſiſter. "I am convinced of its

its untruth, and was ſo even before I heard the particulars you have now related; for I was perſuaded in my own mind, that ſuch perſons as ſhe deſcribed could never intereſt or attach my brother George."

"Surely," ſaid Delmont, meditating a moment—"Surely this malicious old woman cannot have imagined and executed any plot to carry off Medora?—There is nothing of which I do not believe her capable; but I do not ſee that ſhe could, in this caſe, have the power to execute ſo deteſtable a purpoſe. She undoubtedly knew, Louiſa, who Mrs Glemorris was?"

"Oh! yes, perfectly.—She learned it very ſoon, I believe, and ſhe mentioned it, in the way of pitying Lady Mary de Verdon, how much ſhe had ſaid to that lady about her daughter's miſconduct—her connexion with Mr. Armitage and . . . ."

"Do not repeat her infamous, her infernal malice, Louiſa; I cannot bear it. I will not ſee her; for to keep my temper with her would be impoſſible. When did ſhe ſee Lady Mary?"

"After ſhe left Upwood I believe; I was not then with her; but ſhe delighted to relate, I know not what, ſtories of Mrs. Glenmorris's youth, and to tell how ſhe ran away from her mother. And becauſe ſhe ſaw that it teized me, ſhe was pleaſed to dwell on every circumſtance (many of which ſhe invented I am ſure) that could throw any reflection on Mrs. Glenmorris, or her daughter."

"Where does Lady Mary de Verdon live?" ſaid Delmont, ſtill muſing.—Louiſa had never heard, or had forgotten He knew, however, it would be eaſy to learn at any of the ſhops about St. James's—and telling his ſiſter he would ſee her again in an hour, he left her.

Delmont

Delmont haſtened to the houſe where he learned Lady Mary de Verdon reſided. There was only the porter and his wife. The former a very ſurly fellow, who gave ſhort and reluctant anſwers, holding the door in his hand. The woman who had at firſt opened it, ſeemed more diſpoſed to be communicative; but when her huſband heard the queſtions that Delmont was aſking, he came haſtily forward, and bade her leave the door.

Delmont, as well by perſuaſions as by the offer of money, endeavoured to prevail on this man to give him the intelligence, which it ſeemed in his power to do, of Mrs. Glenmorris. The more eagerly he appeared to deſire this, the more ſullenly and rudely the old pampered domeſtic repulſed him, till Delmont finding it difficult to keep his temper, left him to conſult Armitage, and returning for a few moments to Louiſa, then ſought his friend.

Armitage had not had better ſucceſs; but, as well as Delmont, had been met every where with oblique inſinuations of the improper nature of the friendſhip he profeſſed for Mrs. Glenmorris, ſneers on the motives of his anxious enquiry; and the reports which had given riſe to all this, he traced in more than one inſtance to Mrs. Crewkherne,

To what he had thus learned himſelf, were added the intimations Delmont had received from Louiſa, which he now repeated, and Armitage heard, with more emotion than either of them were accuſtomed to ſhew.

Armitage, pauſing a moment, ſaid; "I have made it an invariable rule to deſpiſe ſlander where it affected only myſelf, and have always found that to notice it ſerved only to feather the *elf-*

bolts

bolts * which otherwiſe fell harmleſs, and were forgotten; but in this inſtance, where the character of a blameleſs, an amiable woman, is traduced—where my affection for my friend, and my conſequent protection of his family, is converted by the diabolical malice of an old woman, impotent in every miſchief but this, into the means of blaſting the fair fame of the wife and child of my friend, and has perhaps been the cauſe to them of moſt irreparable evils, I muſt endeavour to ſtop it. Have you any objection, George, to my going to Mrs. Crewkherne?"

"No, indeed.—Let us both go to her inſtantly."

"Not ſo, Delmont. She is your relation, and may think that gives her a right to talk to you in a way which ſhe will hardly venture to me, or which I ſhall know how to anſwer if ſhe does. When I reflect on the weakneſs and violence of her conduct, ever ſince ſhe firſt diſcovered your attachment to our poor Medora, I cannot help fancying (though I own I know not how it ſhould be) ſhe has ſomething to do in the witchcraft that has occaſioned the diſappearance of the dear child and her mother; for that either of them have been to blame, I cannot allow myſelf to ſuppoſe for a ſingle moment."

It was now late. Armitage, however, who diſdained all forms, when good was to be done or evil prevented, ſet out for the houſe of Mrs. Crewkherne; and Delmont, who intended to re-commence his ſearch with the dawn of the next day, took the only occaſion he thought he ſhould have, to

* In many parts of England, on calcareous ſoils, are found ſtones ſhaped exactly like the heads of arrows, ſometimes with great part of the ſhaft. The peaſants call them elf-bolts, and uſed to imagine they were ſhot by ſome malignant fairies againſt their cattle. When a child I have often ſeen them about the ſouth downs.

to preſs the demands of his family againſt his uncle's eſtate on his executor, Sir Appulby Gorges. —No buſineſs, no conſideration whatever, had power to call off his mind a moment from the myſterious and cruel circumſtance that had blighted, perhaps for ever, all the proſpects of happineſs he had imagined; but as money was abſolutely neceſſary, whether he was to ſeek, or to avenge Medora; and if he regained her, ſuch as his fond hopes ſometimes ſuggeſted (the ſame lovely, innocent, and blameleſs creature he left) neceſſary to ſecure her future ſafety and comfort; it was therefore forwarding the ſole purpoſe for which he now lived, if he could obtain any ſatisfaction from Sir t Appulby Gorges,

I happened, contrary to his uſual cuſtom at this ſeaſon of the year, that Sir Appulby was in town. Sir Appulby was *negociating*; and as the party was not one whom he could, with any effect, invite to witneſs the advantages of mercenary politics at his ſplendid villa of *Wicket Hall*, he had taken up his own abode in town, to wait the favourable moment of cloſing, on behalf of his employers, with his young proſelyte, who, from ſome unfortunate events that had befallen him at certain houſes near St. James's, found it unexpectedly requiſite either to ſell himſelf or his eſtates; and prudently preferred the former; but chaffered about the price, in hopes of making a better bargain.

His *ultimatum* was to be given by a friend that evening; and it happened that George Delmont, who, in height and general appearance, reſembled that friend, was as ſuch admitted by the porter, and without queſtion ſhewn up ſtairs, where Sir Appulby, who expected a very different perſon, was very far from being glad to ſee him.

"I came

"I came to you, Sir Appulby," ſaid Delmont, "on the affairs of Lord Caſtledanes.—It is ſome months ſince you aſſured me that you would haſten the payment of money which has been unaccountably delayed.—Give me leave to tell you, that this ſort of conduct in an executor has the worſt appearance imaginable."

"My dear Sir!" replied Sir Appulby, in viſible confuſion, his fat gills quivering, and his ſwollen eye-lids twinkling—"my dear Sir! have I not already and before told you, and informed you, and deſired Mr. Cancer to ſignify to you, and let you know and acquaint you, that the moment it could be done legally and properly, and in due courſe, theſe matters ſhould be ſettled, paid, and diſcharged? Have I not ſaid, and repeated and declared ſo? and . . . ."

"Yes, Sir Appulby, you certainly have ſaid and repeated all this; and becauſe you *have* repeated it ſo often, and becauſe of your general character for prevarication—or, you muſt forgive me, Sir Appulby, if I call it by a ſhorter name, and ſay, that becauſe you have ſo declared and ſo ſhuffled, I do not believe you."

"Sir," cried Sir Appulby, "I aſſure you I am not uſed or acuſtomed . . . ."

"I know nothing of what you are accuſtomed to.—I come not hither to enquire into, or to conform to your cuſtoms; it is mine always to ſpeak plainly, Sir Appulby, and you muſt permit me to tell you, that you have behaved very ill in this affair already, and that it muſt be my buſineſs to prevent your behaving ſtill worſe. You are not, perhaps uſed to ſuch plain language; but it is time for me to uſe it, at leaſt as far as relates to my family affairs, which, after what I know of you, I really ſhould wiſh out of your hands, even if we did not want the money you ſo needleſsly kept back."

There

There is no being ſo meanly fearful, as he, who having dared to do wrong, *becauſe he dared*, dreads every moment the detection which ſooner or later overtakes villainous actions. Sir Appulby, from his earlieſt practice as an attorney in the north till the acme to his political conſequence, had been in habits of taking advantage of every body who by any chance fell in his power; and had for the moſt part done it with impunity. Some were afraid of what he could do through the influence of his patron, who was what is called a man in power (one who, with an overgrown fortune, has neither feeling nor principle); others were held in awe by the ſuppoſition that Sir Appulby might himſelf be a great man hereafter, and *then* have the means of ſerving them; and others dreaded him in the united qualities of a lawyer and a retainer to the inſolent profligacy of exorbitant wealth, whither they dared not lift their eyes.

Sir Appulby had long been one "whom every body knew to be what nobody choſe to call him." He had robbed, and helped to rob his own relations, and ſince had as ſucceſsfully robbed the public; till, as ſucceſs always enſures a certain degree of impunity, he had long been too rich to mind what *thoſe* ſaid, who were ſo little people of the world as to look through *his purple* and *fine linen* with ſcrutinizing contempt, and pretend to ſee in this *Dives* an object of greater ſcorn and abhorrence than the Lazar at his gate, who demanding in vain the crumbs that fell from the *rich man's table*, is repulſed by his high fed and inſolent domeſtics.

Sir Appulby Gorges, had it not been that his luxury ſubjected him to the palſy and the gout, might have forgotten that he was mortal. In his own family a furious and gloomy tyrant, his poor wife was leſs conſidered than his ſervants, and neither one or the other ever preſumed to contend with

with him. He ſaw none but clerks in office, or men who either were or wiſhed to get into place; and his purſy exiſtence was paſſed in adminiſtering adulation, or in receiving it. As unaccuſtomed, therefore, to hear truth as to tell it, he ſhrank from the manly, plain dealing of Delmont as an affront; yet an affront which he feared to reſent, becauſe he knew how well he deſerved that it ſhould be repeated.

"After what you have heard of me, Mr. Delmont? I muſt remark, Sir, that language and expreſſions—ſuch as that . . . . .',

"Are not, as you obſerve, Sir Appulby, what you have been uſed to—I know it—but be aſſured I ſhall never take the trouble to give you many leſſons in it. They will come, perhaps, from thoſe whoſe contempt for the weakneſs of an old man will not mitigate the effects of their indignation againſt a wicked man. *I have* heard things of you, Sir Appulby, which I know to be true, that ſink you, in my opinion, to the loweſt rank of human degradation."

Sir Appulby, half choaked with paſſion, and half trembling with fear, aked what?

Enquire of your own conſcience, Sir Appulby—or if that is callous, look in the records you have in the form of letters from two families, whom I know you have ruined. Do you remember nothing of a young woman, your near relation, whoſe money you took from her, under pretence of being her guardian, and then refuſed to refund ſo ſmall a ſum as even ten pounds, and bade her go to ſervice? Has your flinty ſoul retained no impreſſion of the fearful cataſtrophe, your cruelty and injuſtice (in ſuffering their whole property to be kept from them) occaſioned in another part of that family?—Have you *no* remembrance of the ruin of innocent children?—

None

None of the ſufferings of their mother?—But you go to church, Sir Appulby Gorges, and put ſhillings in the plate at the door, and you talk of religion, and are deſirous of being called a pious man!"

Sir Appulby now crawled like a wounded beetle about the room, puffing and gaſping—"as to my conduct, Sir," ſaid he, "you do me great injuſtice— you miſtake the thing altogether—as to that family of the South—why-a-a-a-Mr Delmont, upon my honour, Sir, you—you—wholly miſunderſtand the thing.—I have done a great deal for them, Sir, a very great deal—and . . . ."

"There is a way, Sir Appulby, of enacting the fable of Penelope; undoing at one time what you have done at another, and I believe your counteraction has quite anihilated the good effects, if there ever were any, of your *benefits*. Theſe boaſted benefits, of which, even admitting they were all you ſtate them to have been, theſe poor people may ſay:

To John I ow'd ſome obligation,
But then friend John thought fit
To publiſh it to all the nation;
So John and I are quit.

"I thought—I thought—Mr. Delmont," cried Sir Appulby, who now looked like a bad picture one has ſeen of a ſtrangled maleſactor.—"I thought, Sir, you came here on the buſineſs of my friend, Lud Caſtledanes, and not on this ſort of extraneous . . . . ."

"I loved my uncle," anſwered Delmont, coolly "don't call him *your* friend, ſir Appulby Gorges, *before me.*"

My Lud Caſtledanes, Mr. Delmont, was . . . ."

"I knew perfectly *what* he was, Sir, and cannot but regret that he was ſo miſtaken as to entruſt

entruſt the executorſhip to a perſon ſo totally unlike him. Pray, Sir Appulby, do you happen to know any thing of a Mrs. Glenmorris, the the daughter of Lady Mary de Verdon."

Sir Appulby was not prepared for this ſudden queſtion—his face from a dirty *tile* colour, became purple. "How ſhould *I* know any thing of that perſon? I muſt beg to be underſtood, Mr. Delmont, that———'

"Oh! Sir, you *are* generally underſtood, believe me. I wiſh, however, to have an anſwer. You are acquainted I believe, with Mrs. Crewkherne?

"I have ſeen Mrs. Crewkherne—I reſpected her on account of her piety and virtue, and of her alliance with my Lud Caſtledanes."

"Oh! mockery of terms!" cried Delmont, hardly reſtraining his indignation—Oh! revolting hypocriſy—come Sir Appulby, try to ſpeak truth for once—Its rarity from you will give it double value.—Do you happen to know where Mrs. Glenmorris is now? or where her daughter is?

"I know, Sir!—I aſſure you Mr. Delmont, that I have no connection with thoſe perſons—I know nothing of them, Sir.—I repeat, Sir, that you have totally miſtaken my conduct—and . . . ."

A ſervant here announced "Lord Robert Rangely." Sir Appulby ſeemed relieved, yet doubting whether his preſent gueſt would not continue his unwelcome viſit, he therefore ſaid, "I muſt beg your pardon, Mr. Delmont; my Lud Robart has ſome buſineſs with me, on which his ludſhip is come on purpoſe—and in regard to the affairs of my Lud Caſtledanes, if you will be ſo good as to go and apply to my ſolicitor, Mr. Anthony Cancer, of Gray's Inn, there is no doubt but that you will find all *is in a fair train to ſee light*,

in

in ſuch a manner as council ſhall adviſe, as legal and proper, and proper and legal." So ſaying Sir Appulby without waiting for Delmont's anſwer, puffed and waddled away into the next room, where, in obſequious civility of Lud Robart, he endeavoured to loſe the painful ſenſation that had been inflicted by the rough and unwelcome truiſms of the unbending Delmont.

CHAP. XIII.

Pour moi je n'ai point de ſyſteme à ſoutenier, moi, homme ſimple et vrai, que la fureur d'aucun partie n'entraine.

MR. ARMITAGE, ſending up a meſſage that he was a ſtranger, who waited upon her about buſineſs, was admitted to Mrs. Crewkherne. Had he given his name to the ſervant, ſhe would certainly have refuſed him an audience; ſhe expreſſed herſelf very much ſurprzed when he announced himſelf; for notwithſtanding the virulence of her animoſity againſt him, ſhe did not know him even by ſight.

The good lady was in her dreſſing-room, and with her was one of thoſe men who ſeem to have taken in ſome houſes the place formerly occupied by the director and confeſſor. Mr. Armitage, from his countenance and appearance, immediately gueſſed what he was; but as he wiſhed the whole world, had it been poſſible, might witneſs what

what he had to say, he hesitated not to address himself immediately to Mrs. Crewkherne on the subject of the visit.

"I came to you, Madam," said he, "to remonstrate with you. It will not be easily possible for me to forget that there is a certain degree of respect due to your age and your sex; but as a human being, as a person who has, without any provocation, done me the greatest injury in your power, I mean not to dissemble my sentiments."

"I, Sir! interrupted the lady, her voice trembling, and her complexion assuming a deep orange hue; "I injured you! Sir, what do you mean? I never saw you that I know of, I am sure, in my life before."

"Had the malice with which, notwithstanding you never saw me before, you have incessantly pursued me," said Armitage coolly, "been levelled against me as an individual, I should never have taken the trouble to have spoken to you; but your unprovoked assaults may have been of serious consequence to an innocent and excellent woman; to a young and lovely girl her daughter. These ladies you never saw, or at least obtained a sight of them only by impertinent and unjustifiable intrusion on their solitude."

Mrs. Crewkherne, whose wrath had began to conquer her fears at the words *age* and *sex*, now found it rising to a degree not easy to be restrained.

"Upon my word, Sir, you take great liberties," cried she. "Very extraordinary indeed, that *I* am to be insulted in this manner."

"I mean not to insult you, Madam—I only intend to put an end to the unwarrantable conduct by which you have injured others. Why, Madam, did you assume it as a fact, that Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter were people of doubtful character?"

"Since you oblige me to ſpeak, *I will* then. I ſaid ſo Mr. Armitage, becauſe I was told ſo; and becauſe . . . becauſe . . . why becauſe that nobody could ſuppoſe that a woman of any faſhion, of any character and reputation, would conceal herſelf clandeſtinely in a . . . a ſort of an obſcure, mean place, as if ſhe had ſome bad deſign in view—and I ſuppoſe you won't *proſecute* me—as I am free to ſay what all the world ſays—as free, I hope, as another—I ſuppoſe it is no ſcandal to ſay, that every body knows your name is not very good, and that it was not very likely any perſon who was very nice about their reputation would put themſeves into the care of a perſon of your character."

"Since *my* character then, "replied Armitage, "thus becomes the means of injury to my friends, it is worth my while to aſk you, my good lady, what parts of it have the misfortune to be ſo diſpleaſing to you?"

"All, Sir, let me tell you, all. I am aſſured that you are an atheiſt, a deiſt, a freethinker, an illuminy; I don't know what, not I; a jacobin, and a republican."

The grave perſonage that ſat by turned up his eyes, lifted up his hands, and uttered a deep groan.

Armitage ſmiled.—"Really, Madam," ſaid he, "theſe charges are ſo numerous, and ſo heavy, that I hardly know where to begin my defence. I fear too," turning a little towards Mr Habbakkuc Cramp, (the man who ſat by) "that my audience are not very favourably diſpoſed towards me. Firſt, however, I muſt beg leave to remark, that I cannot be both an atheiſt and a deiſt."

"I don't ſee why not—I am ſure there are people that go the length of being every thing that's bad and abominable."

"I don,

"I don't imagine you expect that I ſhould make to you, or this gentleman a confeſſion of of my faith; but I beg leave to aſſure you, that I am not only not an atheiſt myſelf, but that I do not believe any man exiſts who will ſincerely aſſert himſelf to be one. I ſpeak not of fools or coxcombs, who may fancy ſome daring deviation from common ſenſe, or ſome wild ſyſtem of which they underſtand nothing, gives them a ſort of conſequence with the ignorant and ſuperficial; I ſpeak of men of ſolid underſtanding and ſober reflexion; I beg leave therefore to aſſure you I am not of that deſcription of men called atheiſts. If you will give me leave to quote a play, which was written by one of the beſt and moſt pious men of the laſt age, I would ſay in his words:

> If there's a power above us,
> (And that there is all nature cries aloud
> Through all her works) he muſt delight in virtue*.

And the queſtion what this virtue is, in which a benevolent and omnipotent being muſt delight, ſeems to me as clear as the indiſputable fact of the exiſtence. I imagine that our way to pleaſe God is, to do all the good that is in our power to his creatures; never wilfully or wontonly to hurt or injure one of them; never, that we may gratify ourſelves as individuals, violate that immutable law which he has given to every man—a ſenſe of rectitude we have agreed to call conſcience—Conſcience, which till it is ſtifled, and at length deſtroyed by ſophiſtry and falſhood, is implanted on the breaſt of every human being who has common ſenſes."

Mrs. Crewkherne here teſtified marks of extreme impatience, and Mr. Habbakkuc Cramp

* Addiſon, in Cato.

ſeemed very uneaſy in his chair; but Armitage not appearing to notice their inquietude, proceeded.

"Now, Madam, I have really ſpoken more on this ſubject than I ſhould have thought worth my while, if this declaration of my opinion did not lead to an inference in regard to the perſon on whoſe account I came hither. Theſe being my ſentiments, and theſe the maxims by which I govern myſelf, I am the laſt man in the world who would rob another of his honour or his peace; I ſhould moſt certainly conſider it as a great crime to deprive a ſtranger of the affection of the woman he loved, but to injure my *friend*, the *friend* who truſted me, who made me the temporary guardian of thoſe who conſtituted the ſole happineſs of his life! to become the baſeſt of all traitors, to violate the ſacred charge he has given me! There *have been*, I believe, hypocrites, and even men profeſſing unuſual piety, who have committed ſuch crimes. They are ſaid to have ways of appeaſing this conſcience, this internal monitor, and that ſometimes the loud declamation of the pulpit, or the preſcriptive clamour of the bar, are engaged to bribe it to ſilence—but *I* find nothing proceeding from either, that would be capable of reconciling *me* to myſelf, if I broke through the fundamental rule of all religion and all morality—Do unto others as thou would'ſt they ſhould do unto thee."

"Humph!" cried Mrs. Crewkherne, "I ſee the wolf *can* put on ſheep's cloathing—I ſpeak my mind, Sir. *You* can quote ſcripture as well as plays. I am ſure it's a ſhame, if you don't follow it more, that you know it at all."

"I not only know it, Madam, but have ſtudied it, as well as my time and means have permitted, and I dare venture to recommend ſundry excellent

excellent maxims to you, particularly all that relates to lying and ſlandering; to taking away the fair name of innocent and blameleſs perſons, and that merely to gratify a paltry deſire of lowering them, which, if your pride was not ſo remarkable a feature in your character, one might ſuppoſe to be, becauſe you *felt* their ſuperiority,"

"There is no bearing this inſolence! exclaimed Mrs. Crewkherne, hardly able to reſtrain tears of malevolent rage, which might well have become the iron cheeks of Alecto—"Mr. Cramp, I am at a loſs to underſtand how you can ſit ſilent, and ſee me ſo affronted."

"Indeed, Mr. Archimage," ſnuffled the preacher of the tabernacle—"Indeed, Sir, this is very odd behaviour—to a lady, ſo reſpectable and worthy a lady, in her own apartment and *ous!*—I don't Sir—I ſay, Sir, I don't, Sir, I can't, Sir, underſtand why you pertend for to perſume on any ſuch like freedom; and I begs leave . . . ."

"I have nothing to do with you, Doctor. Pray do not interpoſe. What I have to ſay to this lady is for her good—you know that humility and charity are among the virtues it is your practice to enforce.—Mrs. Crewkherne is not yet too old to liſten to lectures on any of the cardinal virtues, and ſhe will now be ſo good as to hear me, remembering that ſhe has been the aggreſſor.—Beſides, Sir, the lady, as I recollect, has not heard my vindication of the other charges ſhe brought againſt me, and it is an equitable maxim, which you have undoubtedly been taught at ſchool, to hear before you give judgment. I think, Madam, that beſides the names I have diſclaimed, you were pleaſed to ſay that I was a freethinker, an illuminé—a ſomething elſe which I had not the honour to underſtand, a jacobin and a republican—and firſt of the firſt.

"If

"If you mean by a freethinker, that I venture to think on every topic of human enquiry, and moſt on thoſe which ſeem moſt to involve the happineſs or miſery of my ſpecies, I muſt plead guilty to the charge; but I hope and believe there is no turpitude annexed to the uſe of that faculty with which God has diſtinguiſhed man above the reſt of his creatures. I claim the boundleſs uſe of this power of thinking, of this power of enquiry; but I by no means am offended at thoſe who find more convenience and eaſe in letting their own faculties in this way lie dormant, and commiſſion others to think for them; they may be very good ſort of people, and fit for five hundred excellent purpoſes. Not a ſentence ſhall I ever utter, not a line ſhall I ever write to diſturb their quieſcent tranquillity, and all I aſk of them is, that if I do not perplex them by putting it into *their heads* to exerciſe this troubleſome quality, *they* would generouſly permit *me* to make what uſe I pleaſe of my own, which certainly in that caſe (if it is a bad thing to do) can hurt nobody but myſelf. Having allowed then, that if to be a freethinker is not to think always as I am bid by thoſe who perhaps know no more than myſelf, I muſt ſubmit to that appellation. The third count is, I believe, that I am an illuminé. I have read one nonſenſical book on that ſubject, and tried to read another, but it was ſo childiſh and fooliſh, and I ſo little comprehended what the author means to eſtabliſh, that I could not get through it. If you, Madam, or if you, Sir, who doubtleſs are better informed, will have the goodneſs to acquaint me what an illuminé means, I will tell you whether I belong to the ſect or no; but at preſent I know not how I can be a member of a party whoſe maxims I am ſo far from underſtanding, that I doubt

doubt the very exiſtence of the ſociety itſelf. It ſeems to me to be a chimera raiſed to terrify the credulous with apprehenſions of plots and machinations, imagined by they know not whom, they know not where; and whatever is involved in myſtery and obſcurity always impreſſes a ſort of dread which no ſpecified and diſtinct object of alarm could effect. The next charge againſt me, (but really they are ſo grave and numerous that I ought to have taken notes); the next charges againſt me are, that I am a democrat and a jacobin. An explanation of each moſt alarming term is almoſt as neceſſary to me as an explanation of the former. I remember, when I was a boy, hearing in every ſociety a vaſt deal about whigs and tories, though the names were then becoming more obſolete than they had been ſome years before—I read even more than I heard about them, and Fielding and Smollet introduced the mention of parties ſo diſtinguiſhed into novels, while every pamphlet of fifty years ago, which I read in a collection of my father's, vented the virulence of one of theſe parties againſt the other. After an interregnum, during which nobody ſeemed to care about either, have ſucceeded the names of ariſtocrate and democrate, which I wiſh people, who uſe them as terms of reproach on either ſide, would firſt underſtand. We more immediately borrowed the name from France; but like many other imported words, we apply them in ſenſes wholly foreign to their real meaning. I believe, however, you, Madam, underſtand a democrate and a jacobin to mean nearly the ſame thing."

"To be ſure I do," anſwered Mrs. Crewkherne, indignantly—"And I wiſh, with all my heart, they were all deſtroyed."

"Doubt-

"Doubtleſs you do," reſumed Armitage, "the charity which you ſo loudly profeſs would induce you to order them all to fire and faggot; but even the power of executing ſo benevolent a purpoſe would not gratify your humane intention towards *me*; ſince in your ſenſe of the words I am neither. You *apprehend* that theſe democrats have a prodigious and unquenchable hatred againſt all eſtabliſhed governments, and have an horror of kings and of nobility. Now I have nothing of all this. I reſpect the eſtabliſhed government of my country, and never diſturb it. If I could not live contented under it, I would go to another. I venerate, I honour, I would die, were it neceſſary, for a good king—for a king ſhewing himſelf worthy of the ſacred charge, by devoting himſelf to the real happineſs and proſperity of the people; and ſo far from having any deteſtation of nobility, I think the common objections made againſt their order, puerile and inconſequent. I do not believe the order inimical to the community, and I hold all the wild ſchemes of univerſal equality as utterly impracticable, and alogether abſurd; ſo impracticable, that if it could be eſtabliſhed to-morrow, inequalities more unjuſt and more ſhocking would exiſt in ſix weeks; if, therefore, you annex this ſyſtem to the word democrats, I am none.

"Laſtly, as to my being a jacobin, which, I take it for granted, includes every thing that you can imagine horrible, and to be a ſort of a conſtellation of terrible charges; I have only to ſay, that if you mean, among other heavy miſdemeanors included under it, that I either approve, or ever did approve of the violence, cruelty, and perfidy, with which the French have polluted the cauſe of freedom, you are greatly miſtaken; far from thinking that ſuch meaſures

are

are likely to eſtabliſh liberty, and the general rights of mankind, I hold them to be exactly the means that will delay the period when rational freedom, and all that its enjoyment can give to humanity, ſhall be eſtabliſhed in the world. I deny many of their maxims, and I abhor almoſt the whole of their conduct. I never do believe that axiom of politicians, which ſays, that evil may be done to produce good. In the preſent caſe I know the evil to be certain and immediate; I am not arrogant enough to pretend to calculate the amount of the good, which may never be produced at all; or if it is, may not be conſidered as ſuch by thoſe who ſhall then live; but you muſt allow me to remark, that if the folly and wickedneſs, by which mankind have, in every age of the world, endeavoured to eſtabliſh tenets, either of religion or goverment, were to prove the falſity of thoſe tenets, there is no one ſyſtem which would not be liable to the ſame objections as have been made to the revolution of France; that it has been the ſource of miſery, of bloodſhed, of crimes, from which reaſon and humanity recoil with terror and deteſtation.—I believe I have now told you why I deſerve none of the epithets with which you have choſen to load me; and in return for this plain dealing you will tell me, whether you know the preſent reſidence of Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter."

There is nothing half ſo irritating to determined malice as the conſciouſneſs that it is impotent.—Mrs. Crewkherne found that, repelled by integrity and truth, the ſhafts ſhe had delighted to throw againſt Armitage would fail of every effect ſhe intended. She was one of thoſe worthy perſonages who are never in the wrong in their own opinion; and ſhe had too much money to have heard the poſſibility hinted as being the

the opinion of others; but ſhe felt, however unwilling to acknowledge it, all the power of truth; yet deteſted more than ever him who had brought home to her the humiliating conviction of that black malevolence which lurked in her heart.

Malignant ſatisfaction therefore flaſhed on her mind, when ſhe underſtood by Mr. Armitage's manner of aſking, that he knew not what was become of Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter; that they had both been removed from the reſidence where they had occaſioned her ſo much concern, ſhe knew; and believed a circumſtance ſo fortunate had been occaſioned by the information ſhe had given to Lady Mary, who had taken meaſures to prevent their diſturbing Miſs Cardonnal in the rightful poſſeſſion of her grandfather's eſtates; and though the ſcheme, ſo warmly adopted by Mrs. Crewkherne, was now no longer in queſtion, though Miſs Goldthorpe's fortune had probably eſcaped her family for ever, ſhe was overjoyed to believe that Delmont had loſt ſight of Medora, who was the occaſion of his overlooking his own advantage, and deſpiſing her advice, ſhe

"Grinn'd horribly a ghaſtly ſmile;"

therefore while ſhe anſwered—"*I* know the preſent reſidence of thoſe people! No, indeed! *I* have no acquaintance with them—it is not likely I ſhould! What, don't you know where they are? Perhaps your friend *Delmont*," added ſhe with a particular emphaſis and toſs of the head, "may be able to inform you. I dare ſay the perſon you call Mrs. Glenmorris underſtood her own intereſt too well to loſe ſight of [illegible]."

Though

Though Armitage imagined, that by watching the countenance of any one, he generally diſcovered their real ſentiments, he could make nothing of the expreſſion, compounded of ill-natured triumph and gratified malice, that predominated on the hard features of Mrs. Crewkhern. His remonſtrance, far from having made any impreſſion on her, appeared to have added to the horrid delight with which ſhe ſeemed determined to hunt down by defamation his injured friends; but he doubted, whether ſhe knew how ſtrangely they had diſappeared, and fea ed to afford her a new ſubject of triumph if he diſcovered it. Inſtead therefore of purſuing the enquiry, he ſaid, he ſhould probably be able to obtain a direction to Mrs. Glenmorris from ſome of her acquaintance in town, and then added,

"Look ye, Madam—I came to you to repreſent to you the injuſtice and cruelty of the attacks you have made on the reputation, and, for aught you know, on the peace of two perſons, who are not only innocent, but eminently ſuperior to *you*, becauſe they are as incapable, not only of the crimes you have ſo induſtriouſly attempted to brand them with, as of that inhuman ſpirit, which generates in your breaſt the paſſions of envy and malice, and one may truly ſay, all uncharitableneſs. So good, ſo blameleſs, do I know them to be, that if I could for a moment believe in the doctrine of eternal puniſhment, I might be tempted to parody what the brother, whoſe feelings were outraged by a cruel bigot, is made to ſay by Shakeſpeare:

> "I tell thee, damned prieſt,
> A miniſtering angel ſhall my ſiſter be
> Whilſt thou lieſt howling."

But *I* who have not always maxims of charity in my mouth, have yet ſo much in my heart, that it would

would give me pain to ſuppoſe that even ſuch crimes as you are guilty of ſhould be ſo chaſtiſed. Nevertheleſs, as neither your age, your ſex, nor your fortune, ought to give you the privilege you have hitherto taken, I deſire to tell you before this gentleman, your friend, that if I hear that you continue to purſue with inveterate malignity theſe inoffenſive and deſerving ladies, I ſhall be compelled to notice it in a very different manner." Armitage then, without waiting for the anſwer, which was retained by rage, and trembled on the lips of Mrs. Crewkherne, opened the door, and departed; while, ſhe breathleſs between anger and awe, could not for ſome time recover herſelf, or find ſufficient voice to utter the virulent abuſe with which ſhe, however, at laſt loaded him, her obſequious confeſſor liſtening with ſomething like terror, while he ſaw her diſtorted countenance, and her mouth foaming with fury. Inſtead of ſpeaking to her of patience and calmneſs, he acquieſced in the heavy accuſations ſhe continued to inſiſt upon againſt Armitage, exclaiming—"Oh! madam, madam, my worthy lady!—what times do we live in, when ſuch ſentiments as we have juſt heard are not only entertained, but avowed and gloried in! Verily, the dragon and the winged ſerpent, and the griffin, and the hippopotamus are aſſembled, and the nations of the earth ſhall be ſubdued."

There was, however, an aſſemblage juſt then announced to be on the table of Mrs. Crewkherne, which Mr. Habbukuk Cramp contemplated with more pleaſure—A ſmall turbot, an excellent neck of veniſon from Mr. Bethune's park, a fricaſee of chicken, and a marrow pudding. So the dragon and Co. and even Mr Armitage himſelf, and all his ſhocking opinions, were for the time forgotten.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

L'argent fait tout ; va, c'eſt choſe tres ſûre
Hâtons nous donc, ſur ce pied de conclure.

BAFFLED in his hopes of obtaining any information from Mrs. Crewkherne, Armitage returned in increaſed uneaſineſs to find Delmont.—Delmont on his ſide, diſappointed in every ſcheme he had formed to trace either the mother or the daughter, had ſet out poſt for Upwood, leaving a ſhort note to inform Armitage, that he thought it poſſible, by the means of Suſanne, who he intended to bring to London with him, to find ſome perſon who might give them information.—He would return, he ſaid, immediately. Armitage did not foreſee much advantage from this plan, but conſcious that he had nothing better to propoſe, he continued to occupy himſelf in the ſame fruitleſs ſearch.—His pain and ſolicitude increaſing in proportion as time wore away, and deeper myſtery involved the objects of his anxiety.

A fleet from North America, which had been detained by the neceſſity of waiting for convoy, and ſince by contrary winds, now arrived at the port of London. Armitage haſtened to the compting-houſe of Petrify; he found there ſeveral letters to Mrs. Glenmorris from her huſband, one to Delmont, and one to himſelf alſo from Glenmorris. Petrify, careful only about the poſtage, which Armitage willingly paid, delivered

livered him the letters, and he retired, eager to read that which was addreſſed to himſelf.

But the pleaſure with which the huſband and the father ſpoke of the return of his wife and child; the ſatisfaction he expreſſed at the approaching marriage of his Medora with a man ſo eſteemed as Delmont, and his lively expreſſions of gratitude towards Armitage, gave extreme pain to him they were addreſſed to.—"How often," ſaid he, "have I reflected on the different lots which have fallen to Glenmorris and to me; rejoicing, indeed, in the happineſs *he* poſſeſſed in ſuch a charming wife, in ſo ſweet a daughter, yet regretting the cold and comfortleſs leſs life to which *I*, who have neither, ſhould be condemned, did I not animate my otherwiſe joyleſs exiſtence by the intereſt I take in the friends I love—But now I have only to ſhare by anticipation in the pain this once happy huſband, this once fortunate father, muſt endure, when he knows theſe objects of his affections are—what are they?—Alas! I know not; and this fearful uncertainty ſeems to me more hideous, and will ſurely appear to him (ſhould I be compelled to the wretched taſk of relating it) more diſtracting than if I were to tell him that they were no more."

To reflect, to argue, and to content himſelf with moraliſing inſtead of acting, was never any part of Armitage's character, when the ſervice of his friends, or of the diſtreſſed, of whatever deſcription, was in queſtion; yet he had now abſolutely exhauſted every plan which conjecture had pointed out, and he knew not whither to go next.—His affection for every body that was related to Delmont, rather than any hope of hearing of Mrs. Glenmorris, led him to the houſe which he underſtood was the temporary abode

of

of Louiſa.—He enquired for her, heard ſhe was at home, and not remembering at the moment that he wiſhed to ſee her alone, found himſelf in the midſt of a circle, which he ſoon underſtood to be compoſed of Dr. and Mrs. Winſlow, their ſon, Miſs Goldthorp, and four or five of the doctor's friends.

Louiſa, bluſhing and trembling, was hardly reſtrained by the preſence of ſo many witneſſes from queſtioning Armitage about Mrs. Glenmorris and Medora. The ſudden departure of her brother George, in ſuch exceſſive anxiety and diſtreſs of mind, had cruelly affected her; and incapable of giving much attention to any thing elſe, ſhe endeavoured to diſcover if Armitage had brought any favourable news; but his countenanee ſoon declared, that nothing ſatisfactory had been heard. Miſs Goldthorp, however, who knew but little, and cared ſtill leſs about the real cauſe of the uneaſineſs, ſhe could not but obſerve in Louiſa, was herſelf very deſirous of attracting the notice of Armitage; firſt, becauſe ſhe heard he was an author, and a man of uncommon taſte and erudition; and ſecondly, becauſe of the aſcendancy he was ſuppoſed to have over Delmont, for whom, though her pride had aſſiſted her to conquer every apparent ſymptom of it, her heart ſtill entertained a decided preference, and to whom, had he even now offered humbly to put on the chains he had before rejected, ſhe would moſt willingly have reſigned herſelf and her fortune.

To obtain the ſuffrage of Armitage would, ſhe knew, be no ſmall advantage; ſhe therefore threw out her lure by ſaying, "Oh! Mr. Armitage! if you knew how much you gratify me by being ſo good as to call here."

Armitage,

Armitage, though he had by no means her gratification in contemplation, anſwered in the common words uſed on ſuch occaſions—" You do me great honour Madam."

" You muſt know," rejoined the lady, " that no creature alive is ſo enthuſiaſtically fond of poetry as I am. When I had the ill fortune, or, perhaps, I ought to ſay, the good fortune to be confined in conſequence of my couſin's ſkill in driving a curricle," (poor Middleton, on whom ſhe caſt a look half malicious half contemptuous, ſhrunk back) " by which you know perhaps, I had a broken arm, at the hoſpitable houſe of Mr. George Delmont, he uſed frequently to read to me paſſages from your charming works; I have purchaſed them all ſince, and read them over and over with ſuch delight!"

Armitage, who had really all the modeſty of real merit, was diſtreſſed and diſguſted; he was too ſincere to affect what he did not feel, and was beſides too anxious and unhappy at this moment to be amuſed by this fooliſh affectation of admiration and literary taſte; he anſwered, however, civilly, and ſoon ſickened by ſuch ſort of ſociety as he was now among, was enquiring of Louiſa at what hour the next morning he could ſee her alone for a few moments, when the door opened, and a ſervant loudly announced—" Mr. Delmont." Louiſa ſtarted forward out of the circle; Miſs Goldthorp was violently fluttered, and adjuſted her hair and her handkerchief. A tall, handſome, faſhionable man entered. It was not George Delmont; but Louiſa, running to embrace him, acknowledged her elder brother, the Major.

He ſaluted her rather politely than affectionately, and apologizing for his intruſion, told her he had occaſion for her introduction to enable him

him to make his excuſes properly to her friends. Mrs. Winſlow, delighted with every thing that was toniſh and *elegant*, was ſoon pleaſed with her gueſt; but Dr. Winſlow fancied this gallant and martial looking ſoldier might be a much more formidable competitor for the favour of Miſs Goldthorp than his brother, and dreading every body likely to impede his favourite project, which he hoped to conclude in a few months, he expreſſed himſelf but coldly towards the Major, while Miſs Goldthorp, immediately penetrating his motives, was at once deſirous of teazing this mercenary monitor, and of attracting the notice of the elder Delmont, who in his figure ſo much reſembled one, whoſe image had taken poſſeſſion of her mind as the perfection of maſculine beauty.

It was not difficult either to alarm the divine or attract the ſoldier; and one was the immediate conſequence of the other. Mr. Armitage, who ſaw that the literary enthuſiaſm of the fair lady was now forgotten, moſt willingly relinquiſhed her notice, and telling Louiſa he would ſee her the next morning, retired; while the Major, who had not without deſign ſought his ſiſter at Dr. Winſlow's, found himſelf favourably received by the only perſon to whoſe reception of him he annexed any conſequence. His natural vanity and ſelf-opinion, which ſeldom ſuffered him to doubt of his own power of pleaſing, gave his converſation ſo much animation, threw ſo much agreeable aſſurance, mingled with an affectation of admiration and ſentiment, into his air and manner, that he had not converſed half an hour with Miſs Goldthorp before ſhe thought him infinitely more agreeable than his brother, and if there was any difference, rather handſomer; much ſuperior to him as a man of the world;

world; and beyond compariſon better informed, more elegant, more poliſhed, with a certain gallantry and ſcavoir vivre, that ranked him in the very firſt claſs of ireſiſtibles?

Adolphus Delmont ſaw all his advantages, and purſued them. It was in vain the Doctor, who was very reſtleſs endeavoured to engage for a moment the attention of his viſitor. Adolphus ſeemed hardly to recollect that he was in the room. Mrs. Winſlow as fruitleſsly talked of faſhionable people and *elegant* houſes, and all the charming things that occupied her imagination. The Major ſtared at her a moment, totally careleſs of anſwering, and then recommenced his attack on the heart of Miſs Goldthorp, to beſiege which, he now determined to proceed in form. Her perſon was better than he had imagined it; but had ſhe been only four feet high,

"Lame, ſwart, prodigious,
"Full of foul blots and ugly blemiſhes,"

he would have been nearly as content, and as much pleaſed by her evident and ſudden partiality; for not only the circumſtances that obliged him to call on his brother for money, but others yet more recent, had made a preſent and a great acquiſition of fortune, an affair of the firſt neceſſity.

Miſs Goldthorp, throwing herſelf careleſsly back in her chair, while her new admirer ſeemed diſpoſed to proſtrate himſelf at her feet, beckoned to Louiſa to ſit by them, and underſtanding that ſhe wiſhed to have ſome converſation with her brother, invited him to ſtay ſupper.—Dr. Winſlow, who was neither prepared for his entertainment, or deſirous of his company, could hardly refrain from expreſſing the diſpleaſure he felt,

felt, while he took occaſion to lament that he had no ſervants in town—no cook—only a kitchen maid—quite an ignorant creature—and it therefore was not in his power to entertain his friends. Adolphus would not underſtand him; but aſſuring Miſs Goldthorp that no mortal was ever more indifferent to the pleaſures of the table, ſaid in a whiſper, "If *you* continue to invite me, I ſhall ſtay, notwithſtanding the Doctors repulſive attacks." Then, turning ſuddenly to Middleton Winſlow, who had ſidled up to the part of the room where they ſat, he ſaid, "You are in the army, I think, Sir?"

"No, Sir, no," replied Middleton, who felt the ſuperiority of this man of war, and ſeemed to ſhrink into nothing—"No, Sir, I never was in the army."

"I beg your pardon, Sir; I judged only by your appearance," cried the Major, as he proudly ſurveyed him.

"Why, as you obſerve, Major," ſaid Mrs. Winſlow, "Mr. Middleton Winſlow has an air, an appearance, that has given people very often the ſame idea. I have had it remarked to me frequently—he has the air of a . . . ."

"Of a haberdaſher's apprentice," whiſpered the Major to Louiſa, loud enough for Miſs Goldthorp to hear, "or a ſpruce paſtry-cook, in his Sunday's ſuit."

Miſs Goldthorp could not reſiſt her deſire to laugh. Middleton, who, like all weak people, ſuſpected himſelf to be the ſubject of mirth, aſſumed all his courage, and ſtepping up to his couſin, endeavoured to ſay, in what his mother uſed to call his *elegant ſprightly* way, "Pray, dear Matty, what is the joke?"

"You

"You are," replied ſhe.

"I am! am *I* indeed! I'm ſure I'm very glad you are amuſed, though—I don't know, though, how I've contrived to be ſo entertaining juſt now."

"Oh! you are always infinitely agreeable—the moſt uſeful, good, little pocket couſin in the world."

"Pocket couſin! Lord, Miſs Goldthorp, that is ſomehow ſuch an odd expreſſion; pocket couſin!"

"Yes, for you know you are always creeping ſo cloſe to one as if you were ready to neſtle into one's pocket like a ſquirrel; and really, if one had a conveyance of that ſort made a little bigger than ordinary, one might pop you into it if one was weary of you, and juſt give a ſignal for you to come out in any public place, you know, or at any time when a creature in the ſhape of a man was neceſſary to one's protection."

"Upon my word!" ſobbed Middleton, ſtifling his vexation under an ill-diſguiſed laugh—"Really, Couſin Matty, you are very kind!"

"Nothing can be a greater inſtance, I think, of kindneſs," cried the Major; "would I had any pretenſions to ſo happy a *gite!*"

"You!" exclaimed the Lady—"Heavens! what a pocket companion would you be!"

"Try me," whiſpered the Major, "and you will find me, though a ſort of a folio compared to your little duodecimo of a couſin, as *correct* as he can be, and then I ſhall look as well *bound.*"

"Bleſs me, Mr. Delmont, what do you mean!" replied Miſs Goldthorp in the ſame tone.

"Shall I give you an explanation? Will you have

have a catalogue raiſonée of my good qualites?—Firſt, then, I am in love to diſtraction."

"Now, for goodneſs ſake, do not talk ſuch exceſſive nonſenſe—one would really think you mad."

"Then I am in the next place the moſt ſincere, the moſt faithful, the moſt attached of human beings."

"My dear Louiſa," ſaid Miſs Goldthorp aloud, "do ſpeak to your brother,—He really has ſo ſingular a way of talking . . . .!"

"No, no, Louiſa, do you entertain Mr. Winſlow. Sir, I aſſure, if you do not happen to know it already, my little ſiſter Louy here, is one of the moſt agreeable and accompliſhed young ladies of the age. She can write an admirable riddle, gueſs at the moſt intricate charade, and develope a conundrum like a little ſphinx. She has written at leaſt two eaſtern tales, and had it not been that the market was overſtocked, would already have had a novel, "by a young lady," in the preſs. She has, moreover, very conſiderable talents for poetry, *though I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it*; and has frequently figured in the Ladies Magazine, under the name of Parnaſſia—and, to ſay nothing of her odes, her ſonnets are exquiſite, and, I aſſure you, ſtrictly legitimate."

"Good heavens! brother!" cried Louiſa, "what do you mean?"

"I told you," exclaimed Miſs Goldthorp, laughing exceſſively, "that your brother had really loſt his ſenſes."—

"Dear Adolphus," ſaid Louiſa, "what do you intend by all this rattle."—"Nothing in the world, replied the Major, applying ſtill more gaily to Miſs Goldthorp, "but like a good

brother

brother to diſplay the extraordinary qualities of my pretty Louiſa here, which her exceſſive modeſty would conceal. I dare ſay now, ſir, (addreſſing himſelf to Middleton Winſlow, who ſtood half petrified before the group) "I dare ſay you have never diſcovered half her accompliſhments." Winſlow underſtood nothing of this ſtyle of raillery, but took literally whatever was ſaid; and his grave profeſſions of admiration towards Louiſa, which he thought the Major expected of him, redoubled the burſts of laughter that Miſs Goldthorp either could not, or did not wiſh to reſtrain.

The Doctor, in the mean time, caſt many an anxious look towards that ſide of the room, hardly heeding what the Reverend Mr. Kittiwake and Mrs. Kittiwake, his lady, were talking of, though Mr. Kittiwake was a popular preacher, and his lady one of Mrs. Winſlow's moſt *elegant* friends, who knew all the lateſt faſhions, and retailed all the moſt recent little hiſtories in *the upper circles*, and told the moſt intereſting anecdotes in the world of ſome of the greateſt people in it, who poſſeſſed the greateſt number of virtues, and were the greateſt wits as well as the greateſt politicians upon its ſurface. Not even ſuch delectable converſation, nor Mr. Kittiwake's account of a perſon who had ſeen the apparition of Algernon Sidney without an head, (raiſed by the magic powers of one of the illuminati, who was ſuppoſed to have ſold himſelf to the devil on condition of being able to raiſe the ſpirits of traitors, either with heads or without, at his pleaſure); no, not even an anecdote ſo ſtrange, ſo well authenticated, and ſo much to the Doctor's taſte, could win his attention from what was paſſing at the other end of the

the room—He caught now and then a word; he underſtood his ſon to be the object of ridicule; and he thought that he and his wife ſhould be as little ſpared, if Miſs Goldthorp once got into her violent ſpirits; and the figure, the manner of the Major, who was handſome, tall, above the common ſize, conſcious of his own perfections, and knowing how to diſplay them, diſtracted him; he could not bear it, but approaching the young people, who were ſtill laughing immoderately, he cried, "Upon my word, good folks, you are very merry!"—"And that is very delightful, Sir," ſaid his niece. "It happens ſo ſeldom that it is quite a novelty to—to me."

"Cannot I be permitted to participate in your mirth? enquired the Doctor.

"Oh! moſt undoubtedly, Sir," replied Adolphus; "and if you will only give us the ſubject, we will be as merry over it as poſſible. My brother, you know, was a grave ſententious, proſing fellow; his philoſophy was of the ſober kind; now mine is a light, gay, airy ſyſtem—a vaſt deal more amuſing—I can laugh either with my friends . . . ."

"Or at them," ſaid Miſs Goldthorp.

"Yes, if they deſerve it—why not, you know?—but faith I ſeldom take the trouble—for if the honeſt fellows are vaſtly abſurd, I am ſo apprehenſive of laughing in their faces, that I generally cut—So *now*, Louiſa, if you have any thing to ſay, I am ready to go down ſtairs with you—Doctor, I have your permiſſion." The Doctor, whom the ſtroke in the laſt ſpeech did not eſcape, and whoſe jealouſy and apprehenſion were now raiſed to a higher pitch than they had ever been at Upwood, was willing to underſtand this formidable viſitor was taking his leave; he therefore

therefore ſaid, "I wiſh you a very good night, Major Delmont—Sorry we cannot aſk the honor of your company to ſupper—Hope we ſhall be more fortunate another time."

"Lord, uncle," cried Miſs Goldthorp, "Major Delmont means to ſup here. Louiſa, my love, bring your brother back. I am ſurpriſed, Sir," continued ſhe, as ſoon as the drawing room door was ſhut, "that you can be ſo rude to a man of Major Delmont's family and faſhion—a family too that we are ſo much obliged to."

"And *I* am ſurpriſed," replied the Doctor; "I ſtand amazed at you, Niece Goldthorp; I muſt ſay, that when one is ſo unprepared, and here at one's town-houſe, at this ſeaſon of the year too, it is not at all a pleaſant or deſirable thing to have ſtrangers, and I know not who, invited without any notice to ſup with one; I ſay, Niece Martha, I ſtand amazed."

"Well, Sir, do ſit down then, and get rid of your amazement. *I* have the moſt reaſon, I think, to be ſurpriſed; for you know, when I conſented, fooliſhly enough, I think, to give up to my aunt's entreaties, my darling ſcheme of having a houſe and eſtabliſhment of my own, you aſſured me I ſhould have the liberty of inviting to your's any perſon I pleaſed, and . . ."

"Yes, child, yes, my dear Martha, yes; that to be ſure is true, and it is very proper and right, in general; but then conſider, dear child! conſider a little what is conſiſtent, and *decorous* you know, and right. A young lady's reputation, my dear niece—a young lady's reputation is like . . . like a ſheet of the fineſt white paper—it muſt not have the leaſt, the minuteſt blot or ſtain—it has been juſtly compared to . . . to . . . to . . ."

"To

"To a fiddleſtick," cried the impatient heireſs; "for God's ſake, my dear Doctor Winſlow, keep all this common place ſtuff for your pariſhioners at Gandersfield Green; it may do well enough for May-day girls and love-ſick dairy-maids, and may keep them from the *falſe arts of parjury lovyers*, who woo them with a Sunday poſey all ſet round with ſweet marjorum, and win them by half a pound of gingerbread and a cherry coloured top knot from the fair; but do not, beſeech you, my nunky now, do not lecture *me*, juſt for all the world as Squire Alworthy preaches to Jenny Jones in the Foundling."

Miſs Goldthorp then, half ſportively, and half indignantly, courteſyed, and went up to her own apartment to conſult her glaſs, and adjuſt her looks againſt the hour of ſupper, leaving Dr. Winſlow ſtanding more amazed than ever, Mrs. Winſlow ready to go into a fit, and their ſon but little recovered from the ſhock his vanity and ſelf-love had received from the ſtriking ſuperiority of Delmont, and the arrogant manner in which he had been treated by him.

In the mean time Adolphus Delmont no ſooner ſaw himſelf alone with Louiſa, than he ſaid—"Well, Louy, ſhall I have her or no?"

"Have who, my dear brother?"

"Why, Miſs Goldthorp, the fifty thouſand pounder. Hah! how lies the ground? George has not renewed his addreſſes there, has he?"

"George! no, not renewed them certainly; for he never made any."

"But .... prythee tell me, Louiſa; has nothing happened lately in regard to that girl, that American; that, what was ſhe? with whom he carried on ſome ridiculous, romantic connec-

tion; has nothing happened which may have reſtored him to his ſenſes, and have brought him back to your heireſs here?"

"How long have you been in London, Adolphus?"

"I came laſt night; but that is a ſtrange way, methinks, of anſwering my queſtion."

"I would know," ſaid Louiſa, "what you have heard, and from whom?"

"Never mind what I have heard, nor when, nor where—Tell me briefly what is become of George's American girl?"

"American girl? what a way of ſpeaking of her, brother!"

"Nay, nay, call her what you will—where is ſhe?"

"Indeed I do not know, Adolphus; but by your manner of enquiring, perhaps you do?"

Major Delmont, ſmiling ſignificantly, ſaid—"And how ſhould *I* know, Louiſa? Do you think our philoſophical farmer would not keep this phenomenon out of *my* way, of whoſe libertiniſm his philoſophyſhip has ſuch terrible ideas?"

"Now this is merely cruel, Adolphus; where is Miſs. Glenmorris?"

"Aye, where is ſhe? that is exactly what I aſk you."

"We know not where ſhe is—poor George has been diſtracted on her account. Surely *you* have had nothing to do with her diſappearance?"

"How is it poſſible I ſhould, Louiſa? you know I am but juſt come from Dublin. By what magic doſt think, my poor little Louy, that I could win this Anglo-Columbian, or whatever ſhe is, from that exemplary young man,

man, ſo ſober, ſo good, our own brother George! you know I never ſaw her in my life . . . but, Louy, pray tell me—you were in their ſecrets—of what nature was Delmont's connection with this girl?"

"Of what nature?" ſaid Louiſa confuſedly.

"Aye, child—of what nature? come, come, no prudery. He kept her, I ſuppoſe, as a miſtreſs—Eh! He did not pretend, whatever the girl may do, that it was what you call honourable love?"

"Good God, Adolphus! what have you got in your head? From all I ever heard, I believe Miſs Glenmorris is a young woman of the moſt unblemiſhed character, ſuch a one as George was well authorized to conſider as his future wife, and to whom he would have, by this time been married, if . . . ."

"If ſhe had not eloped while he was in Ireland with ſome body elſe! Poor George! I am really ſorry for him; his coup d'eſſai in ſentimental, honourable love, has ſucceeded miſerably to be ſure."

"Let me beſeech you, dear Adolphus," ſaid Louiſa, "let me entreat you, if you know any thing of this unfortunate young woman, or of her mother, to tell me; you know not the conſequence of your concealing any thing."

"Tell *me*," anſwered the Major, "whether you are quite ſure, that of whatever nature might be George's engagements with this girl, he has no deſign to make his addreſſes to Miſs Goldthorp."

"I am very ſure he has no ſuch intention."

"And you believe I may ſucceed with her?"

"I don't ſee why you ſhould not, unleſs her engagements ſo long talked of, with her couſin, ſhould . . . ."

"Her couſin! What, that little milk-faced ſplacknuc* ? Pooh! ſhe is a girl of too much ſenſe and ſpirit to waſte a thought on ſuch a thing as that. Louiſa! what are the odds ſhe is not Mrs. Delmont in ſix weeks?—Oh! I'll tell you what I have had time to hear—That the brat produced by our fair Jezebel of an aunt, and who is now called Earl of Caſtledanes, has never been well ſince ſhe had the meaſles, and the mother, who by the bye is going to be married again, is carrying the little wretch about for the air. He'll die, I hope, and I ſhall be a little nearer the place from whence the damned folly of a dotard and the art of a coquet have thrown me."

"There is ſtill another little boy, however."

Oh! but he was a poſthumous child you know, and mama's grief for the loſs of papa of courſe renders that little ſquab unhealthy—So you muſt *ſay*, however, to Miſs Goldthorp, Louiſa, for I intend to make the moſt of all my advantages, and to put the poor doctor's mind at eaſe as ſoon as I can."

"And would you really, brother, marry ſo precipitately?"

"To be ſure I would; why not? there are no doubts, I ſuppoſe about her fortune?"

"But you cannot be acquainted with her temper, with her diſpoſition?

"I ſhall know enough of them afterwards, never fear—more, egad, than I wiſh to know."

"But if you ſhould not be happy together?

"Why then we muſt be happy as other folks are, apart."

"And

* Splacknuc, Vide Swift's Gulliver's Travels.

"And are thoſe your notions of marriage, my dear Adolphus?"

"Yes, and very good notions too, Louiſa. I cannot conceive how a man of faſhion can ever have any other. Thine, I ſuppoſe, are ſweet, pretty ideas of connubial felicity, taken from novels, where the hero and heroine are ſo vaſtly happy at laſt, as never was the like, and have a ſweet babe every year, the very picture of their amiable parents—Oh! delectable! Well, Louiſa, if I ſhould meet with a dear, gentle youth, likely to ſuit you, I'll recommend you as a very beautiful and accompliſhed young lady, adorned with every excellence likely to render the marriage ſtate completely happy; and do you, my good girl, in your turn, do your beſt for *me* with your fair friend, for to tell you the truth, that is an affair which will not conveniently admit of any delay, and I intend that it ſhall be ſettled forthwith."

The Major was then about to return to the company, but his ſiſter ſtopping him, entreated him to tell her what he knew of the Glenmorris's. He ſmiled in way peculiar to him, and ſaid, "Why, what would you think of a young lady, vaſtly modeſt, and inexorably virtuous, and ſo forth, who ſhould run up to a man in the court of an inn, throw her arms about him, and call him by the ſweeteſt names!"

"Who has done this? what can you poſſibly mean? who has acted in this manner?"

"Oh! it may be the American mode perhaps—the Tranſatlantic way for young ladies—or the hint may have been taken from our gallic neighbours. Don't you think aunt Crewky would be immeaſurably delighted with a niece who ſhould ſo comport herſelf?"

He

He then haſtened away, leaving Louiſa in aſtoniſhment, and without any clew by which ſhe could gueſs at more, than that he knew ſomething of Medora, and that it was greatly to her diſadvantage.

The vexation and diſtreſs of her brother George, which would ſhe knew, be extreme, and the uncertainty how ſhe ought to act in revealing or concealing ſuch imperfect intelligence, hung upon her ſpirits the reſt of the evening; but Adolphus, gay, preſumptuous, and not doubting of his ultimate ſucceſs, made ſo great a progreſs in the heart of Miſs Goldthorp, that ſhe conſented to an appointment with him the next day at the houſe of a friend, where he was to explain himſelf fully; and he no ſooner took leave at a late hour, than the impatient reproaches of Dr. Winſlow provoked her to declare ſhe had now met with the man of her heart, and was determined to give him her hand. It was in vain the doctor implored, ſoothed, threatened, and lamented; in vain that Middleton produced tears, and his mother an hyſteric; the cruel and reſolute fair one went very calmly to her room; and poor Louiſa, who found ſhe was conſidered as having been the cauſe of all this, was impatient to ſee Mr. Armitage in the morning, to whom ſhe meant to diſcloſe what ſhe had heard from Adolphus, and to aſk his protection to Upwood, if George Delmont was not likely immediately to return, for at the houſe of Dr. Winſlow ſhe was certainly now a moſt unwelcome viſitor.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

A ray, half ſeen, from hope at length appears!

WHILE the elder brother purſued his project of re-eſtabliſhing his fortune by marriage, the younger paſſed two days at Upwood in a ſtate of mind ſuch as he had never before experienced, and had not imagined poſſible. The ſcenes which he had hitherto conſidered as the moſt ſoothing to his taſte and his imagination preſented nothing now but images of his loſt happineſs. The charm which the preſence of a beloved object had lent to them was vaniſhed, and he no longer poſſeſſed that tranquillity which, before he had ſeen her among them, he found in this lovely ſolitude.

He now wandered about, reſtleſs and wretched, unable to endure the thoughts that crowded on his mind in regard to Medora, yet incapable for a moment to think of any thing elſe. From Suſanne he obtained no information; the faculties of the poor creature ſeemed annihilated; ſhe wept inceſſantly, and was comforted by nothing but Delmont's aſſurances that ſhe ſhould go London, and aſſiſt him in the ſearch which he was reſolved unremittingly to make till he could obtain ſome information.

From every purſuit that uſed either to occupy or delight him he now recoiled with a kind of dread. His books he feared to open; he had read them to Medora; her ſweet intelligent countenance would beam upon him no more, when he remarked on ſome favourite paſſage; he

he ſhould no more ſee her lovely eyes filling with tears of native ſenſibility, at a deſcription of human miſery, or gaze enraptured on the ſmile irradiating like an emanation from Heaven her ſoft face. As little could he endure to viſit his garden, and when at night he paſſed through the conſervatory to go into the houſe, the ſcent of the plants, the receſs where Medora had often ſat at work or drawing, ſeemed ſo forcibly to recall his paſt happineſs, ſo forcibly to contraſt it with his preſent miſery, that he fled as if for refuge into his ſtudy; yet there he again found that Medora purſued him; and no alleviation of his torments offered itſelf, but what he could find in forming new projects to unveil the unaccountable myſtery that the loſs he had ſuſtained was involved in. . . .

Some papers that he had brought from Ireland lay on his writing table; the ſight of them renewed in his recollection all the vexation he had endured in an ill fated journey, owing to which his preſent inſupportable misfortune had befallen him, and he took them up to throw them into a drawer, that he might ſee them no more, when among them he remembered a ſmall packet of the ſketches of poetry left by the unfortunate young woman, Elizabeth Liſburne; *they* at leaſt were likely to be in uniſon with his preſent feelings. The following lines, though deſcriptive of a later ſeaſon of the year, were highly congenial to the comfortleſs and deſolate ſenſations of the preſent moment.

SONNET; written in October 179—

The blaſts of Autumn, as they ſcatter round
The faded foliage of another year,
And muttering many a ſad and ſolemn ſound
Drive the pale fragments o'er the ſtubble ſere,
Are well attuned to my dejected mood;
(Ah! better far than airs that breathe of Spring!)

While

While the high rooks that hoarſely clamouring
Seek in black phalanx the half leafleſs wood
I rather hear, than that enraptured lay
Harmonious, and of love and pleaſure born,
Which from the golden furze or flowering thorn
Awakes the ſhepherd in the ides of May;
Nature delights *me* moſt when moſt ſhe mourns,
For never more to me the Spring of Hope returns,

Delmont ſhuddered—If the ſad cloſe of this little melancholy effuſion ſhould be prophetic of his own deſtiny! Another, however, preſented itſelf; a few ſlight and ſimple lines, which appeared to be almoſt an impromptu.

TO VESPER.

Thou! who behold'ſt with dewy eye
The ſleeping leaves and folded flowers*,
And hear'ſt the night-wind lingering ſigh
Thro' ſhadowy woods and twilight bowers;
Thou waſt the ſignal once that ſeem'd to ſay,
Hillario's beating heart reprov'd my long delay.

I ſee thy emerald luſtre ſtream
O'er theſe rude cliffs and cavern'd ſhore;
But here, oriſons to thy beam
The woodland chauntreſs pours no more,
Nor I, as once thy lamp propitious hail,
Seen indiſtinct thro' tears, confus'd and dim, and pale!

Soon ſhall thy arrowy radiance ſhine
On the broad ocean's azure wave,
Where this poor cold ſwoln form of mine
Shall ſhelter in its billowy grave,
Safe from the ſcorn the world's ſad out-caſts prove,
Unconſcious of the pain of ill-requited love,

Images like theſe, where deſpair ſeemed to have taken entire poſſeſſion of the mind that aſſembled them, were but ill calculated to relieve the exceſſive depreſſion of Delmont; he reproached himſelf for yielding to it; there was indeed but little wiſdom or philoſophy in lament-

* "The ſleeping leaves and folded flowers."
Vide, Notes on the ſenſibility and ſleep of plants, and on the horologe of Flora, in the Œconomy of Vegetation, &c.

ing evils that were not yet irremediable. He ſtarted up to ſhake off this enfeebling temper, and once more meant to put away the packet, the melancholy memorial of an unhappy attachment; a paper folded like a letter dropped out from it; he ſtooped to replace it, when caſting his eyes on the words written on it, he ſaw they were a direction to himſelf—and in the hand of Medora.

His heart beat violently; yet he immediately recollected that it muſt be ſome note written before he left Upwood. On examining it, however, he found it had never been opened. He eagerly unſealed it, and to his aſtoniſhment read theſe words:

"I know not the day of the month—I have loſt ſome days by the terror and fear they have paſſed in.—Oh! Delmont, Oh! my mother, where are you both! what have I ſuffered, what have I dreaded for you!—I write, not knowing whether you will ever get my letter—I know not where to direct; but ſurely Delmont will be at Upwood.—My dear, dear mother, I dare not truſt myſelf to think on the ſtate of mind you may have been thrown into.—I am watched—I am confined—Hardly dare I hope ever to ſee you more—and I know not where I am, but it is far to the northward of London.—I hearfoot ſteps, and dread leſt the only opportunity that occurs may be loſt.—If . . . The houſe is, I have juſt heard, in Yorkſhire—the name of the woman, Dartnell, or ſomething like it. God preſerve my mother; and you, my friend Delmont! my dear friend, do not forſake her.

"M. G."

Delmont, hardly crediting his ſenſes, ran over the paper a ſecond time. The writing was indiſtinct,

tinct, and had evidently been done by ſnatches. How long had it been written, and from whence came it? There was only the London poſt mark, and he decyphered with difficulty the date of that mark, which aſcertained that the letter had left London about eight days before, and that it had lain at Upwood when he arrived there, before he went to London. Trembling and agitated more than certainly became his philoſophy, he now ſummoned his ſervants, to enquire wherefore this letter had not been given him among others at his arrival, and at length the houſemaid, who had newly ſupplied the place of one who had married out of the family, acknowledged that ſhe had been abſent on a viſit to her friends for a few days before her maſter's return, and had engaged the cook to receive in her place a ſiſter of her's, a girl of thirteen, who, having been employed to duſt the library had probably received this letter, and put it there, and afterwards bundled it up, not knowing its conſequence, among the other papers which Clement had taken out of his maſter's portmanteau.

With this account Delmont was compelled to be ſatisfied; but his impatience to return to London, and to recommence his ſearch, now that he he had ſome clue to guide him, was beyond all he had ever felt before—Hardly giving poor Suſanne time to arrange her little packet, he hurried with her into a poſtchaiſe as ſoon as it could be obtained, and travelling all night, reached London at day-break; then ſcarce allowing himſelf time to take the neceſſary refreſhment, he haſtened to Armitage, for whom, being an early riſer, he did not long wait.

A ſhort conſultation followed, when Armitage related what he had heard from Louiſa, by which they thought it certain that Major Delmont knew ſomething of Medora. Conjectures were vain and

and uſeleſs. George Delmont flew to the lodgings of his brother, who, as ſoon as he knew he was waiting for him, aroſe, and came to him.

"What, George!" cried the Major, in his uſual tone; "what has my young Cincinnatus again quitted his plough? Well, however, I'm glad to ſee thee—But you are not come, I hope, to renew your pretenſions in a certain quarter? becauſe, if you are, we ſhall have ſomething to ſay to each other in the way of Caſtalio and Polydore, and I ſhall wave my droit d'aineſſe and enact the younger brother."

"I am not lucky enough to underſtand you," ſaid Delmont; "ſpeak plainly and immediately, for it is a ſubject on which I cannot bear raillery."

"Nor I neither; of what would you have me ſpeak plainer than I do?"

George Delmont thought only of Medora; for though Louiſa had hinted to Armitage what ſhe ſuppoſed was likely to happen as to her elder brother's ſucceſsful addreſs to Miſs Goldthorp, he had been ſo entirely occupied by his anxiety for his friend's child as to have omitted naming it in his ſhort conference with the younger.

"You have ſeen, I underſtand, a young lady, for whom, you know, I am very deeply intereſted."

"Oh! yes, certainly, ſhe is a fine girl, but a deviliſh coquet."

"A coquet! what can you poſſibly mean?"

"Call it what you will; if the word coquet offends you, ſhe is fond of admiration, and cares not much what advances ſhe makes to obtain it. However they are all alike, and I have nothing to object on that ſcore. I hope you are not going to try your fortune with her again."

"To try my fortune *again*, with Medora, with Miſs Glenmorris!"

The

The Major could not, or at leaſt did ont try to check a ſort of triumphant ſmile, which would have amounted to a laugh, but that he never laughed.

"You have then been very ſucceſsful already," he, "have you?"

"It is impoſſible for me to comprehend you, Major Delmont," anſwered his brother. "This may become much more ſerious than you ſeem to imagine."

"What, my philoſopher thrown quite out of his ſteady courſe, and ready to cut his own brother's throat about a woman!—Oh! fye, fye!—What would all the cynics, and ſtoics, and other ſage fellows, both ancient and modern, ſay to ſuch a violation of their magnanimous rules and orders. You will never be niched with . . . . . faith I have forgotten their names . . . . ."

"I muſt inſiſt," ſaid George Delmont, with ſtill more gravity, "that you end this ill-timed railing, and tell me where, when, and by what chance you ſaw this young lady?"

"Firſt then I anſwer, that as to the place *where*, it was at the houſe of Dr. Winſlow; the time *when*, was the evening before yeſterday, and again yeſterday evening; and as to by what chance, chance had nothing to do with it, it was altogether deſign. I went to ſee her, and I ſaw her, and perhaps too I might ſay with Cæſar, *Veni, vidi, vici.*"

"Saw Miſs Glenmorris at Dr. Winſlow's! went on purpoſe to ſee her! impoſſible! there muſt be ſome miſtake in this—Of whom are you talking?"

"Of the lady *my brother* (having leſs pretenſions to be ſure than *I* have) is ſaid to have *ſcorned* and *rejected*—of Miſs Goldthorp."

"Miſs Goldthorp!—I imagined you were ſpeaking

ſpeaking of Medora Glenmorris; I underſtood you had ſeen her?"

"And ſuppoſe I have! What the devil, is no one to ſee pretty women but yourſelf, I wonder!"

"Tell me, I conjure you, Adolphus; it is more ſerious to me than you ſeem to ſuppoſe, *Have* you ſeen Medora Glenmorris?"

"What, if I ſhould anſwer that I *have* ſeen her; that I . . . (I ſuppoſe, though, you will not believe me, if I were to tell you) that I . . . have had her pretty arms, protelé et blanc, encircling my neck . . . and . . . ."

"Damnation," exclaimed George Delmont, totally loſing his temper, "'tis impoſſible."

"I will not take in offence the lie you ſo unequivocally give me, George—but I tell you, on the honour of a gentleman and a ſoldier, and if it ſtill has credit enough in your eyes to enforce the truth, on the honour of a Delmont, a name that till lately was never ſtained either by the falſhood or folly of thoſe who bore it; *I do* tell you, Sir, that all this happened, and a great deal more."

Never till that moment had Delmont felt ſuch acute pain; there ſeemed no motive for a falſehood ſo cruel and ſo uſeleſs; but to believe Medora a guilty and abandoned wanton!—Delmont was unequal to ſuſtain the hideous idea a moment; his faculties ſeemed for a while cruſhed and annihilated, and he could only utter in a mournful tone:

"I am prepared, Major Delmont, to hear all you have to ſay—Only relate plain matter of fact and keep me not needleſsly in ſuſpenſe and anguiſh."

"I thought you worthy gents, who profeſs philoſophy, and ſo forth, diſbanded all this paltry ſort of anguiſh—Look upon women as only neceſſary machines to the eternal dance of atoms, and

and with true Mahometan ſang froid, do not conſider them as having ſouls of conſequence enough to recall by their miſconduct *your* elevated minds from the haut volée of abſtract ſtudies on matter and ſpace, materialiſm immaterialiſm, and all the incomprehenſibility of metaphyſics."

"This is inhuman trifling, Major Delmont," ſaid George.

"Upon my ſoul, conſidering what you profeſs, George, you do moſt terribly betray the cauſe of philoſophy; however I'll humour your frailty, and relate briefly my adventure with your Tranſatlantic nymph, aſſuring you however, that if it had not another cataſtrophe, it was no fault of mine."

"Where is ſhe now?" cried Delmont impatiently.

"Acroſs the Atlantic again for what I know; but liſten to me like a diſciple of the ſtoic philoſophers, and then—

"I will a round unvarniſhed tale deliver
"Of my ſhort day of love; what ſighs, what oaths,
"What proteſtation, and what charm of flattery
"(If ſuch proceeding I am charged withal)
"I would have won her with."

"I am in the wrong, Sir," cried George Delmont, "to expect from you any thing but unfeeling ridicule, and miſplaced buffoonery."

"Poor George! jilted by a baby! croſſed in love by a coquet in leading ſtrings. This comes of your horror of women, "in a certain ſtyle of faſhion." Oh! forſooth, you had the trembling abhorrence of a country curate towards women of the world. They were diſſipated, they were vain, unfeeling, inſatiable in avarice for money to ſtake at the gaming table;

They liſped, and they ambled, and nick-nam'd God's creatures.

You would have a creature freſh from the hands of nature; a beautiful piece of unadulterated clay, which

which you might mould as you would.

"But the firſt "lawyer" ſhe ſaw, ſhe changed her love."

"A lawyer!" cried Delmont with increaſed paſſion and impatience.

"Yes, yes, let me recollect. Upon my ſoul I have forgoten now whether it was the lawyer himſelf, or the lawyer's clerk, or only his brother, or couſin, or ſome relation; however there was a lawyer in queſtion, who decoyed her, poor pretty maiden, from her Mama."

"Decoyed her! Curſes light on . . ."

"Why now there it is again. I am trying to recollect all about it, and you wont have patience to hear me. I ſhould get through my ſtory as well again if you would not diſturb my natural clear and methodical manner of narration, by bouncing and flying round the room like a mad cat."

George ſaw that his ſolicitude really defeated its own purpoſe, and therefore made an effort to ſtifle the expreſſion of the cruel emotions he felt. His brother went on——

"I was travelling, as you know, from my friend Willeſly's in Yorkſhire. My way was on the great north road. I ſtopped at Skipton to change horſes. It was evening, I ordered coffee, and while it was preparing, ſauntered in an idle ſort of way into the Inn-yard. The people were tedious. I went up to the bar, and aſked ſome inconſequential queſtions of the bar-maid. The wench was pretty and ſaucy, and I remained talking a country-quarter kind of nonſenſe to her, till I was ſuddenly, faith I may call it embraced, by two very ſweet white arms, and called upon by the name of "Delmont, dear Delmont," to which of courſe I anſwered like a preux chevalier, and the more readily when I ſaw thoſe very kind words were uttered by the pretty mouth, and aſſiſted by two bright yet ſoft eyes of a very lovely girl."—He pauſed.

"Go

"Go on," ſaid George Delmont—"Go on, I beſeech you."

"But however flattering this was, it did not proceed quite ſo delectably; for the dear little flutterer no ſooner ſaw my face, and heard me ſpeak, than ſhe gave a ſcream, and fled away like a lapwing."

George now thought he comprehended, that Medora had miſtaken his brother for him, ſince in their height and ſize they very nearly reſembled each other. He became more impatient than ever when the Major added, "However, I could not let the charmer eſcape me, ſo I purſued her."

"You did not dare to inſult her?"

"The moſt unpardonable inſult to fine girl would ſurely be to ſeem inſenſible of her charms, and eſpecially, you know, after ſuch an attractive ſalutation as that. So I made the beſt of my way to apologiſe to her, and at the end of a long paſſage, up ſtairs, overtook her, and returned with intereſt the *accolade* ſhe had favoured me with."

"Medora! my Medora!" cried George, "Good God, to be ſo treated!"

"How ſhould I know ſhe was your Medora? She ſeemed to me to be every body's Medora. But ſhe made, to do her juſtice, a very tolerable ſtory of it; but take notice, I did not know it was your little Yanky till . . ."

"Till when?"

"Why, not till—till I had made violent love to her, and propoſed her making the ſame journey with me, that ſhe had intended with the fooliſh fellow ſhe ſet out with—Not that I meant to have carried on the joke even as far as the blackſmith's—I thought there would be no great difficulty in perſuading ſuch a pretty chitterface as that, long before we reached the confines of

Scotland,

Scotland, that ſhe had made an excellent exchange. However, inſtead of liſtening to me a l'aimable, as the little dears generally do, ſhe made a prodigious to do about her mammy, moaning like a ſtray lambkin, and at laſt told me ſhe belonged to you."

"And had *that* declaration," ſaid George Delmont, ſternly, "no power to reſtrain your licentious conduct towards her?"

"How do you know," replied his brother, "that my conduct *was* licentious, as you call it. But have patience, and I'll go on. The mention of your name of courſe brought on an explanation. The dear little girl made it out very prettily, though not very probably, that ſhe was carried away by a ſtratagem from the hotel where ſhe lodged, and taken great part of the way into Scotland; but the adventurous cavalier, who was as far as I could underſtand, a lawyer's clerk.

> Some clerk foredoom'd his maſter's ſoul to croſs,
> Who ſought adventures while he ſhould engroſs;

this knight of the quill, unuſed to any ſuch refractory damſels as was this young ſquaw from the wilds of America, was ſo much alarmed by her threats, or awed (if you like that better) by her *virtue*, that inſtead of carrying her any farther, and marrying her whether ſhe would or no, he *took* her to his mother's, and as the mother was not likely to prevail where the ſon's gallantry had failed, they kept her pretty much confined, for poor Quill began to be frightened at what he had done. However, there was no reſtraining a nymph who had been reared on the broad baſis of continental freedom, and off ſhe went out of the window to get *from* a lover, who, for aught I knew, ſhe had ſprung out of another to get at; but the fellow was certainly a fool,

fool, and knew not how to manage what he had undertaken, and the girl was of courſe ſick of him."

"What was the name of this accurſed raſcal? and where may I find him?"

"His name I am not clear in—Never mind his name—Let me go on with my ſtory—So not liking, I tell you, her confinement, your fair Columbian, *une belle ſoirée*, the moon being at full (which in ſuch caſes is always requiſite) ſat forth alone, and walked with ſupernatural powers, as your heroines always do, till ſhe overtook a cart with a woman and her children in it, who were removing on ſome pariſh complaint to Skipton—They were a ſad ſick crew, and dying of an infectious fever . . . ."

George Delmont ſtarted in horror, claſped his hands eagerly together, and ſeemed almoſt unable to endure this additional ſhock.

"Fever!" cried he, "an infectious fever! and my Medora!"

"Your Medora, as the woman at the inn told me, nurſed the children, and gave money to the mother; all ſhe had about her, and brought them wine; and ſo they all got to a ſmall hedge-ale-houſe together, from whence the carter, who had driven them, ſhewed her the way to a better inn—and there ſhe put herſelf into the protection of the man and his wife, who had agreed to put her into one of the night coaches for London, when from a window on the other ſide of the inn-yard ſhe ſaw me, and, as many other beautiful young ladies have done, threw herſelf into my arms."

"You cannot miſunderſtand *that*, I think, Major Delmont, it was on *my* protection ſhe meant to throw herſelf. You muſt immediately, nay, you did immediately underſtand it ſo. And *had* you then ſo little honour, ſo little principle,

as

as to abuſe this confidence? Tell me, Sir, where is ſhe now?"

"Really, George, this ſort of treatment I do not underſtand, though I have borne it for ſome time."

"Nay, Major Delmont, it is I who have had to endure the contumely, which not only now, but on all occaſions, you think proper to treat me with; but which, on any other occaſion, I could much better forgive. To end diſcourſe which is inſupportable, tell me where Miſs Glenmorris now is?"

"Upon my ſoul I do not know."

"That anſwer, Major Delmont, will not ſatisfy me."

"It muſt, Farmer Delmont, for I have no other to give you."

"Where did you leave her, Sir?

"I did not leave her at all—the little ungrateful baggage left me."

"And would ſhe have done ſo? would ſhe have fled from protection which, from ſo near a relation of mine, ſhe would have thought ſhe had a right to claim, had you not, inſtead of befriending her as a brother, inſulted her as a libertine? I know Mediora well, and know that no falſe prudery would have driven her away alone and deſtitute. You rudely, you cruelly took advantage of her helpleſs ſituation."

"Upon my ſoul I only told her ſhe was a bewitching girl; and would you, who are a profeſſed lover of truth, quarrel with me for that?"

"It was unworthy of you as a gentleman and as a man."

"I repreſented to her, that if ſhe was diſpoſed to continue her journey northward, I was very much at her ſervice; or if ſhe would honour me with her company in my poſtchaiſe to London,

ſhe

ſhe would make me the happieſt of beings, and ſo forth."

"And if you had made ſuch an offer as a man of humanity, of honour ought to have made it, would ſhe not joyfully have accepted it?"

"I aſſure you I intended ſhe ſhould have accepted it; and upon my ſoul ſhe was frightened at nothing; or ſhe might repent, for aught I know, and wiſh to return to Gooſequill. Yet, hang it, the dear rogue looks too intelligent for that; ſhe can never have ſo bad a taſte. I declare, George; nay, now I am ſerious, that I began playing the fool, that is, only making fine ſpeeches; for I did not touch the end of her imperious little finger; I began, I ſay, playing the fool—only becauſe the witch was deviliſh handſome, and I had no very exalted opinion of her ſublime virtue from what I had learned one way or other about her; but when I ſaw I could make nothing of her for myſelf, and had been convinced ſhe was a true turtle dove to thee, why I ſhould have quietly made the beſt of it, and brought her back as properly and ſoberly as a cardinal or a judge. The monkey, I tell you, took fright at nothing. A girl, who had ſeen only one winter in London or Dublin, would never have thought of ſuch ſkittiſh nonſenſe; but your rice bird, forſooth, would not truſt me, a little deceitful toad, but was off again in the morning—I could not find where or for what."

"And have you no means of telling me, Major Delmont," ſaid George, ſhewing him the letter he had found at Upwood, "whether this letter was written before or after you met Miſs Glenmorris?"

"Before, I think moſt likely," ſaid Adolphus, after he had peruſed it. "Well!—and ſo now. What do you intend to do?"

"I know

I know not. I am diſtracted! Oh! Adolphus, would *I* have acted towards the woman you loved, as you have done towards this dear, innocent, injured girl!"

George Delmont then, without waiting for an anſwer, went again to conſult Armitage, meaning to ſet out inſtantly for the north. His brother, forgetting in five minutes all that had paſſed, dreſſed himſelf to ride in the park, where Miſs Goldthorp had promiſed to meet him, and where the plan was finally arranged Miſs Goldthorp, in a week afterwards, became Mrs Delmont. Dr. Winſlow ſtood amazed at her cruelty, and loſt his appetite in conſequence of this bitter diſappointment Wrs. Winſlow's fits were ſo ſerious, that ſhe haſtened to the ſea; and poor Middleton determined to eſcape from the raillery of his acquaintance, the amazement of his father, and the nervouſneſs of his mother, by driving his curricle on a tour to the Lakes, about which he cared nothing

The Major and his Bride ſat out in great ſplendor for Southampton, in the neighbourhood of which his regiment was quartered.

CHAP. XVI.

Helas!—où trouver des traits et des couleurs,
Qui puiſſent retracer l'exces de ſes douleurs?

TEN miſerable days had paſſed ſince Mrs. Glenmorris had been confined and treated as a mad woman. Reduced to the laſt ſtage of weakneſs by a devouring fever, ſhe recovered her reaſon

reaſon only to know that ſhe had loſt every thing elſe. Why ſhe was where ſhe found herſelf ſhe knew not, nor by whoſe authority ſhe had been placed there. Her extreme languor and feebleneſs permitted her not to remonſtrate; it hardly ſuffered her mildly and plaintively to entreat of the perſons ſhe ſaw around her information as to the cauſe and duration of her confinement, and implore them to tell her if Medora, her dear child, had been heard of, and would be reſtored to her.

Thoſe whoſe buſineſs it was to attend the invalids in the houſe treated her now with gentleneſs and humanity; but they told her that all queſtions were uſeleſs, and that ſhe muſt forbear to make them. Very fain would ſhe have known if the idea, that confuſedly floated in her mind, of having ſeen her mother, had any foundation, or was merely the dream of delirium. It was in vain the unfortunate mother of Medora endeavoured to recal diſtinctly the ſucceſſion of images which ſeemed to have paſſed through her mind, before they were totally loſt in the overwhelming miſery of her loſs; a loſs which, though it had not at firſt wholly annihilated her faculties, had from its very commencement ſo ſhaken them as to be abſolutely inſupportable when her endeavours to recover that loſs were evidently vain; and even now, when ſhe thought of what the preſent ſtate of her daughter might be, ſhe became ſick and giddy. The earneſt, the agonizing deſire to ſet forth once more in ſearch of Medora, and the cruel certainty that ſhe was herſelf a priſoner, continually overcame the little ſtrength ſhe had acquired, and ſhe was compelled to throw herſelf on her bed, and ſhut out the light —the light that ſeemed to reproach her for beholding

holding it, when the only object ſhe delighted to gaze upon was no where to be ſeen.

The woman, who was chiefly her attendant, endeavoured ſometimes to reaſon with her, and ſometimes to amuſe her; but in ſuch a ſtate of mind the moſt profound reaſoning would have failed; and ſuch as a coarſe and uneducated woman could offer, ſerved only to teaſe and irritate her; yet as ſhe could never prevail on the woman to leave her alone any where but in her own room, ſhe often declined what the woman told her was directed by her phyſicians, to walk in a large garden that belonged to the houſe. It was ſurrounded by a high wall, and terminated by a group of old limes, to which there had formerly been a walk of cut holly, but it had long been ſuffered to grow as a ſhade and ſcreen for the unhappy patients, of which there were never leſs than ſix or eight in this large and melancholy abode, which had formerly been a nobleman's villa, and fifty years ago had frequently received the ſtateſman at his hours of retirement, and the courtier in his moments of relaxation; but ſold on the extinction of the male branch of the family, it had been now for many years a receptacle for lunatics, whoſe friends could afford to give very high prices for their accommodation.

Like all thoſe, who with even morbid ſenſibility, have encountered ſingular calamities, Mrs. Glenmorris found nothing, that during her convaleſcence, was ſo ſoothing to her as the air—There, it ſeemed as if, ſhaking off the weight that impelled her to the earth, ſhe could expatiate in boundleſs ſpace, and again meet that angelic creature, who, ſhe feared, was for ever loſt to her in this world of woe and diſappointment. In the air ſhe breathed

breathed more freely; her heart, though it unceasingly vibrated to anguish, was less choked (if such an expression is allowable) in the air than when in a room, and with the poor equivocal maniac, who was for a while the object of *(talked of)* charity, and then heard of no more, the unhappy mother of Medora often said, while deep drawn sighs seemed at once to rend and to relieve the heart, that *there was nothing good but liberty and fresh air**.

This indulgence, however, was now for some days positively refused her, unless her guard accompanied her, whose prate was distracting to her, and who, by way of reconciling the poor languid patient to the loss of reason, real or supposed, thought it very proper to tell her how many ladies she had attended in the same disorder, some of whom had been released after two or three years, while others had died in the deplorable condition of lunatics. Mrs. Glenmorris had no heart now to attend to the sorrows of others; her senses, her feelings were all absorbed in her own. Hardly conscious that the world had contained any other than her husband and her child, she was awake to little else than the consciousness that from Glenmorris she was divided by the great Atlantic Ocean; and that the wretchedness that had overturned her reason, and was hurrying her fast to the grave, would, as soon as Glenmorris should know it, deprive him of reason, and probably of life.—Hourly feeling it more and more impossible to survive the loss of Medora, she was conscious that Glen-

* I believe I have made some of my heroines (I know not which) say the same thing, but it is a sensation ever so present to me in my own person that it must be forgiven if it is here a repetition, or an instance of egotism.

morris could as ill outlive the certainty either of her death or her diſgrace—the diſgrace of his adored child would be to him more inſupportable than death.

Images of what might have been came inceſſantly to her mind, aggravating by contraſt that which was.——If at any time ſhe could prevail on her talkative attendant to be ſilent, as ſhe ſat on a bench in the ſmall grove of limes, ſhe cloſed her eyes, and wrapping the green ſarcenet round them, with which her bonnet was enveloped, felt the air blow ſoftly on her face, and liſtened to the ſigning of the wind among the trembling leaves, ſuch were the ſenſations, ſuch the ſounds ſhe felt and heard in the beginning of ſummer, when Delmont and Medora were with her, or when ſhe looked towards the woodwalk, certain of ſeeing them return with collections of wild flowers, Medora, perhaps, ſinging to Delmont one of thoſe ſimple airs ſhe had learned in America, or Delmont repeating to her ſome favourite paſſage in one of thoſe poets in whoſe works he delighted. The breath of Heaven was ſtill freſh and pleaſant, diffuſing the muſky ſcents of ſummer declining into autumn; but fancy could not long delude her; ſhe opened her eyes after it had embodied awhile the figures ſhe uſed to ſee; ſhe looked around her, but how different were the objects from thoſe ſo dear to her heart—a woman ſet over to control her, from the idea that ſhe had loſt her reaſon, and was no longer capable of ſelf-government, and every inanimate object ſtrange and foreign to her; ſhe neither knew the gloomy place where ſhe was, by whoſe means ſhe was conveyed thither, or who ſupported her—to die unknown here would have been her only wiſh, had ſhe been ſure that ſhe ſhould never again have ſeen

Medora

Medora.—Medora happy as the wife of Delmont, or in the protecting arms of her father.

As from mere inability to reſiſt, the unfortunate Mrs. Glenmorris had ſunk into paſſive ſilence, and did or ſubmitted to whatever ſhe was deſired to do, the perſons about her, and the medical man who attended her, took it for granted that ſhe was gradually ſettling into melancholy madneſs, a tranſition very frequent from raving delirium; they therefore by degrees contented themſelves with keeping from her every inſtrument by which ſhe could injure herſelf, and inſenſibly relaxed in that vigilence which had at the beginning of her recovery ſo diſtreſſed her. Her guard at firſt truſted her to walk within her ſight at ſome diſtance; then ſatisfied herſelf with looking after her now and then, and at length ſuffered her to walk or ſit whole hours alone among the lime trees. The attending apothecary (for the phyſician only came in caſes of emergency) perceiving that his intereſting patient became calmer in proportion as ſhe was ſubjected to leſs reſtraint, ordered all appearance of ſuſpicion to be as much withdrawn as was conſiſtent with her ſafety; and nothing contributed ſo much as this releaſe from officious perſecution to reſtore to the poor mourner the power of thinking, which the irritability of her nerves had ſo long taken from her.

By degrees then Mrs. Glenmorris recalled, though it was ſtill confuſedly, the circumſtances that had preceded her total loſs of reaſon. She had no traces of any thing afterwards, but ſome faint yet terrific idea of Lady Mary de Verdon. If it could once be aſcertained that ſhe had really been in the preſence of her mother, it would give her an inſight into the cauſes of Medora's diſappearance, for ſhe well knew that the Lady

Mary was capable of taking any means, however unjuſtifiable, to prevent what ſhe ſo greatly dreaded, the ſucceſs of a competitor for Miſs Cardonnel's fortune. There was ſo much eaſe in the hope that Lady Mary had conveyed away her grandchild, that the mother delighted to cheriſh it; for though, only a few weeks before, ſhe would have conſidered ſuch a deprivation as the moſt cruel outrage, yet as Lady Mary would merely prevent the appearance of Medora to claim the eſtate, and ſhe would ſuffer no injury than confinement remote from her mother, the contemplation of this ſort of robbery now was relief and ſatisfaction, compared to thoſe fearful apprehenſions that had driven that mother to diſtraction.

This hope, which hourly became ſtronger, ſerved more than any thing to relieve the mind of Mrs. Glenmorris, and reſtore it to its former tone. She aſſumed a more tranquil air, flattering herſelf that ſhe ſhould by that means induce the people ſhe ſaw, and particularly the apothecary, to truſt her with the ſecret they had hitherto ſo guardedly kept, viz. *who* had engaged their care of her, and by whom they were paid? But the man, on whom ſhe principally relied for information, though very attentive to her, and appearing unuſually intereſted for her health and eaſe, was ſo cautious in his anſwers, and ſo artfully evaded the oblique interrogatories of his patient, that, though ſhe could find nothing to contradict her hopes, nothing eſcaped from him that confirmed them.

Mr. Seton (which was the apothecary's name) was one day ſitting with her, when ſhe commanded herſelf ſo much as to converſe on indifferent matters, which ſhe had never done before, and even with ſome degree of chearfulneſs.

On

On a ſudden ſhe ſaid, "Mr. Seton, whatever may have been the ſtate of my mental or bodily health when firſt I came under your care, I think you muſt now for ſome time have been ſatisfied that my confinement is wholly unneceſſary; it becomes therefore ſo unjuſt, that I am convinced you, who are an honeſt and a good man, will never be acceſſary to its continuance. You cannot deny but that I am perfectly in my ſenſes. Who has a right to make me a priſoner? By whoſe orders am I detained here?"

Seton appeared very much confuſed. "I own, Madam" anſwered he, reddening, and in great agitation; "I own that your cure has very happily advanced within theſe laſt few days; I ſhall undoubtedly make my report accordingly; but you muſt be ſenſible, dear Madam, *that* is all I can do. I am not a principal in this concern—I am merely employed to follow the orders of Sir John St. Dennis, the phyſician, and beyond the directions Sir John has given, you muſt be ſenſible I can do nothing."

"Yes," ſaid Mrs. Glenmorris, taking a letter out of her pocket, which ſhe had prepared, "you can oblige me in an inſtance with which Sir John St. Dennis had nothing to do; you can convey this letter for me to the poſt."

Mr, Seton looked at the addreſs; it was to Armitage; he ſhrunk back, and again his countenance, which Mrs. Glenmorris narrowly watched, expreſſed ſomething extraordinary.

"No, no indeed," ſaid he, "I cannot; 'tis utterly impoſſible—I muſt not—I am particularly *ordered* not to take any letter to *that* . . . . . any letter at all, I mean, from any of the patients in this houſe."

"And

"And particularly not from me to *that* gentleman," ſaid Mrs. Glenmorris—"Oh! I underſtand—you received that prohibition from Lady Mary de Verdon, or from Mrs. Grinſted."

"No, indeed, Madam; I never ſaw Lady Mary, never in my life."

"Nor Mrs. Grinſted?"

"I proteſt, dear Madam, that I am not acquainted with Mrs. Grinſted."

"You may as well tell me; for that ſort of evaſion by which a man of natural integrity ſhrinks from the falſehood he is aſhamed of, while he yet cannot determine to tell the truth, is ſo eaſily underſtood, that I need no other than the ſentence you have juſt uttered to convince me, that my being here, as well as the cauſe which gave an excuſe for hurrying me hither, is owing to the machinations of Mrs. Grinſted (whom I truſted) under the directions of my mother, Lady Mary de Verdon. Nay," continued Mrs. Glenmorris, "do not look ſo much alarmed at my having diſcovered this; it is ſo far from being unwelcome to me, that nothing will ſo greatly relieve my mind as a confirmation that I am right in my ſuppoſition. My mother alas! muſt I call *her* mother who would rob me of my child! My mother, who expelled me from her affections long before I could have done any thing to forfeit them, had firſt the cruelty to take from me my only delight, the ſole pleaſure and comfort of my life, by which ſhe knew I ſhould be driven to deſpair, and then took advantage of the anguiſh ſhe inflicted, to affix on me the charge of lunacy, and to confine me, *ſhe* hopes, for life. And why has ſhe done all this? To prevent the juſt claims of my child, and my own, from being eſtabliſhed, while

while for the daughter of my ſiſter ſhe is accumulating more than any one perſon ought to poſſeſs, with the hope of marrying her to ſome man of equal fortune, as if ſuch exorbitant wealth had the power of beſtowing happineſs. Gracious God! exclaimed Mrs. Glenmorris, eagerly claſping her hands, and *looking* the appeal ſhe made to heaven—"Gracious God! what is there in this redundancy of fortune that can ſecure one hour of ſuperior enjoyment! I, who have poſſeſſed ſo little of the great riches of my father, have never been unhappy on that account. Medora has learned to do without any ſuperfluities; her pleaſures are all ſuch as are eaſily obtained; her wiſhes moderate; the ſweet ſimplicity of her character has formed her taſte." (Mrs. Glenmorris could with difficulty proceed to ſpeak of her daughter.) "Medora has a thouſand times implored me to relinquiſh the attempt we were perſuaded to make for the acquiſition of fortune, which ſhe deſired not. Oh! would to God we had done ſo! I ſhould not now in bitterneſs of heart have miſſed my lovely girl without knowing what has been her fate.

"But," added ſhe, after a momentary pauſe, during which ſhe endeavoured to conquer theſe painful emotions, and to ſpeak with firmneſs. "But if Lady Mary has deprived me of my daughter, I know that deprivation can be only temporary; and let me, Sir, implore you to bear to this mother, who has outlived her feelings, my meſſage relative to my child and me. Oh! tell her, Mr. Seton; go to her inſtantly, and tell her that I will ſign any paper ſhe ſhall ſend me, reſigning every claim I can poſſibly have, either for myſelf or my poſterity, on the eſtate of Gabriel Anthonio de Verdon, my father.

ther. Tell her, if ſhe will reſtore Medora to me, we will moſt ſolemnly engage ourſelves to go immediately to America; and indeed I will neither reſent the inhumanity of her conduct towards me, or ever again let her hear my name or my child's."

Mr. Seton, in fact, underſtood nothing of the latent cauſe of Mrs. Glenmorris's confinement; he only knew that ſhe really was, at the time ſhe was brought to the houſe he attended, in a ſtate fit only for confinement; and that Mrs Grinſted, in the name of Lady Mary de Verdon, had given directions for her reception, and undertaken the payment. All that the intereſting patient ſaid, therefore, appeared ſo probable, and her earneſt, her affecting manner influenced him ſo much, that hardly had the ſenſe of his own intereſt weight enough to induce him to refuſe her firſt requeſt of conveying a letter; yet he had been ſtrictly enjoined not to take any letter, and had heard orders given againſt ſuffering her to ſee or to hear from a perſon of the name of Armitage.

Mrs. Glenmorris, though now appearing ſo clear and reaſonable, might be only in a lucid interval, and he ſhould commit himſelf both profeſſionally and otherwiſe if he yielded to her importunity. All he would do, therefore, was to aſſure her, that though he could not charge himſelf with a letter, ſince it was contrary to a general promiſe he had given, which ought to have the force of an oath, yet he would make ſuch enquiries as might help to tranquilliſe her mind about her daughter, and give ſuch a report as ſhould, he hoped and believed, haſten her own releaſe from confinement.

Having ſaid this, Mr. Seton, afraid of hearing again the voice, and liſtening again to the entreaties,

entreaties he had no power to reſiſt, haſtened away, and left Mrs. Glenmorris more and more convinced that her conjectures were well founded, and that Medora had merely fallen into the power of her grandmother; and while her heart revolted from the cruelty of ſuch a proceeding, it was yet ſoothed by the hope that Medora had ſuffered no outrages from the profligate, no perſonal diſtreſſes, either from poverty or inſult.—"No," ſaid ſhe, "Lady Mary will content herſelf with taking from us the power of ſharing her fortune with Miſs Cardonnel, and *that* we are ready to reſign—She will give me again my Medora, innocent and lovely as ſhe was when I loſt her. Delmont will not love her leſs becauſe theſe viſionary projects of fortune, on which he never beſtowed a thought, are faded for ever. We ſhall be reunited, and rejoin Glenmorris before his heart can be wounded by the intelligence of this myſterious, this cruel ſeparation."

This way of accounting for all that had befallen her was ſo ſalutary, ſo ſoothing to the ſick heart of Mrs. Glenmorris, that it conſiderably accelerated the return of her ſtrength, for ſhe now ſlept, and ſtill awoke in the hope of terminating her confinement and being reſtored to her daughter. Three days thus paſſed, and in their progreſs ſhe endeavoured to amuſe her mind by a recurrence to ſuch of thoſe ſtudies as uſed to delight her, and were ſtill within her reach; but when ſhe contemplated a flower, or gazed of an evening on the immenſe volume of magnificence and radiance above her, all the precious hours ſhe had paſſed with her daughter, inſtructing her in botany or aſtronomy, returned to her recollection, and the queſtion, ſhall our morning our evening ſtudies ever be

again ſo enjoyed? came to her mind ſo embittered with doubt and apprehenſion, that it was impoſſible to proceed, and ſhe threw away the jaſmine which ſhe gathered, as it half embowered the window, being the growth of half a century againſt the wall of the houſe, or cloſed the ſhutter, rather than behold the ſtars or the moon, whoſe brilliance or whoſe progreſs had ſo often been the ſubject of their evening converſations.

CHAP. XVII.

Spes addita ſuſcitas iras.

DELMONT, after a ſhort conference with Armitage, ſet out in hopes to obtain on the road, where the cruel behaviour of his brother had driven her from the protection ſhe fought, ſome intelligence of Medora.

He haſtened to Skipton, cautiouſly at every place on the way making ſuch enquiry as he thought might lead to the diſcovery of the perſon he ſought. Arrived at the town, and at the inn, he aſked with a beaten heart after the young perſon who at ſuch a time (of which he had taken care correctly to inform himſelf) came from a remote part of the country with a family of paupers, and afterwards was conducted to this inn.—It was of the landlady he made this enquiry, who ſeemed extremely unwilling to anſwer.

"Oh!

"Oh! Madam," ſaid Delmont, who could no longer conceal the deep intereſt he took in her relative to whom he aſked information, "if it were poſſible for you to underſtand all the anxiety the abſence of this young lady creates, I cannot but believe that I ſhould intereſt your kindneſs to aſſiſt me in diſcovering her."

"I know nothing of her now, Sir, I aſſure you," was the anſwer.

"But, Madam, ſhe diſappeared from hence?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And without your knowing whither?"

"I aſſure you again, Sir, that at preſent I know nothing at all of her.—I wiſh I did; for ſhe ſeemed to be a mighty pretty ſort of a young body, and I am afraid is too handſome not to have fallen into ſome bad hands."

"If you had ſuch favourable thoughts of her, Madam, how very unfortunate it was that ſhe was under the neceſſity of quitting the protection you were ſo kindly diſpoſed to give her."

"Yes, indeed; but perhaps you know more of all that than another, for the gentleman who drove her away by his bad behaviour was ſo like you, that if it is not himſelf I am talking to, which I ſhould really almoſt fancy, only that he was a little luſtier than you, and ſomewhat darker; I ſay, that if it was not for thoſe differences, I am ſure I ſhould think it 'was the ſame perſon."

"It was my brother," ſaid Delmont.

"I am ſure then, if I knew where Miſs was, I ſhould not be over fond, Sir, of letting you into the ſecret."

"Surely you would, if you were aſſured that I have long been engaged to marry her with the approbation of her parents and her own, and that her having been ſtolen, I know not

not how or by whom, has made her mother as well as myſelf moſt wretched."

There was in the air and manner of Delmont ſo much candour and openneſs, that it was impoſſible, looking at his countenance and hearing him ſpeak, to ſuſpect him of any deceit. Mrs. Tarbat, however, ſtill recollecting that the Major, who ſo much reſembled him, had behaved very unlike what he profeſſed to be his intentions, could not entirely diveſt herſelf of doubt; but Delmont continuing to ſpeak to her, ſhe became at length convinced of his ſincerity, and declared ſhe would relate all ſhe knew relative to the young lady.

"I cannot exactly recollect," ſaid ſhe, "how long it is ago, ſince a young gentleman in a poſtchaiſe and four, and this pretty looking creature with him, came here late one evening, and as you know we ſee ſuch parties our way very often, our folks thought, to be ſure, they would take four horſes to go on; but inſtead of that, the man that went into the room to carry a glaſs of negus ſaid, the gentleman ſeemed in a great deal of trouble, and tried to make the lady alter ſome reſolution ſhe had taken, yet did not like to have her ſpeak before the waiter, and kept ſaying, 'Pray, my dear madam, let us talk of this when we are alone.' 'No, Sir,' ſaid the young lady; 'No, Sir, I will not be alone with you; you have infamouſly trepanned me from my friends, and I inſiſt upon being carried back to my mother, or rather left here, for with you I will not travel.'—Upon this, Sir, as my waiter told me, the gentleman was in a moſt terrible paſſion, yet was ſomehow afraid as it were, of ſhowing it to the young lady, ſeeing her ſo reſolute—and he kept ſaying, 'After your conduct towards me, my dear

dear Miſs . . . .' calling her by ſome chriſtian name that my man forgot—'after you had favoured me ſo far as to come hither, this ſure is very ſtrange.'—'It is falſe,' ſaid the young woman—as falſe as heaven is true; you know I never did give you any encouragement, never, never; you know you brought me hither by a baſe and ſhameful artifice; you know I deteſt, deſpiſe, abhor you.'—'Go out of the room you fellow,' ſaid the gentleman to my ſervant' (who could not help ſtopping, for you know, Sir, it was natural enough to wiſh to hear the end of ſuch a long converſation,) 'Go out of the room,' ſaid he.

'No, ſtay, I beg of you,' cried the young lady, 'or if you do go out of the room, let it be only to call other witneſſes to what I declare, that I did not voluntary leave my friends with this man, whom I do not even know; and that I abſolutely will not proceed with him.'—Upon this, Sir, the waiter comes out and tells we what was paſſing, and I went in.—The young lady immediately ſpoke to me, and with great ſpirit, and told me juſt the ſame as ſhe had ſaid before, only ſaid beſides, that the young man, who I thought looked very fooliſh and ſheepiſh, had declared to her that he would carry her back at every ſtage, inſtead of that, when he had perſuaded her to get into the chaiſe, the poſtillions had always had ſecret orders to drive forward, and that ſhe would be ſo impoſed upon no longer.—I own I was quite taken with the ſpirit and beauty of the young gentlewoman, and the man I thought, ſomehow, ſeemed undeſerving of her."

"What ſort of a man did he appear to be?" ſaid Delmont impatiently.

"A mid-

"A middling ſized man, rather thick made, pale, rather large featured and with a ſtrutting ſort of a way with him, ſomehow as if he thought a great deal of himſelf—I thought him a very ordinary man to be ſure."

"Pray proceed, Madam," ſaid Delmont.

"So, Sir, I ſaid that I hoped there was nobody as would think of carrying a young lady to Scotland to be married againſt her will; that I could not think of ſuffering any perſon to go with ſuch a deſign from *my* houſe, nor would not. The man had the aſſurance to ſay it was only a lover's quarrel, and that the young lady had promiſed over and over again to be his wife; but ſhe denied it in the moſt poſitive way, and ſeemed ſo hurt and provoked, that ſhe burſt into tears. Well, Sir, after a great deal had been argued, ſhe continuing to inſiſt on returning to her mother, and the gentleman trying to perſuade her againſt it, ſhe would not give up, but declared that ſhe put herſelf under my protection and my huſband's.—I told her I had no huſband, having been a widow above five years, but that I thanked God I had ſpirit enough to hinder any body from ſuch a monſtrous proceeding as to marry a young creature whether ſhe would or no. So Miſs, ſaid I, if you are in earneſt in wiſhing to quit that gentleman, I'll take care that neither he nor nobody ſhall moleſt you."

"A thouſand bleſſings on you, my dear woman," cried Delmont. "But how, after that, did you loſe her? Satisfy my impatience, I intreat you."

"The young lady, Sir, after that, would never ſuffer me to leave her. She deſired me to let her have a bed in my room, which I did, happening to have a good bed in a cloſet within it,

it, where my daughter Nancy ſleeps when ſhe is at home for the holidays. Well, Sir, all the next day ſhe ſtaid with me, nor would ſhe ſee the gentleman, the Captain, as he called himſelf, upon no account. He was in a great fuſs, and wrote ſeveral letters; ſome he ſent by the poſt, and he wrote the young lady one or two, for ſhe would not ſee him.

"In this way paſſed another day. Miſs wrote a letter alſo, but I have ſince had reaſon to think he contrived to ſtop it.

"I talked to him a great deal, and told him how ſad a thing it was, and what trouble he would get into; and I thought he ſeemed to repent of what he had done, and to wiſh himſelf out of the ſcrape, which I don't believe he would have undertaken himſelf, only it was put into his head. He always, however, maintained, that Miſs came away with him of her own accord.

"At laſt, on the evening of the ſecond day, he ſent for me and ſaid, that ſince it was ſo that the young lady had altered her mind, he was come to a reſolution not to reſtrain her will, ſo he would take her back, and deliver her up ſafe to her friends, if ſo be as ſhe would truſt his honour; and he ſwore abundance of oaths, and ſaid, that by all that was ſacred he would not offer her the leaſt rudeneſs, and bade me aſk her if he had attempted the ſmalleſt ill behaviour all the time they had been travelling together. So, Sir, he begged ſo hard, that I went with this meſſage to the poor young lady, who, though ſhe began to recover a little from her fatigue was yet very ill, I thought, and did nothing but fret about her mother, who would be diſtracted, ſhe ſaid, to think what would become of her. I did not know very well what

to

to adviſe, but as the man ſeemed to promiſe ſo faithfully, I thought perhaps it might be beſt upon the whole for her to determine to go back with him. I thought, as he would have our poſt-horſes, we ſhould know how he went on the firſt ſtage from here to London, and that he ſeemed to have had enough of it, and would give the attempt up. The young lady was very unwilling to be perſuaded, but at laſt did agree; and he took an oath before me, that he would carry her back, and beg pardon of her friends.

"Accordingly the next day, though when the time came the young lady was not very willing to truſt him, they ſet out in a poſtchaiſe and pair, for the gentleman ſaid he was in no ſuch haſte to go back as he had been to come, and ſo that he ſhould not hurry ſo much. I thought that did not look very well, I muſt own. However away they went, and my poſtillion, a boy that drove them, came back at the uſual time, and ſaid that they were going on; and I was in hopes the Captain, though I cannot ſay I ever quite liked the looks of him much, had repented him of this raſh attempt."

"Oh! why," exclaimed Delmont, paſſionately, why did you ſuffer her to put herſelf in his power again?"

"Why Sir, what could *I* do? it is difficult interfering in theſe matters. The gentleman, though to be ſure he looked at every ſhilling he paid as if a drop of blood came from his heart, did pay, however, very handſome; and you know I did not know what might be the young Miſs's means. Indeed I knew that as to herſelf, at the time, ſhe had not much above a guinea in her pocket, for ſhe told me ſo."

Delmont was ſo ſhocked to think that Medora might finally be loſt from the operation of theſe

theſe mercenary politics, that he had hardly patience to ſuffer Mrs. Tarbat to go on. He checked himſelf, however, and ſhe proceed——

"Well, Sir, I have not much more to tell you. Some days paſſed on, it may be eight or nine, and I thought no more of the matter, when all of a ſudden one night, as I was a ſitting in the bar, in comes the ſame young lady, and falling into quite a paſſion of tears as it were, entreated me to protect her. I promiſed to do my beſt, for I am ſure I was very ſorry for her—and ſo after ſhe recovered herſelf a little ſhe told me, that inſtead of carrying her back to her friends as he had promiſed, the falſe baſe fellow had had the monſtrous audaciouſneſs to take her acroſs the country about ſixteen miles, to an houſe which belonged to his mother, where it ſeems he had confined her ever ſince, till ſhe got out of a window, and partly by walking, partly by getting into a cart with ſome ſick people that were ſent away by the pariſh, ſhe got back here, and knowing by the name of the place that it was the ſame as ſhe had ſtaid at two days, ſhe came away to me.

"The next day we conſulted how ſhe might be ſent ſafe to London; and to be ſure the ſtage coach was a great deal the beſt conveyance. So ſhe gave me her direction where to ſend for the money, and I agreed to let her have enough to pay her expences up to London; but that evening an officer, a fine handſome comely man to be ſure he was, came on his way from Ireland, as we underſtood, having been ſtopping on the road ſomewhere to viſit ſome friend of *his'n*, and for my part I am free to ſay I was quite aſtounded, as it were, and did not know what to think of my young gentlewoman,

when

when the moment ſhe ſpied him, away ſhe flew, and almoſt embraced him as ſhe would her father or her brother. To be ſure when ſhe ſaw his face ſhe was, or ſeemed as if ſhe was, frighted; but I thought it a vaſtly odd thing that ſhe ſhould behave ſo, and was afraid I had been deceived in her. The gentleman ſeemed mightily familiar with her, and aſſured me ſhe was one of his acquaintance, and in ſhort, when ſhe declared it was no ſuch thing, and began to deſire to explain, I looked as if I doubted the truth; and to ſpeak plainly, I did then begin to believe that ſhe was ſome poor young creature quite loſt, that one might get into trouble about, and loſe one's cuſtom, and could not do much good neither; I hope I am not uncharitable, but what could one think—and then when a man, that ſeemed to be quite a man of high rank, and that his ſervants ſaid was related to great lords, and would one day or other be a lord himſelf, I ſay, Sir, when ſuch a gentleman ſeemed to ſpeak of, and treat this young lady like one of ſlight character, what you know *could* I ſuppoſe. However my doing any thing one way or t'other was ſoon out of the queſtion; for that night the young body diſappeared. She left a piece of paper, here it is, with theſe gold bracelets in it, and this ſmelling bottle ſet in gold." Delmont took them trembling, and read theſe words:

"Madam,

"Having expended the little money I had about me, I have no other means of ſecuring you the repayment of the expence you may have incurred on my account, than by leaving the only things of any value that I have here. If you will ſend them to Mrs. Glenmorris, as Dalebury Farm

Farm near * * * * *, ſhe will thankfully redeemed them, and pay you whatever may be farther your due from,

" Madam, your humble ſervant,

" M. GLENMORRIS."

Delmont was ready to weep over and to worſhip this proof of independent and courageous ſpirit; but fearing that if he appeared too deeply intereſted, he might not prevail on the landlady to tell him what might betray her own mercenary conduct, he only deſired ſhe would proceed to inform him of what elſe ſhe knew.

" Why but little more, " ſaid Mrs. Tarbat; " next to nothing indeed, for I never heard of the young lady afterwards, only a few days ago I diſcovered that ſhe had changed almoſt all her clothes with one of my chamber maids."

" Her clothes !"

" Yes, and to be ſure ſhe did it that ſhe might not be known. She gave Sally Watts her fine laced cloak fora common handkerchief ſhawl, and her hat, and her beautiful ſprigged muſlin gown for a common cotton gown, an oldiſh black bonnet, and ſome articles of clean coarſe linen of Sally's. I was very angry with the wench when I knew it, for I ſhould have been glad to have given Miſs much better things in change for her's, myſelf."

Delmont, who found his indignation was not likely to ſubſide while he continued to hear the narrow minded and illiberal views with which all this woman's profeſſions of zeal for Medora ended, was now deſirous of cloſing the converſatoin. He reimburſed every charge ſhe made, as well for what Medora had had during her ſtay as the earneſt the woman pretended ſhe had paid to the coach, in which ſhe was to have proceeded to London.

London. He kiſſed the trinkets he redeemed, as precious proofs of that ſtrength of conduct to which he ſtill looked forward as being what was to conſtitute the future happineſs of his life, and then ſending for the ſervant girl, who had exchanged clothes with Medora, he procured from her a deſcription of the gown, and every thing elſe that might aſſiſt him to trace the diſguiſed wanderer, for whom his heart bled even while he ſuffered not himſelf to doubt but that he ſhould, from the information he had received, recover her.

Two circumſtances ſtill appeared very unaccountable to Delmont; one was, who the man could be that had hazarded a meaſure at once ſo infamous and ſo dangerous; the other, by what arts Medora had been betrayed to take an ther route inſtead of going on towards London. As the poſtillion who drove the chaiſe was the only perſon who could on the laſt point give him any information, he ſpoke to him, but though he gave him a crown, and promiſed him that no harm ſhould befal him if he ſpoke the truth, the boy perſiſted in ſaying, that he ſet the lady and gentleman down at the White Lion at————, and knew nothing more about them. Delmont did not think it true, but finding every attempt vain to extort any thing elſe from the boy, he haſtened back to that town, where he hoped to recover traces of his fair fugitive.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Paſio di pene in pene,
Queſta ſuccede a quella;
Ma l'ultin a chi viene,
E ſempre la peggior.

AS Delmont proceeded along the road he had before paſſed, meditating on the moſt probable way of obtaining ſome farther intelligence of Medora, all the inconveniencies, diſtreſſes, and terrors that ſhe muſt have undergone occurred to him. Expoſed, in the diſguiſe ſhe had aſſumed, to the familiarity of the inferior ranks of people, whoſe groſſneſs muſt ſhock her, whoſe licentious freedoms terrify her, he thought with apprehenſion of all ſhe might have endured, and with ſtill greater of the uncertainty whether he ſhould diſcover and protect her; her mother too, in anguiſh and deſpair, was perpetually before him, and his mind turned with diſguſt from the reflections he was compelled to make on his brother's conduct, ſo uugenerous, ſo little like what he felt he ſhould have done if they could have changed places; for it was evident that the laſt diſappearance of Medora was entirely owing to the alarm ſhe had felt from the behaviour of one, towards whom, from his relationſhip to her betrothed lover, ſhe had probably looked in the hope of protection.

It would not be eaſy therefore to find a man (whoſe misfortunes were not *certainly* irremediable) more miſerable than Delmont was at this moment His imagination full of Medora under the appearances of a ſervant, he rode ſlowly along, looking earneſtly at every group of country people, or every peaſant girl he ſaw, and occaſionally

occaſionally conſulting Clement, his old and faithful ſervant, from whom he concealed nothing.

Clement was of opinion that Miſs Glenmorris would certainly endeavour to return to London, and moſt likely would procure a conveyance in ſome waggon or return chaiſe. The idea of Medora expoſed to hear the converſation, and being liable to be treated as a perſon of their own rank, by waggoners and hackney chaiſe drivers, again conjured up all Delmont's fears; he allowed, however, that it was extremly probable ſhe had been reduced to ſome ſuch expedient, and began himſelf, while he commiſioned Clement to do the ſame, to enter into converſation with ſuch men of thoſe deſcriptions as they met on the road.

Clement for the this purpoſe ſomtimes preceded and ſometimes followed his maſter. On the ſecond day of their journey, Delmont having gone on without him, waited for him at a little cottage on a heath, where a ſign was hung out. It was now the laſt week of Auguſt, the weather was intenſely hot, and Delmont, afraid of proceeding, ſince every ſtep he took might lead him farther from the object of his ſolicitude, remained for ſome hours ſtationary, it that ſort of hopeleſs langour which is the uſual conſequence of a man's not knowing whether the means he is purſuing are not rather inimical than advantageous to his views.

As he ſauntered in this way in a ſort of garden reclaimed from the heath, and divided from it by a ſlight fence of earth and thorns, he perceived Clement at a conſiderable diſtance, galloping through the deep ſandy road with a degree of ſpeed that made it certain he had ſomething important to tell. Delmont ſprang over the fence, and they met. Clement, half breathleſs between eagerneſs

gerneſs and haſte, replied to his maſter's earneſt queſtion—"Oh! Sir, I do think I've got news of Miſs Glenmorris!"

"You have not found her then?—you have not ſeen her?"

"No, Sir—Oh no! not ſo lucky as that neither; but, Sir, we're on the wrong road; there are four different roads, and I'll venture my life we are not right."

Clement then, diſmounting, began, amidſt much puffing and gaſping, to relate the reaſon he had for hoping he had diſcovered ſome traces of Medora.

"I overtook," ſaid he, "a waggon that goes twice a week from Skipton to a town, I forget the name on't, eleven miles t'other ſide Harrowgate. It comes as far this way as a place you might have noted, Sir, as you came along, where three roads meet, and then turns off to the left; ſo ſeeing the waggonner riding along after his carriage, I began to talk with him, and from one thing and another led the diſcourſe to the matter of my wiſhing to know if he had among any paſſengers that he might have carried acroſs the country, ever a pretty looking young woman, quite young, that was dreſſed ſo and ſo, as you had told me, Sir; for, ſays I, I have a niece, as I am afeard, has fallen into bad hands; for her friends have not heard of her ſince ſhe came this way for to go to a ſervice. The man, who had children grown of his own, as he told me, began to conſider with himſelf, and after a little, ſays he, 'I do think, mon, now I cooms to remember, that I *did* give ſuch a young body a lift in my waggon.' Then, Sir, he aſked me how long agone it was, and when I told him, 'Gollys,' ſays he, 'I do

'I do believe 'twas the very ſame, and,' ſays he, 'I'll tell you how it was,' ſays he."

"Prythee, my good fellow, cried Delmont, "make thy ſtory as ſhort as thou canſt; I am upon the rack"

"I will Sir—I'll not make more words than I can help—ſo Sir, ſays the waggoner, whoſe name is Thomas Smithſon."

"Never mind his name."

"Well Sir, ſo ſaid Thomas Smithſon to me, "It was much about the toime, friend, (for he is a north-countryman, and talks broad Yorkſhire, with a burr like in his throat) it was much about that toime you ſpeaak on."

"Don't make thy narrative more tedious by imitating his dialect; what ſignifies *how* he ſpoke, tell me only what he ſpoke."

"I am going on, Sir; 'about the time,' ſaid he, 'as you name, that a little beyond, it may be a mile or ſo beyond this place where we are now, but out of the high road, that there is a ſharp hill called Cobthorn Top, and plaguey ſandy for the poor beaſts. So a woman body as I had in my waggon, who was a going to live at one of Sir Harry Richmond's farms (I knew her. ſhe came from Boroughbridge, a middle aged woman, who was hired for the dairy by Mrs. Crowling, Sir Harry's ſteward's wife, who manages all them there things') I put down the names Sir, upon this here paper," added Clement, "for fear I ſhould forget them."

"You did well, anſwered Delmont, "but if you explain yourſelf no faſter you will drive me mad."

"Well Sir, ſo ſays the waggoner. 'This dairy woman was feign to get out to walk up this pull, and I drived on, when preſently on the ſide of the road, and out in a ſort of green patch

patch among the buſhes, I ſees a young girl ſitting on a piece of ſtump of an old tree, and leaning her head againſt a pollard that was there, and ſhe looked ſo pale and faint, and ſeemed ſuch a pretty young thing, that I could not help aſking her what ſhe ſat there for? and if ſhe was by herſelf? She ſeemed ready to cry, and told me ſhe was a ſtranger in this country, and was walking towards London, when ſhe became ſo tired that ſhe could go no farther. And to be ſure well ſhe might be tired. So I aſked her if ſhe would get up into my waggon a bit; but ſhe ſeemed *timmerſome* and to be afeard, though I ſpoke to her as 'twere to one of my own children. At laſt the other woman overtook us, and then ſeeing a good decent looking ſort of a perſon to keep her company, and finding there was no body but ſhe and I and the boy, ſhe was perſuaded, and went with us as far as Bardſley Croſs, which is juſt as you turns to go to the lodge at Sir Harry's; and there they both got out; the other woman body having perſuaded the young gentlewoman, for to my thinking ſhe looked more like a lady than a poor man's child, to go along with her.' This Sir," continued Clement, "was the moſt part of what Thomas Smithſon ſaid, but I'm almoſt as ſure as if I had ſeen her myſelf, that it is Miſs Glenmorris, and nobody elſe that this man has ſeen; and as I knew you would like to ſpeak to him yourſelf, I made haſte after you, becauſe though he is five or ſix miles on before, upon the croſs road, I am partly certain we ſhall overtake him if we make haſte, and he can ſhew us the very ſpot where he left Miſs down."

Delmont, aware of the advantage thus gained in a point which was ſo near his heart, loſt not a moment to haſten, according to the direction

ſhewn him; and with leſs conſideration for his horſe than it was his cuſtom to ſhew, overtook the man about two miles from the place, where, from all the circumſtances Delmont could gather, it ſeemed certain that Medora had indeed been left in company with a woman with whom ſhe had become acquainted on the way.

Informing himſelf then of every particular which could aſſiſt him; Delmont diſmiſſed his guide with an handſome preſent, and leaving his ſervant and tired horſes at the neareſt public houſe on the road, he determined to reconnoitre on foot the houſe of Sir Harry Richmond, which he was ſhewn at a diſtance, among old woods, and extenſive plantations creeping above them, half way up hills which were naturally rude and barren, and appeared groteſque and wild, and once to have been covered, as the colour of their ſummits ſtill denoted, with heath. The place called Bardſley Croſs was where the road turned that led to the avenues and ridings cut through the woods with which this fine old ſeat was every way ſurrounded. A lodge, where lived the widow of an huntſman and her children, gave entrance to this foreſt-like domain, and Delmont, giving the woman half a crown (which ſhe received with thankfulneſs that denoted a neceſſity not very creditable to the humanity of the maſter ſhe ſerved) he accepted her invitation to reſt himſelf a moment in "the poor place," as ſhe termed it, where ſhe lived.

There were great remains of beauty in the features of this woman, who, though yet young, appeared to be the victim of ſorrow and of poverty. In her face, though marked by the hard lines that adverſity engraves, there was a ſoftneſs of dejection extremely intereſting, and far removed from that harſh feeling of the injuries

and

and injuſtice of the world, that too often gives even to the female countenance, in inferior and laborious life, an expreſſion which excites a ſentiment compounded of diſguſt and compaſſion. Mrs. Billſon ſeemed quite reſigned to a deſtiny that Delmont wondered ſhould be ſo wretched, ſince ſhe was, he ſuppoſed, ſtill conſidered as a ſervant to Sir Harry Richmond, a man who with one of the largeſt fortunes in the country had only a ſon and a daughter, both grown up, and both poſſeſſing, in right of their mother and maternal grandmother, independent and even affluent fortunes.

Delmont now engaged Mrs. Billſon in converſation, hoping he might gather ſomething from her that related to the object of his ſolicitude, and among other things he ſaid, "I would not be inquiſitive, but it ſeems to me that your maſter is, for ſo affluent a man, not ſo kind as he might be to his ſervants; perhaps he may be unacquainted with your diſtreſs?"

"Ah! no, Sir," replied Mrs. Billſon, "his honour, Sir Harry, knows it well enough," (and ſighed deeply) "he cannot well help knowing it, indeed; but great gentlefolks don't conſider always what poor folks ſuffers; Sir Harry, you know, Sir, has always been a rich and proſperous gentleman, and beſides (ſhe heſitated) there be ways that ſuch as we know nothing of, that great gentlemen *muſt* lay out their money in."

"He keeps a great deal of company, I ſuppoſe?"

"No, Sir, very little indeed now. The gentlemen and ladies of the country round ſeldom comes unleſs Miſs Richmond is here."

"Sir Harry then is not fond of company?"

"Not of ſet dinners, Sir—and there ben't much offal victuals now to give away, as I have heard ſay there was in my lady's time."

"Sir Harry is a great ſportſman, perhaps. Pray has he a large family of ſervants?"

"About twenty, Sir, beſides thoſe in the gardens and ſtables."

"And who directs the œconomy of his houſe?"

The poor woman annexed but one idea to the word œconomy, and ſeemed tempted to ſmile.

"There's not much œconomy," ſaid ſhe, "in the caſe. I believe, indeed, that . . . . . but, however, to be ſure it's no buſineſs of mine. Poor folks muſt have nothing to ſay about ſuch gentlemen as his honour, Sir Harry."

"What I meant to aſk was," added Delmont, "whether there is not ſome houſekeeper, or the wife of his ſteward, I think I heard, who hires the ſervants, and directs the domeſtic concerns of the houſe?"

"Oh! yes, Sir, to be *ſure* there is."—This, ſaid with a peculiar expreſſion, made Delmont believe there was ſome myſtery.

"The ſteward's wife, I think?"

"Yes, Sir—Steward he is *now*—he *was* only an attorney's clerk but t'other day; unluckily for all Sir Harry's ſervants, his good old ſteward died lately, and ſo this man is in his place."

"And his wife?"

"His wife . . . . is Sir Harry's *friend*, Sir—and directs his family . . . Sir Harry, you know, Sir, has been—nay, I ſuppoſe may be ſo ſtill, a very wild gay gentleman."

Delmont now thought he comprehended what Mrs. Billſon would ſay. About the character and arrangements of Sir Harry Richmond he had

had not the ſlighteſt curioſity, but he believed it highly probable that as the woman Medora had met with in her way, and whom ſhe ſeemed to conſider as a ſort of protection, was hired in this family, Medora, being without money, and above two hundred miles diſtant from London, might have ſought an aſylum under the ſame roof till ſhe could find the means of returning to her mother, which, deſtitute as ſhe appeared to be, was almoſt impoſſible without aſſiſtance.

"Do you know if Mrs. Crowling has hired any new ſervant, lately?" enquired Delmont.

"She is ſeldom long without three or four new ones, as I hear, and they are always beauties, forſooth! Sir Harry," added Mrs. Billſon, with a ſignificant half ſmile, "is ſo fond of pretty people, that he don't like to have even his cows milked, or his work at the dairy farm done, but by the beſt looking girls that Mrs. Crowling can find out for him."

"Indeed!" cried Delmont, as much alarmed as if he had been ſure Medora was already in the power of this profligate man.

"Yes, it is very true, I aſſure you, Sir; but I hope you'll not ſpeak of it as coming from me, for . . . . I muſt not diſoblige Sir Harry, though, God knows, if every body as have ſuffered dared to *ſpeak*; but then, indeed, what would be the good of ſpeaking; he is a rich and powerful gentleman, and can do juſt as he likes, and for ſuch people as *we* to complain is juſt nonſenſe.

"How far off is the dairy farm," ſaid Delmont.

"You'll hardly get there and back to-night, Sir," ſaid Mrs. Billſon; "for it's a pretty long way, and beſides 'twill be dark long enough before you get through the Netherwood, ſo that you

you would ſee nothing at all of the *curoſities* of the place."

"Curioſities! and pray what are they?"

"Dear, Sir, all ſorts of fine improvements that Sir Harry has made. There is places all lined with marble and china, that his honour calls challets*, or challots, or ſome ſuch name, and he've carried a ſtream of water through them from the lower caſcade; and there's rooms fitted up very grand indeed, with ſattin and ſilk and *chinchs's* for *curtins* and ſettees, and ſuch like, and ſweet ſmelling flowers in pots, and oranges and *greenums*—fine large looking-glaſſes, ſhells, china, and a heap of beautiful things that there's no telling; and there is beſide an ice-houſe to make vittels into ice, and a cold bath, and an hot bath, with water that is let into a place with a copper to heat it. The cold bath is the moſt beautifulleſt thing; all lined with moſs and ſhells, and clear ſtreams of water, that comes as 'twere out of a rock where there's a white image of a lady, that they ſay is a roman catholic goddeſs, brought from the pope of Rome." At any other time Delmont would hardly have forborne a ſmile at this deſcription of luxuries collected by a determined voluptuary.

Of Sir Harry Richmond, Delmont now remembered to have heard. He had been brought up in the ſea-ſervice, being the youngeſt of four brothers, but in conſequence of the death of the three others, he had quitted the navy, retaining nothing of the beſt part of a ſeaman's character, and only having learned to refine on

* Chalet, a dairy houſe—ſo called in Switzerland and in the mountains.

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that groſſneſs with which he had practiſed the worſt. He was a tyrant both from nature and habit; and hardly took the pains to attempt concealing that determined preference of himſelf, which made him as careleſs of the feelings, as indifferent to the opinion, of others. Having married young, he was yet only entering on middle age; and though he began to feel the effects of his intemperate life, his perſon was ſtill handſome; and when he had any point to carry, his manners very pleaſing. That Medora might be even an unwilling reſident in the houſe of ſuch a man, was a ſuſpicion ſo very uneaſy to him, that he could no longer bear to be unſatisfied; he, therefore, giving half a guinea in addition to his former preſent to the poor woman, aſked her whether, if he ſhould return late, ſhe would let him ſit up by her fire all night, unleſs ſhe could accommodate him with a bed, for he was determined to viſit the dairy farm that evening.

Mrs. Billſon wondered, but forebore to comment. She told him that he ſhould be welcome either to ſtay by her fire, or to ſleep, if he choſe it, on ſome clean fern and ſtraw in a little room at the back of her ſmall habitation, which ſhe told him was dry, and over which ſhe would ſpread a blanket and clean ſheets, and it was in fact a better bed than ſhe had for herſelf and her children. This arrangement being made in caſe he returned, Delmont departed, taking the way ſhe directed him through an avenue of the woods, which would carry him, ſhe ſaid, near two miles before he would come to the broad avenue that led, at a quarter of a mile farther on, to the great houſe, which he muſt leave on the left, and make through the fir plantations towards the lake, on the banks of which,

which, where it was fed by waterfalls from the heights beyond, were the chalets, concealed by thick woods from the dairy farm which ſtood in the center of the meadows. Delmont thought himſelf well enough inſtructed in the way not to miſs it, and having made a note of the name of the woman with whom Medora had travelled, he haſtened with impatience to gain ſome intelligence that might relieve the fears for her ſafety, now again tormenting him to a degree altogether inſupportable.

Before he had paſſed through the firſt wood, which was compoſed of fine timber and underwood of conſiderable growth, it was nearly dark; but arriving where the copſe was cut away on high ground, he beheld the moon, now at full, riſing red, yet clear, glowing, and ſeen to infinite advantage through the dark boughs which ſurrounded him. The idea that occurred to him was one that is common with thoſe who love—"Beautiful planet! are the eyes of Medora fixed on thee at this moment? Does ſhe now in peace and ſafety, though in humble life, gaze on the orb, and recollect that bleſſed, that ſhort period of our lives, when we together watched thy appearance over the eaſtern hill, and delighted in thy beams as they danced on the collected waters of Upwood brooks, or as they chequered the path where lay our evening walk among the beech trees. Oh, fleeting period of felicity! how little did I know how to value it, for I was not then content; and yet now, perhaps, I ſhall never be reſtored to ſuch enjoyment again!"

Indulging ſuch reveries, Delmont came to the ſecond barrier of the woods, where two pillars, ſurmounted by the creſt of the family (an eagle in white marble) marked the gate which enclo-

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cloſed what was called the inner park; but ſtill covered with a magnificent growth of ancient wood, it ſeemed rather a continuation of a foreſt; the trees, however, became more regular, and at length ſtretched in linear grandeur into a long and over-arched avenue of Spaniſh cheſnut, of which there were four rows, rich in the moſt luxurious foliage; on each ſide of them ſeveral rows of old beech, feathered down to the ground, ſo as to form on the largeſt ſcale a complete berceau, hardly pervious any where but in the center (through which lay the coach-road) to the rays of the moon.

Delmont kept his way on the ſide, where was a path made by foot paſſengers towards the houſe; he moved ſlowly, and hardly diſcerning his own way could not be perceived by any one who ſhould paſs along the other viſtas. The dews fell heavily, as is uſual after an hot day, but hardly, did the ſlighteſt noiſe break the ſtillneſs of the air, ſave at intervals the call of the partridge, or the ſhrill cry of the mole criket*. When theſe night ſounds of departing ſummer ceaſed, all was ſo perfectly in repoſe, that nature ſeemed for a while to have forgotten her progreſs, and to ſlumber in voluptuous tranquillity,

Delmont, looking down the middle avenue to ſee if he could yet diſcern the front of the houſe, perceived, as the moon-beams through the trees chequered the raiſed cauſeway, two figures in white, walking ſlowly, and, as it

* The Gryllus, *gryllo talpa*, mole cricket, haunts moiſt meadows, and frequents the ſides of ponds, and backs of ſtreams, performing all its functions in a ſwampy wet ſoil. With a pair of fore feet curiouſly adapted to the purpoſe, it burrows and works under ground like the mole.

White's Selbourne.

ſeemed, arm in arm in the road. Afraid of alarming them, as he concluded they were ladies belonging to the houſe, he ſtepped yet more cautiouſly on, and as he had as little deſire to diſturb them as to be obſerved himſelf, he ſtopped, concealed by one of the large trees, till they paſſed.

But great was his agitation when he thought that the voice of one of them was that of Medora, he pauſed—he gazed earneſtly, and liſtened in breathleſs anxiety.—The figure indiſtinctly ſeen, ſeemed to be her's; the voice, though he only now and then caught its ſound, ſtrongly reſembled that always ſo delightful to his ears; yet he might be miſtaken; he might intrude upon and terrify ſome young perſon to whom he was a ſtranger. Again he liſtened—the two perſons approached, and were within a few yards of the place where he ſtood.—He diſtinguiſhed great part of what one of them ſaid—the voice ſo like that of Medora anſwered.—The words he heard from the firſt were: "To ſeem to arraign the conduct of a parent . . . . . diſtreſſing to me.—Already he ſeems to wiſh . . . . would I knew how to act. . . ."

The ſecond anſwered in ſhort, and, as it ſeemed, conſolatory ſentences; but though the words fell indiſtinctly on the ear of Delmont, he liſtened with more and more eagerneſs and ſolicitude, convinced it could be no other than the voice of Medora.

Yet a ſlight guſt of air, momentarily ſwaying away the boughs which impeded the moon-light, it ſuddenly fell on the figure towards which Delmont had actually determined to advance; he ſaw the face and form of the young perſon more diſtinctly.—Was it the face and form of Medora he beheld?—The reſemblance muſt be ſtrong, when

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ſeeing it as clearly as he now did, he yet heſitated a moment; but no!—it was not Medora.—Medora was rather taller, and certainly the face had not her features; yet there was ſomething in the air of the whole perſon, and a likeneſs of tone in the ſweet and plaintive voice, that had together ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on his mind the hope of his having found what he ſought, that the conviction of his being miſtaken threw him off his guard, and by a ſudden motion he was perceived by the two ladies, who obſerving ſo near them a perſon they might well ſuſpect of ſome ſiniſter purpoſe, ſince he evidently ſought to conceal himſelf, they both betrayed ſigns of fear, and haſtily retreated towards the houſe.

Delmont, conſcious that he had already acted improperly, and at once anxious to apologize and to relieve them from their apprehenſions, gave himſelf very little time to reflect before he hurried after them, and ſoon overtaking them, though fear quickened their pace, he beſought their pardon in a voice and manner that ſoon quieted their alarms, while it excited their curioſity.

Theſe two young women were Miſs Richmond, the only daughter of Sir Harry, and Miſs Cardonnel; who had obtained permiſſion of Lady Mary (as ſhe was herſelf in unuſual health, and had Mrs. Grinſted with her), to paſs three weeks with her favourite friend, at the magnificent ſeat of Sir Harry, where, not entirely to ſet at defiance the opinion and the cenſures of the world, he had his daughter as his intimate during two or three ſummer months.

As ſoon as the apprehenſion of theſe two lovely women had ſubſided, by the conviction that it was a gentleman who ſpoke to them, Delmont, with the frankneſs natural to him, told them his name, and added—"I came into this country

country, and even into this neighbourhood, in ſearch of a perſon whoſe diſappearance has cauſed the greateſt miſery.—I dread leſt my enquiries may be as fruitleſs here as they have already been in other places, but I will take care at leaſt that my nocturnal rambles ſhall not again be the cauſe of any alarm to you Miſs Richmond, while I hardly know how to aſk, whether, in conſideration of our families being well acquainted, you will give me leave to pay my reſpects to you at a leſs improper hour, than that in which I ſo inadvertently broke in on your evening retirement."

Miſs Richmond, who was extremely well bred, anſwered, that ſhe was ſure, were her father at home, he would be extremely glad to ſee any one of the name of Delmont; and that even in his abſence, though ſhe had not the ſame powers of entertaining his viſitors, ſhe believed ſhe might ſay that none who bore that name could fail of a welcome."

Delmont, enquiring how long Sir Harry would be abſent, and hearing it was uncertain, deſired permiſſion to wait on Miſs Richmond the next morning, and on its being granted, he conducted them to the houſe whither they were returning, not, as they aſſured him, in conſequence of the alarm he had given them, but of the dews falling ſo profuſely as to have wetted their thin ſummer clothes, nearly as much as would have happened had they been expoſed to rain. At the hall-door he took leave, his mind hardly diverted a moment, by this accidental rencontre, from the object which occupied all his thoughts, and continued the way he had been directed towards the Chalets.

To his new acquaintance, however, this accidental meeting was not a matter of ſuch indifference

ence. There was ſomething romantic in it that had the air of an adventure, and Miſs Cardonnel, poſſeſſed of a naturally excellent, as well as highly cultivated underſtanding, was not without a conſiderable ſhare of that ſort of imagination, which produces what is termed a romantic turn of mind.

As her grandmother, Lady Mary, never thought any one who had yet offered, (though among the offers ſhe had had were men of the firſt conſequence and fortune) equal to the merits and pretenſions of her dear Mary, they had all been declined almoſt as ſoon as heard; and the heart of Miſs Cardonnel, now in her twentieth year, was abſolutely free from any impreſſion.

Never, perhaps, did a man poſſeſs more requiſites than had Delmont to win the affections of a young woman. His perſon was uncommonly handſome, his manners eaſy without familiarity, and polite without formality, was remarkably attractive, and his ſentiments, every one of which carried with them the conviction, that they were the reſult of a reflecting mind on a good and generous nature, were ſo much in uniſon with the feelings of Miſs Cardonnel, that though ſhe had paſſed hardly three quarters of an hour in his company, ſhe felt an extraordinary intereſt in his favour. "This Mr. Delmont," ſaid ſhe to Miſs Richmond, as ſoon as he had left them, "is a very agreeable man—ſurely he is wonderfully intereſting." "Indeed I think him ſo," anſwered her friend, "I cannot imagine of whom it is he is in ſearch?"

"And where is he ſearching for this loſt friend?" rejoined Miſs Cardonnel, "or wherefore ſhould he ſuppoſe this friend among your woods, my dear Annabelle?"

"I cannot

"I cannot even gueſs.—And from whence can he come or whither be going? It is inexplicable when one comes to reflect on it."

"It is indeed—I wiſh we had aſked him—however, you will have an opportunity of enquiring to-morrow, you know," ſaid Miſs Cardonnel.—

"Oh! perhaps not—it is not certain you know that he will come."—

"Not certain!—why ſhould he not?"

"Nay, ſay rather why *ſhould* he?—He is already certain we cannot give him the information he wants.—And when a man of his ſort has any ſcheme that occupies his imagination, he does not care much for any thing elſe."—

"What do you mean, my dear Annabelle, by a man of *his* ſort?"

"A young man, gay and *etourdi*, and in the purſuit, as I ſuppoſe him to be, of ſome woman."

Miſs Cardonnel felt at this ſpeech a ſenſation to which ſhe had been hitherto a ſtranger.—"A woman," cried ſhe, with quickneſs, "why ſhould you think ſo—Surely, my friend, ſuch a ſuppoſition is inconſiſtent with your natural charity and candour.—Why ſhould you ſuppoſe Mr. Delmont is purſuing ſome intrigue?"

"My dear Mary, how can you aſk *why* I ſhould ſuppoſe it?—It is true I have lived in the world but ſome eighteen or twenty months longer than you have, but I muſt have made but very little uſe of my eyes, if I did not ſee that ſome ſuch project, ſome ſcheme of ſelf-gratification, occupies every individual; and that nobody cares for thoſe who cannot in ſome way or other contribute to their pleaſure or their profit."

"Nobody?—Ah! my friend, do you then make *no* exceptions." "Oh! certainly—it were illiberal not to make *ſome*," ſaid Miſs Richmond, ſighing,

ſighing, " and you know I have at leaſt one exception; but when my dear Mary has lived to obſerve the men of the world, ſuch as *I* have been uſed to ſee, ſhe will know how rare thoſe exceptions are, and how rarely they can ſafely be made in favour of a ſtranger, a young man ſuch as we have juſt ſeen.—Mr. Delmont will call to-morrow, perhaps, if he thinks he can procure any intelligence of this *friend* of his from us, but I dare ſay he will otherwiſe forget that he has ſeen us at all."

Miſs Cardonnel, who felt pain without knowing why, was not ſorry to let the converſation drop, and the fair friends ſoon after parted. Miſs Cardonnel, in ſpite of herſelf, continuing to recall the looks, the manner, the ſentiments of Delmont; while Miſs Richmond was compelled to entertain very unpleaſant ſpeculations, as to the actual ſituation of the perſon he had come into that neighbourhood to ſeek.

CHAP. XIX.

Theſe are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæſar!

WHILE all that was pleaſant and intereſting in the voice and manner of Miſs Cardonnel, affected Delmont from the general reſemblance ſhe bore to Miſs Glenmorris, he could not but compare their deſtinies; and his heart bled afreſh to reflect on what might at this moment be the ſituation of the wandering, unprotected, Medora.—If mere ſcenery had poſſeſſed the power to ſuſpend,

pend, for a moment, the anguiſh of the heart, he might have found a tranſient relief in the uncommon beauty of the place he viſited. A lake, reflecting the moon-beams on its broad and clear ſurface, was fed at its extremity by three waterfalls daſhing, in different directions, down rocks which were ſhadowed by trees, in ſome places hiding, in others receding from the ſilver torrents —round the edge of the lake the ſhade became darker, and the wood ſeemed to mingle with the reeds that crowded into the water. A narrow path, however, ſerpentined on the bank, and Delmont, purſuing it as he had been directed, it led him along the margin of a ſequeſtered branch of the lake, which was indeed the river that carried its ſtill accumulating water to other parts of the eſtate. Here its channel was deep, but not wide: the weeping willows, planted on either bank, mingling their flexile boughs together in ſtreaming arches over it. He came to an almoſt circular receſs of turf; it was ſcreened by immenſe oaks and aſh, whoſe old fantaſtic arms ſtarted out as if to embrace the two ruſtic buildings that now appeared. They were white without, thatched with reeds, and partly mantled by odorous ſhrubs that crept round windows ſhaded by green lattices. A ſtream was heard to murmur through them; which then fell down a ſmall dark declivity (along which the path ſtill led), and ſupplied a ruſtic bath; where, though ſimplicity was its character without, there was within ſuch contrivances as a luxurious Roman would have choſen for his accommodation. But of theſe Delmont was content with the deſcription Mrs. Billſon had given him; and purſuing his way ſtill through a narrow and ſomewhat declining path, winding through the woods, he found himſelf in a quarter of an hour at their extremity on this ſide, where

where a long tract of meadows was ſpread between high lands on each ſide, richly clad with trees. The ſtreams from the lake, which here fertilized the grazing land, glittered in various currents. Its principal branch directed his eyes to a group of buildings, which Delmont imagined to be the farm-houſe, where he might, with great probability of finding her, ſeek for Medora.

By the time he reached the houſe, for the way was longer than it appeared, the moon, hitherto friendly to him, was ſo low that it lent him but little light around the dwelling, and the extenſive farm-yard adjoining to it—all was huſhed, ſave at intervals the noiſes of domeſtic poultry, which ſeemed to anſwer the cry of the wild-ducks and other water-fowl from the river and lake, whoſe keen ſenſe of ſmell informed them that a ſtranger had intruded among their reedy receſſes and willowed haunts.

Delmont, prepoſſeſſed with the idea that he ſhould ſee Medora, was ſo agitated that he ſtopped at the gate, leading into a ſort of court before the houſe, to recover breath and recollection. He ſurveyed the windows. There was a light in one of the rooms.—"She is there," whiſpered the heart of Delmont;—as if it could be inhabited by no other than Medora. Approaching, and earneſtly fixing his eyes on the ſaſhes, he fancied he ſaw the ſhadow on the oppoſite wall of ſome one who ſat not far from the window. The figure roſe, took up the candle, and moved along the room till the light diſappeared. Delmont was convinced it was a woman, and became more and more perſuaded it was her whom he ſought.

After a ſhort interval light was again viſible in a room on the ground-floor; and Delmont paſſing as ſoftly as he could, through the gate towards the window, approached ſo near that he could

could diſtinguiſh a young perſon whoſe figure, as ſhe ſat ſtooping over a table, reſembled that of Medora, but her back was towards him, and ſhe ſeemed occupied in ſome kind of work that lay before her. Her whole appearance was very unlike that of an inmate of a farm-houſe; and if it was not, as on a ſteadier examination he believed, her whom he ſo anxiouſly ſought, the preſence of ſuch a perſon in ſuch a place confirmed his idea of the arrangements of Sir Harry Richmond. The young woman roſe and croſſed the room—opened a piano forte, which ſtood on the oppoſite end, and touched it with a grace and preciſion which, as well as a ſide-view of her face that he now obtained, convinced Delmont that it was not Medora. But was it not poſſible he might obtain ſome information of her? Yet how hazard alarming a young perſon by the abrupt appearance of a ſtranger, at ſuch an hour, in ſuch a place?

After a ſhort prelude ſhe ſang—Delmont liſtened to a plaintive Italian air: the words were from Metaſtaſio, and the manner of executing them ſhewed that they were felt by the ſongſtreſs; —while there could be no doubt from her manner of ſinging, as well as from the deep ſigh with which ſhe concluded, that ſhe was too ſenſible of her own ſituation to be acceſſary to the enforced confinement of another under the ſame circumſtances. After what he had heard from Mrs. Billſon, there was little doubt but that this young woman was one of the reſidents in Sir Harry's houſe whom ſhe had deſcribed. Delmont, however unwilling to alarm her, could not reſiſt his deſire of ſpeaking to her.

He opened the ſaſh ſlowly; the young perſon, who was arranging her muſic books, ſtarted, and turned towards the window, and perceiving Delmont,

mont, was haſtening in terror out of the room, when he ſaid, "One moment, I beſeech you, Madam, I would not terrify ..... I would not intrude upon you, but give me leave merely to aſk you a queſtion."

His manner was certain not that of a robber. And though ſhe could not prevail upon herſelf to leave the door, the unknown ſongſtreſs, not perhaps altogether unuſed to attract by her muſic, ſtopped near it, and deſired him to explain himſelf.

"Will you, Madam," ſaid he, "condeſcend to tell me whether a young perſon who came hither dreſſed as a ſervant ..... a young woman of family and reſpectability, whom a ſtrange and alarming circumſtance compelled to have recourſe to that diſguiſe ..... will you tell me if ſhe is ſtill here?"

"No," replied the lady, "ſhe is not. I will not deceive you. Such a perſon undoubtedly was here; not, however, brought here by Sir Harry Richmond, who is, as I ſuppoſe you know, the maſter of this houſe, but by mere accident. It is not, however, a place where ſuch a young perſon could remain. Means were found to acquaint Miſs Richmond of her ſituation, and ſhe was removed to London, but there is reaſon to believe Sir Harry has followed her thither. If you are her brother, Sir, or one greatly intereſted for her ſafety, I adviſe you to haſten after her, or it will be too late. I dare not ſtay, but believe that I heartily wiſh you ſucceſs."

"Oh yet a ſingle moment," cried Delmont. His informant was already gone. And a woman of a very different appearance, fat, red-faced, and over-dreſſed, entered the room. Delmont retired from the window; ſhe came forward and ſhut it. In a few moments all the ſhutters were cloſed,

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as if thoſe within had taken ſome alarm. Delmont gazed on them a while, as if in hopes that he might again ſee her who ſeemed ſo humanely to take an intereſt in his diſtreſs; but no one appearing, he ſlowly and reluctantly trod back his ſteps to the lodge—repeating to himſelf, "Miſs Richmond found means to releaſe her, but there is great reaſon to think Sir Harry has followed her to London. I will go, ſaid he, to Miſs Richmond; yet how relate what I have heard? how queſtion her on ſuch a ſubject, when it is of her father's infamy I muſt complain?" It then occurred to him, that the indiſtinct converſation he had heard in the avenue between her and Miſs Cardonnel, related to this very circumſtance, and a new field of enquiry was thus opened. "Did Miſs Cardonnel know it was her couſin? Had Medora, in the concealment ſhe had been obliged to have recourſe to, changed her name? Theſe, and many other cruel ſolicitudes, prevented Delmont from ſleep, when he laid down on the humble bed which his hoſteſs at the lodge had provided for him. With the dawn of the following day he was on foot; and in a ſhort conference with the unhappy woman, to whom he gave a ſum greater than ſhe had long been miſtreſs of, in return for the little hoſpitality ſhe had been able to ſhew him, he learned, that ſhe was a ſervant in Sir Harry Richmond's houſe, to whom unhappily he took a fancy. A conqueſt over a poor country girl of ſeventeen was not difficult; ſhe was ſoon obliged to quit the houſe, and he had two children by her, one of which was the elder of thoſe whoſe apparent poverty had excited the compaſſion of Delmont. The other was dead.

Sir Harry then inſiſted on the poor girl's marrying one of his huntſmen, who being a man of a fierce

a fierce and brutal diſpoſition, continually reproached, and not unfrequently beat her during the five miſerable years ſhe lived with him. He then luckily broke his neck, and his widow and his children, as well as that which was known to be his maſter's, had ſince lingered on in poverty at the lodge; where the poor woman acknowledged ſhe muſt often have wanted the common neceſſaries, which even ſuch an exiſtence demanded, but for Miſs Richmond, who was, ſhe ſaid, quite an angel. "Yet," ſaid Mrs. Billſon, "for all Sir Harry indulges himſelf ſo in every thing though ever ſo wrong, he croſſes poor Miſs Richmond in her love, though for one of the worthieſt, honeſteſt, and moſt generous gentlemen in this country, and he will give no reaſon for it, except that he does not chuſe it becauſe of an old grudge about game between their families, but every body hopes that when Miſs is of age, ſhe will have ſpirit enough to marry Mr. Archdale; though ſhe is ſo ſoft tempered, and ſo afraid of diſobliging her father, that people are afraid ſhe won't have courage."

"Theſe are indeed," thought Delmont as he walked towards the great road—"theſe are indeed among the wrongs of woman."

It was yet early when he arrived at the ſplendid old manſion of the ancient family of the Richmonds. Miſs Richmond, however, was breakfaſting in a ſummer parlour that opened to the park, with her fair friend, whom Delmont no ſooner ſaw than he was again ſtruck with the reſemblance ſhe bore to Medora.

He apologized for ſo early a viſit, as well as for his appearance, accepting however their invitation to breakfaſt, and endeavouring to force his mind for a moment to converſe on common topics; but it was eaſy to ſee that the effort was painful

painful to him, and he relapſed into that evidently anxious ſtate which he could not diſguiſe. He felt it equally awkward to deſire a private conference with Miſs Richmond, or to ſpeak before her friend on ſuch a ſubject. After their breakfaſt was ended, however, Miſs Cardonnel, as if ſhe gueſſed that he wiſhed to be alone with the Lady of the houſe, left the room on ſome ſlight pretence; and Delmont, though his faltering voice, and the blood mantling in his cheeks, gave teſtimony how painful was the ſubject, entered upon it at once.

"I will not apologize," ſaid he, "for the liberty I am about to take in aſking Miſs Richmond ſome queſtions, which in any other caſe would be extremely impertinent. But the happineſs of my life is at ſtake—the peace, the preſervation of a young perſon, lovely and innocent as yourſelf, or your charming friend, to whom indeed ſhe is nearly related. Need I then make any other claims to the indulgence, the pity of Miſs Richmond? My heart, and her own amiable and generous character, aſſure me I need not."

Miſs Richmond, though prepared by what had paſſed the preceding evening for ſome enquiry from Delmont, was ſurpriſed at that part of his ſpeech which related to Miſs Cardonnel. She anſwered, however, "It is enough, Sir, to know I can give you any information relative to a perſon for whom you are intereſted; and if a relation of my dear Mary is concerned, it will add to my ſatisfaction if I can render her any ſervice."

"Give me leave then to aſk," ſaid Delmont, "if a young perſon appearing in the character of a ſervant, who was driven by ſome extraordinary circumſtances to an houſe of Sir Harry Richmond's was not ſuppoſed by you, madam, to be ſo circumſtanced as to make her removal

moval neceſſary, and if you did not generouſly contrive that removal?"

"I did," replied Miſs Richmond, deeply bluſhing, and appearing for a moment as if unable to proceed. She then, in a faint voice, and with downcaſt eyes, went on. "To Mr. Delmont I may ſay that the errors of a parent ought to be ſacred with his child, but when thoſe errors go to the injury of the innocent and unhappy, a duty ſuperior even to that due to a father demands our interference. I will briefly relate what has paſſed, and willingly diſmiſs a ſubject ſo painful to me, indeed, that nothing but my wiſh to relieve your ſolicitude, and what I owe to truth, could induce me to ſpeak upon it. To wave every account of preceding tranſactions which gave riſe to any enquiry from me, I learned that a young perſon, whoſe appearance and manners rendered it certain that ſhe could not belong to the claſs which her dreſs indicated, was brought, my informer knew not by what contrivance, to the houſe, which, though it is inhabited by the ſteward, and a wretch he calls his wife, is a place where it is by no means fit a young woman of any character ſhould reſide. My pity has always been excited towards thoſe who, from whatever inducements, are its inmates, but for them nothing is in my power. I had ſoon the mortification of learning, that Sir Harry was purſuing, in regard to this very young girl, the ſame line of conduct as has already given me ſo much pain on other occaſions. I contrived, though at the riſk of incurring his heavieſt diſpleaſure, to ſee her. Without telling me her name, ſhe related her hiſtory, and the reaſons which had driven her to ſeek a temporary aſylum with a woman who was hired as a dairy ſervant for one of Sir Harry's farms. Falſehood never

never looked or ſpoke as ſhe did. I was immediately convinced that her narrative, though ſingular, was true, and I took meaſures to deliver from the imminent peril ſhe was in, a young creature for whoſe fate I felt the livelieſt intereſt. I ſucceeded, three days ſince, ſo far as to ſend her ſafely to London, recommended (as ſhe doubted whether her mother was ſtill there to receive her) to the wife of a very reſpectable tradeſman, whom I engaged to ſecrete her from the enquiry I was much afraid Sir Harry Richmond would make after her. He was then abſent, but returned the evening after her departure, and I have too much reaſon to believe he ſuſpected that I had been a party in her evaſion. I am very ſorry to ſay, that Sir Harry Richmond immediately ſet out, as I fear, in purſuit of her, for unfortunately he uſually perſeveres in any project of this ſort, which once ſeizes his imagination; and I now wait, with extreme ſolicitude, to hear from the perſon in London, to whoſe care I recommended her, whether ſhe was conducted ſafely to the place of her deſtination."

Miſs Richmond then interrupting the juſt eulogium that Delmont warmly began on her virtuous and generous conduct towards an unprotected ſtranger, gave him the addreſs to the perſon to whoſe care Medora had been conſigned. He was ready to fall at her feet, and could with difficulty reſtrain himſelf from imprinting on the fair hand that preſented to him this paper, a kiſs of gratitude and reſpect, but the emotions which he could not wholly ſuppreſs were painful to Miſs Richmond; Delmont perceived they were, and in the narrative it was his turn to give, he endeavoured to confine himſelf to the ſimpleſt detail: when it was concluded, not without having made a very ſenſible impreſſion on his auditor, Miſs Richmond aſked if ſhe had his permiſſion to inform

inform Miſs Cardonnel how greatly her near and almoſt only relation was implicated in the hiſtory of the till then nameleſs young woman, who had excited their mutual compaſſion.

Delmont, haſtily running over in his mind the circumſtances of the family, had no difficulty in deciding that it was better to let this remain a ſecret. He ſaw not that any diſadvantage could ariſe from ſuffering their near relationſhip remain unknown: and it ſeemed as if Medora deſired her name to be as little called in queſtion as poſſible. Delmont indeed recollected how much ſhe and her mother had already ſuffered from the miſrepreſentations of malice; and though the two amiable women he had now met were undoubtedly of a very different deſcription from Mrs. Crewkherne and her ſatellites, he thought it would be more agreeable to Glenmorris and her mother, and felt it to be ſo to the delicacy of his own affection, not to ſuffer her name to be more known than it already was, while ſhe was under circumſtances which were doubtful, and might be repreſented as diſcreditable.

Miſs Richmond aſſured Delmont that ſhe would obſerve the moſt inviolable ſecrecy. "I ſhould make," ſaid ſhe, "a point of conſcience of not deceiving my friend in any thing ſhe had an intereſt in knowing; but as this particular circumſtance can only give her pain, and cannot in any way be uſeful, I have no heſitation in aſſuring you, that from me it ſhall never be communicated."

Miſs Richmond ſeemed then very ſolicitous to cloſe the converſation, and rang the bell for her cloak and paraſol, directing at the ſame time that Miſs Cardonnel might be deſired to join them. "I know," ſaid ſhe, to Delmont,

"you are juſtly impatient to begin your journey; but recollect, you will loſe no time in eating a ſandwich here, ſince you muſt take refreſhment ſome where on the road; and as you ſay your ſervant and horſes are waiting for you at the Richmond Arms, which is above two miles from this place; you ſhall regain the time you would otherwiſe loſe by having an horſe from hence, and therefore while they prepare you a ſlight repaſt, you cannot refuſe to walk with us round the home grounds, which are," added ſhe, ſighing, "what are called worth ſeeing."

Delmont could not refuſe an invitation at once ſo good natured and ſo accommodating; Miſs Cardonnel joined them, and they made the tour of ſome part of the beautiful plantations that were near the houſe, Delmont forcing himſelf to remark, as a matter of complaiſance, what at any other time would have given him real pleaſure, for the place, in a ſuperior degree, united magnificence with beauty, and modern cheerfulneſs with the nobler features of gothic grandeur, yet without any thing incongruous in their union.

Delmont's converſation, though to thoſe who had ſeen him under happier circumſtances it would have appeared evidently forced, yet ſeemed to his two fair companions, who had never ſeen him in happier days, ſo very attractive, that they agreed they had never met with ſo agreeable a man. Miſs Richmond ſaw, not without pain, that the favourable impreſſion he had on their firſt interview made on Miſs Cardonnel was now confirmed; inſtead therefore of rallying her friend, ſhe endeavoured to check the growth of this infant partiality, by intimating that Mr. Delmont had an attachment, without repeating any part of their converſation, which

which might betray more than he wiſhed to have known.

Delmont, had he not indeed borne a charmed heart, would have parted with the fair friends with great regret; but his eagerneſs to overtake and protect Medora againſt the machinations he had ſo much reaſon to dread, conquered and abſorbed every other thought, and accepting the offer of an horſe, he haſtened to rejoin his ſervant, and without allowing himſelf any time to reſt, proceeded towards London.

CHAP. XX.

It is well obſerved (ſays Lord Bacon) that to be in love, and to be wiſe, is ſcarce poſſible even to a god."

ARRIVED in London, Delmont hurried to the houſe of Mr. Meyrick, a linen draper in the Strand, whither Miſs Richmond had directed him, and eagerly enquired at what time the young perſon, recommended by her to the care of Mr. Meyrick, had reached his houſe, and when ſhe had left it?

Mr. Meyrick anſwered, that the next day after her arrival in town, he had at her own deſire conducted her to the ſtage, going thrice a week to . . . . . Had recommended her moſt earneſtly to the care of the coachman, whom he had paid, and from whom he had received aſſurances that the greateſt attention ſhould be ſhewn to the young lady; that he had himſelf furniſhed her with money to pay

her poſtchaiſe to Dalebury Farm, whither ſhe ſaid he ſhould inſtantly go; and Mr. Meyrick added, that he had no doubt but that ſhe was now ſafe in the protection of her friends.

Delmont, ſatisfactory as this account appeared, was not content with it. A thouſand queſtions, which he had no means of having reſolved, occurred to him. Had Medora then found her mother? Was ſhe aſſured of protection at Dalebury? Yet certainly going thither was the moſt prudent ſtep ſhe could take whether Mrs. Glenmorris was there or not. He now repented having brought Suſanne away, and determined to have ſet out with her that night for Upwood, where he truſted he ſhould now once more behold Medora. Yet doubts and fears hung heavy on his heart. He ſought Armitage, in the hope of relieving his apprehenſions, and above all in the hope that he had diſcovered Mrs. Glenmorris, a reſearch in which he knew he would be indefatigable. On enquiring, however, at his lodgings, he found he went ſuddenly out of town the day before, but whether intending to go to his own houſe, or any other place, the people where he had lodged did not know.

On more mature reflection, Delmont determined to ſend Suſanne away immediately, and to ſtay one day in town, as well to inform himſelf of Armitage's ſucceſs in the ſearch he had made, which he thought he ſhould hear, as to ſee the coachman, to whoſe care Medora had been committed on her journey, and who was to be at the inn where the coach put up the following morning. Having then diſpatched Suſanne, he ſlept not till he had ſeen this man; but what was his diſtreſs and conſternation at hearing the following account.

"Sir,"

"Sir," ſaid the coachman, "the young gentlewoman was put into my coach by Mr. Meyrick, whom I know very well. I had no paſſenger but a very elderly woman going down to live with her grand-daughter, deaf and almoſt blind; and I'm ſure, to ſee the good nature that the young miſs ſhewed to the poor old woman quite did my heart good. We ſet out, you know, early, becauſe the . . . . . coach meets mine to go ſixteen miles bad road; and at this time of year the mornings are getting dark. Well, Sir, at the turnpike at Vauxhall, I was hailed by the landlord of the Queen's Head, with 'What, Ralph, any inſide place?' —I ſaid yes, and aſked how far. 'Why all the way to . . . .' ſays he. So preſently out comes a fine jolly handſome middle-aged genman" (the heart of Delmont ſunk with apprehenſion, while it ſwelled with indignation); "and he ſaid he had only a little parcel in a cloak-bag, and a black ſervant, who was to go outſide. So I opened the coach door, you know, as to be ſure I could do no other, and I ſaw Miſs was not much pleaſed to have another paſſenger, for ſhe wrapt the ſilk and gauze-like what d'ye call it, that the women folks wear, over her pretty face, and ſat ſnug up in the corner by the ſide of the old gentlewoman. So, Sir, on we went for five miles, when all on a ſudden the gentleman (whoſe name I could not find out, for the black man would not ſay a word) all of a ſudden, as we came by the French Horn Inn, where, you know, there is poſt-chaiſes to let, the gentleman calls to me to ſtop —go out, helped Miſs out, who had been crying till her eyes were all red, and ſeemed hardly able to ſtand, and ſo giving me his fare and his ſervant's, and half a guinea to boot (and Miſs's he

he would have given me, only I told him I had been paid before) he went away with her and his ſervant into the French Horn Tavern."

"And did the young lady ſay nothing," cried Delmont, impatiently, "did ſhe not reſiſt being thus ſtopped on her journey?"

"No, Sir," replied the coachman, "I cannot ſay ſhe did, only ſhe ſeemed deſpert mollancholly, I thought, and I am ſure ſhe had been crying. I made bold, as Mr. Meyrick had given me ſuch a charge, to ſay to the gentleman, that I hoped he was one as had a good right to take the care of the young gentlewoman, otherwiſe I ſhould be anſwerable for her to her friends; and he anſwered, 'Be in no pain on that account, honeſt Ralph; I am one of her beſt friends, and have the beſt right to protect her.' —So then to be ſure, as Miſs did not contradict him, why what could *I* do?—So there I left them, and as I came by the French Horn this morning, I ſtopped to enquire about them a bit, and John Newton the landlord ſaid how they ſtaid about an hour or ſo, and that Miſs was in a ſort of fit, and forced to have hartſhorn and water, and ſuch like; and when ſhe ſeem'd for to be a little better, the gentleman ordered a poſtchai, and a ſaddle-horſe for the neger, and they went off back to London."

Delmont, as patiently as he could, liſtened to this relation, and then aſked every queſtion which he thought might enable him to trace and to puniſh the man who ſeemed now to have finally cloſed upon him all the proſpects he had indulged of recovering Medora and happineſs. That this man was Sir Harry Richmond not a doubt remained; yet it was impoſſible to gueſs by what ſtratagem he could have prevailed on Medora to abandon her intention of going to

Dalebury,

Dalebury, and to put herſelf under the protection of one, of whoſe nefarious deſigns there could be little doubts, when ſhe was hurried by his daughter from Arnly Foreſt (his Yorkſhire place). The longer Delmont reflected on all the circumſtances he had heard the more incomprehenſible appeared the conduct of Medora, and for the firſt time, amidſt all the uneaſineſs he had undergone, he ſuffered himſelf to doubt whether ſhe merited the exceſſive, and even agoniſing, ſolicitude which he ſtill continued to feel—yet hardly had he ſuffered ſuch thoughts to gain upon his mind, before the image of her he loved returned to it as if to reproach him, in all the candour and ſweetneſs of youthful innocence, unſuſpecting, becauſe unknowing of evil, and he aſked himſelf, whether there were not too many ways by which ſuch a man as Sir Harry Richmond might take advantage of the ſimplicity of a girl hardly ſeventeen, and ſo new to the world as was Medora?—The inſtances of courage and propriety of conduct which he had admired when they were only ſlightly related to him by Mrs. Tarbat, ſerved only to iucreaſe his wonder and embitter his regret. And what was now to be done? Whither could he go? He thought of and rejected many plans, and at length determined to go down to the inn the coachman had deſcribed, which was on a heath about ſix miles from London, on the Surry road, and endeavour to ſee the poſtillion who had conducted them from thence to London, imagining that by knowing where they had been ſet down he might trace them.

Loſing therefore not a moment, he got into a chaiſe at the firſt livery ſtable, and was driven to the French Horn—There Delmont ſoon found the

the lad he enquired for, and learned that with the middle aged gentleman, the handſome young lady, and the black ſervant, he had gone as far as the ſtand of coaches at Charing Croſs, where the two former had got into a coach, and the latter had mounted behind, and he, being himſelf diſcharged, had immediately turned his horſes heads towards their ſtable, and knew not which way the hackney coach had been ordered to drive, nor what was its number. Here then again all traces of Medora ſeemed to be loſt.

The people of the inn gave him the ſame account as he had already had from the ſtage coachman; and in renewed deſpair, inſtead of the information he had hoped for, Delmont returned to London.

He had abſolutely forgotten, till reminded of it by unuſual faintneſs, that he had hardly eaten, and that he had not ſlept for ſix and thirty hours. The increaſed agitation of his mind, together with exceſſive fatigue, now made him ſenſible of perſonal uneaſineſs; he felt his blood inflamed, and his head giddy, while, though he was not himſelf conſcious of it, his looks were wild, his eyes bloodſhot, and his whole appearance—(an appearance altogether ſtrange to him)—ſuch as a man falls into who has paſſed nights and days at the gaming table and the tavern.

He began, however, to ſuſpect, that if he did not allow himſelf a few hours repoſe, he ſhould be reduced to a ſtate in which it might not be in his power to ſeek Medora or her mother; he was therefore returning to his lodgings, when in croſſing towards Picadilly from the Haymarket, he ſaw in an hackney coach (which was for a moment in an embarraſſment between ſome coal carts) Medora ſitting in converſation, and, as it appeared, unreluctant converſation, with the well looking

looking middle aged gentleman. He even ſaw that ſhe ſmiled, yet it was a faint and melancholy ſmile, while he hung upon her every word with an expreſſion of the fondeſt delight. This was not to be endured—Regardleſs, indeed not thinking of conſequences, Delmont ruſhed forward; but at that moment the impediment being withdrawn, the coachman whipped his horſes on, and as if to recover the time he had loſt, drove with unuſual ſpeed up Swallow Street.

Delmont, in all the haſte *he* could make, followed it—But it was now hidden from him by other coaches, and he was now impeded by a cart unloaded on the pavement. The people who ſaw him imagined he was either ſome unfortunate young man purſued by a bailiff, or one who had juſt eſcaped from the keepers of a madhouſe. Delmont heeded not what they thought; he did not even ſee them, but with eyes eagerly ſtraining after the coach, he croſſed in purſuit of it Oxford Street, and at laſt ſaw it ſtop at the door of a private houſe in Portland Street. He waited in breathleſs agitation a moment. He beheld Sir Harry Richmond get out and aſſiſt Medora, and they went into the houſe together—The black ſervant took a parcel that was in the coach, paid the coachman, and was going to ſhut the door, when Delmont, without aſking or anſwering any queſtions, puſhed by him, and as, by the door of the parlour being open, he ſaw that thoſe he ſought were not there, he ruſhed up ſtairs, and threw open the drawing room door—He ſaw what completed his aſtoniſhment, indignation—Medora ſitting on the knee of her companion, his arm round her waiſt, and her head declined on his ſhoulder.

"Monſter! villain! ſeducer!" exclaimed Delmont, who ſtepped on, as if he meant to wreck

his vengeance in another manner—when Medora ſtarted from her ſeat, and threw herſelf almoſt ſpeechleſs into his arms, faintly attempting to utter ſome words which he could not hear.

The ſtranger in the mean time, after a very ſhort pauſe, ſeemed to gueſs who Delmont was, and advanced towards him. "Mr. Delmont," ſaid he, holding out his hand towards him—"Is it not Mr. Delmont?"

"Dare you aſk?" exclaimed the enraged Delmont. "Oh! God!" cried Medora—"what do you mean, my dear friend! it is my father!"

"Your father!"

"Oh! yes, my own dear father."

Delmont felt the revulſion of his blood to be ſo violent, that he was compelled to ſit down, ſtill holding Medora's hand—"Your father!" repeated he—"Oh! Sir, what have I not endured of agony within theſe few moments—but Medora is ſafe, ſafe in your protection."

"And ſhall never leave it, Delmont," cried Glenmorris, embracing them both with great emotion, "but for yours—Yes, my dear friend, Medora is reſtored to us, the ſame innocent, the ſame lovely and admirable creature; but her mother!"

"What of her?" aſked Delmont, eagerly, "what of Mrs. Glenmorris?"

"Alas, we know nothing," ſaid Medora, ſobbing—"We have not yet been able to trace her, my father . . . ."

She pauſed, not having the power to proceed "Delmont," cried Glenmorris, his voice trembling; "where can ſhe be? By what unaccountable accident have I loſt my wife? Think what I have ſuffered even in ſo unexpectedly regaining my daughter, to know that of her mother nothing has been heard ſince their ſeparation. Before I

ſat

ſat out for the country I had learned that no one in London knew where ſhe was; all they were certain of being, that ſhe and her daughter were ſeparated, and nothing known of either of them."

Delmont put up his hand to his head—He was giddy and confuſed—The images he ſaw before him of Medora and her father ſeemed hardly real. He doubted whether he was not in the illuſion of a dream. Yet, attempting to ſoothe the anguiſh which he ſaw overcame Medora, he could only inarticulately expreſs himſelf; and after ſome words, attempting to comfort, though they only added to her diſquiet (ſince ſhe thought he knew more than he would tell) he ſtopped merely from inability to ſpeak on any ſubject with clearneſs at that moment."

"My dear friend," ſaid Medora, taking his hand, "I believe you are very ill!"

"No, not ill; only a little fatigued; but that is nothing. Why ſhould the ſoldier only be capable of long marches? Are not we farmers as hardy a race?—Come, dear Sir," added he, ſummoning his uſual cheerful manner, "let us not bring diſgrace on our profeſſion. Send me, I beſeech you, in ſearch of Mrs. Glenmorris, and I ſhall forget that I have been fatigued at all."

"Let us go, my dear Delmont," replied Glenmorris, who was already as well acquainted with him as if they had known each other for years. "Yet whither go?"

"You muſt not go, Sir; we muſt not leave Medora unprotected. I cannot now relate all the reaſons why I intreat you not to loſe ſight of her; but let *me*, I implore you, go inſtantly any where that is likely to yield us an hope of finding my excellent, my admirable friend; then may I once more ſee Medora happy, and be ſo myſelf, beyond all that I have hitherto believed poſſible—

happy

happy in proportion as I have lately been miſerable."

In deſpite of the effort Delmont made, it required leſs ſagacity than Glenmorris poſſeſſed, to diſcover that he was extremely ill; and at length he was induced to own that he had not been in bed for ſeveral nights, and that he *did* feel himſelf ſomewhat diſordered; "Nevertheleſs," ſaid he, "I aſſure you, that were any thing leſs preſſing in queſtion than an inquiry after her mother, it is Medora's account of what has befallen her ſince we laſt met, that would the ſooneſt aſſuage this fooliſh ſenſation of fatigue which I have about me."

Glenmorris, however, would not ſuffer him either to begin his enquiry after the mother, or to liſten to the daughter, but inſiſted upon his going to his lodgings, and endeavouring to obtain ſome repoſe. "To begin our united ſearch after my poor Laura," ſaid he, "with effect, we muſt not ſet out as invalids, liable to be affected by perſonal illneſs; go, therefore, my dear Delmont, take the reſt which is, I am ſure, neceſſary for you, and return to us when you are better able to hear, than you are now, what my daughter has to relate, and then we will conſult together what can be done to relieve us all from ſo cruel a ſuſpence. I have written," added he, "to Armitage, who will, I hope, be in London to-morrow."

Delmont ſaw that Medora was extremely ſolicitous he ſhould follow her father's directions; he therefore conſented, though with reluctance, to go for a few hours to his lodgings, where, having changed his clothes, he threw himſelf upon the bed, and endeavoured to ſleep; his ſpirits, however, were in ſo great a tumult, that to ſleep was impoſſible, and to attempt it only increaſed the irritability

irritability of his mind. Fatigue, great as he had undergone, could not lull his ſenſes into temporary forgetfulneſs. The images of Glenmorris, of Medora, and of the beloved wife and mother they lamented, fleeted before his eyes, and merely fatigued by the endeavour to ſleep, he ſtarted up, and once more took his way to the apartments of Glenmorris.

Medora was ſitting with her father, more languid, as Delmont thought, and more affected by their ſudden meeting, than ſhe had been at the immediate moment. Glenmorris appeared to him exactly what he had been deſcribed; a perſon above the common height, and giving the idea at once of perſonal ſtrength and mental dignity. Though his eyes were blue, and remarkably ſoft, there was at times ſomething ſo ſtern in his countenance as inſpired awe; and his voice deep, yet muſical, was one of thoſe which could not be heard without pleaſure, nor, when it was his purpoſe to perſuade, without conviction. His eloquence however was rather natural than acquired. He ſpoke rather from the feelings of his heart than the acquiſition of his underſtanding, and when animated and intereſted by his ſubject, he aroſe to exerciſe this native oratory, he appeared rather like an hero, ſuch as Homer or Virgil deſcribes, than a mere mortal of the preſent day. Glenmorris, who was hardly twenty when he married, was now only in his thirty-eighth year; but a ſcar acroſs his forehead and noſe, which he had received when he became a priſoner to the pirates, and his originally fair complection being very much changed by climate, he appeared two or three years older. Delmont admired the juſtneſs of the deſcription he had received from the people of whom he had inquired, in the perſuaſion that it was Sir Harry Richmond;

" that

" that the gentleman was a very *grand* ſort of man;" the idea of grandeur being what ſtrikes perſons in that rank of life, from a tall, large, and martial looking figure.

The likeneſs that Medora bore to her father, was rendered more remarkable by the dejection which abated much of the fire and vivacity of his countenance. He could not now ſpeak of his wife without betraying by his faltering voice, and by the tears in which his eyes ſwam, how cruelly he felt her unaccountable abſence; yet he evidently endeavoured to ſtifle theſe expreſſions of his concern for Medora's ſake, who watched every turn of his countenance with diſtreſſing ſolicitude, and ſeemed unable to ſupport the complicated pain of reflecting on the anguiſh of one of her parents, inflicted by the loſs of the other.

Glenmorris, who ſaw that Delmont would be reſtleſs and uneaſy till he had heard Medora's little hiſtory, and anxious himſelf to go out, though he knew not whither, in ſearch of his Laura, took occaſion, after they had drank tea, to leave them together, as he imagined his daughter would be under leſs reſtraint when he was abſent, and was on reflection ſenſible of the propriety of what Delmont had ſaid, that ſhe ſhould never be left without the protection of either her father or her lover; Glenmorris therefore, committing his lately recovered treaſure to the care of Delmont, ſet out in ſearch of the other. All that once gave pleaſure or pain to him in the great metropolis, which he thus reviſited after an abſence of above fifteen years, had entirely loſt its influence; he now wondered how he ever could have beheld theſe ſcenes with ſuch different eyes.

The charm he had formerly found or imagined in ſociety, ſuch as is to be met with in a great city, had vaniſhed; his friends were gone; ſome were

were dead, others diſappeared from poverty or from wearineſs; and a few were become what are called ſtateſmen, and had put on the golden fetters, which they fancied were worn for the benefit of their country. It was not theſe that Glenmorris envied; he envied indeed no one, but rather beheld with wonder the toil and fatigue which were incurred to make a ſplendid appearance at ſuch an immenſe expence as would have ſupported in America fifty families in more real comfort and plenty. He ſaw men labouring in places like dungeons the greater and better part of their days, in the hope of ſome future ſatisfaction which great riches were to beſtow; but the means were ſeldom acquired till the end was loſt, and till the power of enjoyment exiſted no longer. He ſaw the continual and often ſucceſsful effort of knaves to take advantage of fools, and beheld a ſpirit of quackery prevail from the ſtate charlatan, exhauſting and enfeebling the public conſtitution, to the advertiſing puffer of ſome poiſonous noſtrum; and hardly as he contemplated the humiliating ſcene of almoſt univerſal impoſition and deception, knew whether moſt to deſpiſe or to pity thoſe who acted and thoſe who ſuffered.

Far from repenting that he had withdrawn himſelf to America, Glenmorris regretted only that he had, in attempting to obtain gilding for the invaluable jewels, whoſe intrinſic value nothing could increaſe, loſt perhaps one, and ſo narrowly eſcaped being deprived of the other; he now felt from conviction, what indeed he had never doubted, that great fortune had no power to add to that domeſtic felicity, which alone is worth the wiſh of a rational being, and he had no heſitation in determining, that when his Laura was reſtored to him, he would not be

detained

detained a moment by thoſe projects of obtaining her fortune, which had been the cauſe of their cruel ſeparation, but that he would return directly to his farm, and, if it were poſſible, engage Delmont, with whoſe appearance and manners he was highly ſatisfied, to accompany them, and become an inhabitant of the new world.

To cultivate the earth of another continent, to carry the arts of civil life, without its miſery and its vices, to the wild regions of the globe, had in it a degree of ſublimity, which, in Glenmorris's opinion, ſunk the petty politics and falſe views ſo eagerly purſued in Europe, into ſomething more deſpicable than childiſh imbecility, in proportion as ſuch ſchemes are injurious to the general happineſs of the ſociety where they are exerciſed. When he reflected on the degradation to which thoſe muſt ſubmit, who would make what is called a figure in this country; that they muſt ſacrifice their independence, their time, their taſte, their liberty, to etiquette, to forms and falſehoods, which would to him be inſupportable, he rejoiced that he had made his election where the human life was in progreſſive improvement, and where he had not occaſion to turn with diſguſt, from the exerciſe of abject meanneſs to obtain the advantages of affluence, or with pity from fruitleſs efforts to eſcape from the humiliations of poverty.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

That noble grace, that dash'd brute violence,
With sudden adoration and chaste awe.

ALONE with Medora, whom he had so lately considered as lost, seeing her restored to him such as she was when he had first given her his whole heart, or even raised to a superior degree of excellence in his opinion, by the courage and propriety of conduct she had shewn, Delmont was unable to repress or conceal the variety of emotions and affections which now crowded on his heart; he took her hands, and as he kissed them, the tears that fell from his eyes seemed to relieve the oppression he had so long laboured under. "Medora," cried he, "my own, my beloved Medora, have you spirits to relate the strange series of circumstances that have torn you from me? that have separated your mother from us both, at the very moment when I hoped we were to be united for ever? But do not, my angel, make any exertion that may be painful to you; I will repress my curiosity, and seeing you safe, will await for a calmer hour before I desire you to recal these painful scenes; yet it seems to me, my love, as if your description alone could afford us some clue, by which we may discover why and where your dear mother is concealed."

"That consideration, Delmont, would alone be enough," answered Medora, "but your wish is with me of force enough to conquer whatever reluctance I may have. I will, however, be as brief as I can.

"You know that a few days after you were gone, letters from that odious Mr. Petrify, and some

ſome other circumſtances, compelled my mother to go to London. As ſhe hoped to return in a few days, ſhe would not take Suſanne with her, for you know I love to do any little ſervices about her, and ſhe was unwilling to increaſe expence. Once, indeed, ſhe even thought of going to Mrs. Grinſted, merely as leſs expenſive than an hotel, but at my entreaty ſhe determined on the latter. As ſoon then as we got there, my mother, whoſe active and intelligent ſpirit ſeldom ſinks under difficulties, ſet about the buſineſs which had been the occaſion of our journey; ſhe would not take me with her, but left me employment in copying letters and papers on buſineſs, and I was well content to be in this way at leaſt of ſome uſe to her, without going among people who ſeem to me to be the moſt diſagreeable ſort of animals I had ever yet ſeen—for once, and but once, I found myſelf among four or five of them, and I knew not why, but they inſpired me at once with diſguſt and abhorrence."

"What were they, Medora?" ſaid Delmont. "Can you deſcribe them, my love?"

"Oh! yes, for they made a moſt diſagreeable impreſſion on my memory. There was that ſtrange awkward old man, whom they call Loadſworth—about his face there is ſomething that conveys ideas of lunacy ſubdued by ſelf conſequence, as if his pride and malignity had made him mad, and his conſciouſneſs of ſelf importance prevented his being juſt as much ſo, as to loſe the little provincial buſineſs he has left. His two little fierce grey eyes, his carrotty wig, and his undeſcribable way of articulating, even when he is not inſolently peeviſh (which he is at all times to every body who are forced to bear it) would render him a moſt offenſive wretch, even if he had not the character of being capable of any

any roguery, and of having art enough to bear himself through it; and if he were not known to be one of the most malicious and unmanly of a crew, who have in general but very little feeling, and, in being lawyers, forget all that is good as men."

"Indeed, Medora, you do not spare them," said Delmont.

"Of myself, you know, I could not be informed of all this—I could only tell you the impression made by the personal appearance of each of these men; but my mother, who is no bad judge, and who, you know, can draw a tolerable likeness, filled up in some of our conversations the outline my own observation made. Another man, who seemed to me equally worthless, was that Brownjohn, one of the most dauntless and ignorant coxcombs I ever beheld. The disagreeable vulgar fellow prates of people he never saw as if they were his nearest relations; tells of lords, and knights, and esquires, whom he does not know even by sight, and supports an appearance above what his iniquitous practice gives him, by dint of falsehood, fraud, and impudence. —You would not think any thing that can be said of him too harsh, if I had time to relate the anecdotes I have heard of his daring iniquity; and when you know that the extraordinary and disagreeable circumstances I have been involved in, were of his contrivance, you will not, I think, imagine I speak of him too severely."

"Of his contrivance!" exclaimed Delmont. "But I will be patient, Medora; proceed."

"I will not give you any more then of these ugly likenesses, but go on to tell you, that every day, on my mother's return from her conferences with these men, she became more and more dejected; her usual courage and just confidence on her

her own powers deſerted her, and for almoſt the firſt time in my life I heard her complain, and repent that in coming to England ſhe had ſacrificed ſubſtantial happineſs to the purſuit of a chimera, which, even if it could be attained, was not worth one year, nay, not one month, of the tranquil happineſs and domeſtic comfort we had known in America, before theſe ambitious projects had been liſtened to. I once more, for I had often done it before, moſt earneſtly exhorted her to purſue them no farther, but that ſhe would determine, as ſoon as you returned, which might be expected every day, to go back to America. If, ſaid I, Delmont loves me, he will accompany us—(forgive me Delmont, for the doubts theſe *if*'s implied;) if he does *not*, the ſooner I find ſhelter with you, my mother and my father, againſt a conviction that will, I own, give me pain, the ſooner I ſhall be reſtored to tranquillity, and to the uninterrupted performance of thoſe duties which will always be enough for my heart, while I have ſuch a father and ſuch a mother to love me, and to love."

Delmont, fondly preſſing her hand to his lips, ſighed, and ſaid, "Medora, you are the only perſon who could have raiſed theſe doubts;" but I will not interrupt you."

"My mother," continued ſhe, "for what reaſon I knew not, always eſcaped from this ſort of diſcourſe, and, I thought, wiſhed, contrary to her uſual method in regard to me, to conceal ſomething from me; that ſomething then muſt be uneaſy, for the whole ſtudy of her life had been to ſave me from pain, and to give me pleaſure. She had however taught me never to appear inquiſitive, never to ſeek to know more than ſhe thought proper to tell me. I therefore concealed my uneaſineſs, and endeavoured, when after theſe diſagreeable

diſagreeable conferences ſhe returned to me, to receive her with cheerfulneſs. It happened that in the hope of ending this irkſome buſineſs a little ſooner, ſhe had one day conſented to dine with Brownjohn, on a ſudden invitation, and as ſhe thought I ſhould be uneaſy at her prolonged abſence, ſhe wrote a note with a pencil, accounting for it, which was brought to me by one of Brownjohn's clerks. Two days afterwards, my mother being again out, another note was brought to me by the ſame perſon, who waited in a coach for an anſwer. I opened it; but here it is, my dear friend; though almoſt effaced, you will ſee how artfully it was copied after the other pencil note written in my mother's hand, and how eaſy it was for me to be deceived."

Medora then gave Delmont a piece of paper, in which was written with a pencil, in an hand not diſtinguiſhable from that of Mrs. Glenmorris, the following words:

"My deareſt girl, I am unexpectedly detained again, and induced, by the hope of bringing our buſineſs ſooner to a cloſe, to accept the invitation of Mr. Brownjohn to his houſe near Barnet, where ſome of the parties will be, whoſe advice is the moſt material to me; and if we are together, we may perhaps be enabled to decide at once; come, therefore, my Medora, with the gentleman who delivers this, to your moſt affectionate

"L. G."

"I am now, to ſave time, ſetting out in a poſt-chaiſe with Mr. Brownjohn; he ſends his coach and a confidential perſon for you."

Not only the hand, but the ſtyle of Mrs. Glenmorris were ſo well imitated in this letter, that Delmont owned he ſhould himſelf have been deceived. Indignation, however, at ſo baſe an artifice

tifice was for a moment predominant. Medora proceeded.

" In conſequence of this note then I made ſome very ſlight alteration in my dreſs, and got into the coach, taking with me my night linen, as I underſtood, from the decent looking oldiſh man in the coach, whom I ſpoke to before I entered it, that we were to remain one night at the villa of Mr. Brownjohn; and I went the more cheerfully, as I imagined my mother meant that this conference, which I knew to be utterly diſagreeable to herſelf, ſhould be final. I hoped therefore that at its cloſe would be decided either our return to Upwood or to America, or at leaſt that nothing depending on theſe lawyers would afterwards delay either one or the other.

" In this expectation I got into the coach. The man I ſaw there was, I thought, between forty and fifty. There was nothing remarkable about him. He was ſuch a man as one every where ſees; a round faced man in a light coloured wig; and he put on a ſort of cringing complaiſance, ſuch as is frequent from people who fancy that ſervility is politeneſs. He talked to me as we went along towards Barnet, and called me now and then *Miſs*, and *dear Miſs*. I could have diſpenſed with his converſation and his dear Miſſes; and in fact I found it above all things impoſſible to give him my attention, for as ſoon as we got a little out of the immediate neighbourhood of the city, I ſeemed once more to be in my element; I ſaw heaths, and fields, and trees. Finchley Common (I did not then know its name) was delightful, and I long'd to wander o'er its turf; but beyond it the country ſeemed almoſt enchanting. I had, you will remember, been ſhut up more than a week in a dirty hotel, in a cloſe part of London, in the month of Auguſt, even

and to breathe the free air of the country, even though there had ſtill a ſuburbian look about it, was delicious.

" I began, however, to remark to my fellow traveller, that we were a long while on the way. The man anſwered, that Mr. Brownjohn's horſes were fat pampered creatures, his coachman very fond of them, and that the coach was heavy; all which might be very true, and we continued our way for ſome time without any farther marks of impatience on my part.

" At length I ſaw that the ſun had ſunk below the horizon. I had paſſed mile ſtones, which ſaid, from Barnet two, from Barnet one, yet ſtill we went on, through a town that I fancied was Barnet, ſtill, ſtill we went on, more and more ſlowly however, for the horſes, though not the ſleek pampered ſteeds of Mr. Attorney Brownjohn, were certainly very tired.

" I now again began to expreſs my uneaſineſs, and the man again attempted to appeaſe my impatience. He ſaid that Mr. Brownjohn's villa was a little out of the road; a ſort of hunting box at the edge of Mr. Somebody's park; and that we ſhould preſently turn out of the great north road and arrive at it.

" Turn out of the great north road we certainly did; and went for I think about half a mile up a lane, which ſeemed but very little frequented. When between two ſmall woods, and in a place where no paſſengers were likely to paſs, the coach ſtopped.

" I looked out; the fine ſummer evening was fading into night. I ſaw no houſe, and turning to my conductor, whoſe countenance I thought aſſumed a very ſingular look, I aſked, but I felt my voice tremble, where was the houſe of Mr. Brownjohn?

" He

"He looked white; for even a *lawyer* may *ſometimes*, I underſtand, feel compunction. I thought he trembled, but I knew not what he anſwered, for I heard at that moment the rattle of wheels. An hack poſtchaiſe and four drew up to the coach door, and I ſaw in it a man, whoſe name I did not remember. He had once been with my mother about buſineſs; but I ſhould have forgotten, perhaps, that I had ever ſeen him at all, if there had not been a ſomething in his countenance particularly pert and diſagreeable, a ſomething that though it is felt can hardly be deſcribed.

"I looked in wonder and in terror towards the chaiſe; the man in it was *Darnell*, the brother of Brownjohn.

"He got out, opened the door of the coach as well as that of the chaiſe, and ſaid "Miſs Glenmorris, you will pleaſe to get into this chaiſe?"

"I into that chaiſe, Sir, ſaid I, for why?

"Eh! ah! eh! Miſs, cried the odious looking man, your *Mammaa*, your *Mammaa*, Miſs, has, has, has, gone farther on, and wiſhes you to, to, to, to come with me, Miſs, to her.

"I now began to dread I knew not what—my fear, indeed, was for a moment ſuch as deprived me of every power of conjecture. Recovering my recollection, however, I recovered alſo ſome portion of courage, and I poſitively refuſed to remove into the chaiſe. Sir, ſaid I to the man, who had, as he pretended, been ſent to conduct me from the hotel, you have brought me here on I know not what falſe pretences; but farther I will not go. In truth I hardly know what I afterwards ſaid; I only recollect that I reſiſted to the utmoſt of my power the compulſion uſed to oblige me to paſs from one carriage

to

to another; but my reſiſtance was uſeleſs, and I found myſelf ſeated by the ſide of that Darnell, and proceeding with as much ſpeed as four poſt-horſes could exert, I knew not whither.

"The impertinent man had the rudeneſs to take my hand, muttering ſomething about his love and his admiration, which he hoped would plead in my fair boſom his excuſe for the ſtep he had taken. This inſolence rouſed me—I ſnatched my hand from him, and aſked him how he dared addreſs himſelf in that manner to me?—I then let down the glaſs, though he tried to prevent me, and called out to the poſtillions; but the horſes were at their utmoſt ſpeed; the pebbles and gravel of the road were even forced into my face by the violence with which they galloped. The poſtillions either could not or would not hear me; and though my determined manner prevented the ſlighteſt addition to the impertinence that odious Darnell had before preſumed to inſult me with, I was, in deſpite of all my remonſtrances, carried on to the next ſtage.

"There I was determined to make a deſperate effort to eſcape from this inſolent and ridiculous man, from whoſe awkward attempts to make love to me I learned, that he had heard from his brother, Brownjohn, that I was the undoubted heireſs to near half the fortune of the rich old Dutch merchant my grandfather; but he fancied he had the art to perſuade me that my perſonal charms had made a deep impreſſion on him, and that it was on that account only he had been impelled, from the *irreſiſtible nature of his paſſion*, to take the only method which ſeemed to him likely to ſecure me to himſelf. Do you doubt that I treated as he deſerved this contemptible miſcreant? He had

imagined, perhaps, that becauſe I was very young, he might terrify me or impoſe on me; but I aſſured him in plain terms, that the firſt attempt at perſonal rudeneſs or impertinence ſhould be the laſt he would have in his power to make; and I as plainly told him he was to me the object of as much abhorrence as was conſiſtent with the moſt ineffable ſcorn and contempt; and that as to the love he pretended, I thought of it only as an inſult which he would never have dared to have ventured, if inſtead of naming it in a poſt-chaiſe, into which he had ſo infamouſly trepanned me, he had been in a place where I could have directed a ſervant to turn him down ſtairs."

"Charming girl," cried Delmont, paſſionately kiſſing her hand, "how are you raiſed in my opinion by ſo proper an exertion of ſpirit."

"And yet," ſaid Medora, "while I was thus ſincere with this miſerable Darnell, my cowardly little heart ſeemed to have left its place, and to have taken up its reſidence in my throat. The man, however, ſeemed diſappointed, but not repulſed. He probably collected together all the proverbs he had ever heard, ſuch as, "Faint heart never won fair lady;" "Speak and ſpeed;" and, "None but the brave deſerves the fair;" for he ſeemed after a little pauſe to determine to be very brave; ſo he told me that I might perhaps ſuppoſe he had contrived to elope with me on account of my *fortin*, but 'I aſſhore you, Miſs Glanemorris,' quoth he, ſeeming much elated as he ſpoke, 'I aſſhore you, Ma'am, I've a very anſom fortin of my own, and midn't be to ſeek; for parſons of the fuſt conſequence in the city, and tother end the town too, ave viſh'd me to make my

my addreſſes to their daaters. Hive a wery good eſtate in Shropſhire as come by my grandmother, and my mother's aunt ave a pretty little property too, I'll aſſure you, in Yorkſhire, and money in the funs, which we're ſure of!—beſides that hive the onor to bere his majeſty's commiſshon."

'What is all this to me, Sir? ſaid I. Do you imagine if you were poſſeſſed of the firſt property in England, that *I* ſhould for a moment think of *you*?"

'Indeed, Ma'am, I don't ſee why not? I aſshore you, Miſs, if it ad not bin that hive a ſomethink of an unaccountable ſort of a attachment for your parſon, it is not your fortin as would ave induced me for to ave taken this miſſure—But come now, dear Miſs, moſt *amabel* Miſs Medorer, let me ope that fins ve har eer . . . . .'—The man would again have taken my hand, but I ſnatched it from him, and ſummoning all my reſolution, ſaid, 'Mr. ——— whatever your name is, let me tell you once for all, that I never will liſten to you; that I will never endure the flighteſt liberty; and that unleſs you immediately take me back to my mother, I will moſt aſſuredly have you proſecuted, for I know ſuch conduct is as illegal as it is infamous. Sir I never ſaw you to exchange a ſingle word with you in my life. I cannot, I think, be an object to you as to fortune, and I beg you will conſider the riſk you incur of puniſhment for ſuch an action as this. Take me back, Sir—reſtore me to my mother, and this ridiculous attempt ſhall be overlooked.'

"The man, who really ſeemed to me to be half a fool, had however vanity to ſo abſurd an exceſs, that I could at any other time have laughed at

it. He really, I believe, fancied that his merit and his perſonal perfections were ſuch as no young woman could behold with indifference, eſpecially when he profeſſed what he termed violent love to her; ſo he went on to exert this irreſiſtible eloquence, while I was ſilent, and thinking of the beſt method of making my eſcape. I heard however that he was the only ſon of a man who had been brought up to trade, but ſucceeding to a fortune had married Brownjohn's mother, then as he related, a fine buxum vidow; and ſo he vas partly edſhewcated at Shrewſbury; and then his father viſhing to put him to ſome buſineſs, but thinkink a ſhop not *genteel enouge* for im, vy he vas put prentice to a Veſt Ingée marchant, vere he ſtaid a year or two, but not much liking it, and aving no need to be in trade becaus of his pretty fortin, he ad even become a ſojer, and got a commiſshon to defind his kink and country.

"There was one advantage in my hearing all this jargon, which ſeemed to be collected from the different lines of life he had been in; it convinced me the man was a fool; and though I have often heard my mother declare, that no animal is ſo difficult to manage, I thought the ſpecies of fool into whoſe hands I had ſo ſtrangely fallen had ſo little real reſolution, that he might be made to deſiſt from his purpoſe. He ſeemed as if he had never been accuſtomed to the company of any woman above the condition of a bar-maid at a tavern, and his notion of ſaying fine things was, I ſoon perceived, taken from the ſcraps of plays he had heard at half-price, which he quoted, as the French ſay, *a tort et a travers*, and ſometimes remembered a whole line, ſome times only half a one; poor Shakeſpeare was moſt cruelly mangled by him. After

aſshoring

aſhoring me of his good qualities, he ſaid with great emphaſis;

"Speak hoff me has I ham,
"Nothink hextenerate, nor ſit down hought in malice."

I aſſured him, that if he would ſit *me* down where he found me, I ſhould do my utmoſt endeavours not only to make no report of him in any way, but to diſmiſs him from my mind as ſoon as poſſible."

"Deareſt Medora," exclaimed Delmont, "that at your time of life you could have ſuch true courage as to make remarks upon this ſtupid ſcoundrel, and to ſmile!"

"Indeed I did, Delmont; but it was not becauſe my heart was a moment at eaſe; it was becauſe I ſaw that by contemptuous treatment, which the poor wretch knew he deſerved, though it was new to him, I really awed him into reſpect; and I was not without hope that I ſhould prevail upon him by this means to give up his inſolent yet ſenſeleſs project, and to carry me back to my mother, whoſe anguiſh of heart, which I for ever repreſented to myſelf, was the moſt bitter of all my fears, though I was not ignorant how much injury my character might ſuſtain from this excurſion, involuntary as it was. You will wonder, perhaps, that I ſhould have command enough over myſelf to recal the paſt or to think of the future, while the preſent circumſtance was ſuch as might well overwhelm me with terror; but after the firſt flutter of my heart had ſubſided, and I began to comprehend the character of the man in whoſe power I was, I remained ſtill, it is true, under conſiderable terror, but not to ſuch a degree as to deprive me for a moment of my recollection and preſence of mind.

mind. My mother, and what ſhe would ſuffer, was my moſt uneaſy thought; but I conſidered that to ſuffer myſelf to be enervated by fear, when only courage and ſteadineſs could reſtore me to her, would be doing her the greateſt injury ſhe could ſuſtain—for her ſake then, for her whom I love better than any human being ——" (Medora remembered that ſhe knew not whether her mother yet exiſted, and her voice failed her)—Recovering herſelf, however, ſhe proceeded.

" For my mother I determined to exert that reſolution, which ſhe had often told me was a virtue as becoming in a woman as in a man. It is not firmneſs, Medora, ſhe has often ſaid, that gives an unpleaſant and unfeminine character to a woman; on the contrary, the mind which has acquired a certain degree of reliance on itſelf, which has learned to look on the good and evil of life, and to appreciate each, is alone capable of true gentleneſs and calmneſs. Sullen indifference or ſelfiſh coldneſs may ſometimes give ſomething of the ſame appearance to a character, but they are always repulſive, and women who aſſume either affected ſoftneſs or languid apathy are never beloved. She who has learned to deſpiſe the trifling objects that make women who purſue them appear ſo contemptible to men; ſhe who without neglecting her perſon has ornamented her mind, and not merely ornamented, but has diſcovered that nothing is good for any human being, whether man or woman, but a conſcientious diſcharge of their duty; an humble truſt that ſuch a conduct will in any future ſtate of exiſtence ſecure more felicity than is attainable here; and an adherence to that pure morality, which ſays, Do what good you can to all; never wilfully injure any

—theſe

—theſe are the acquiſitions that will give tranquillity to the heart and courage to the actions, and even amidſt the heavieſt ſtorms of fortune, beſtow repoſe on their poſſeſſor—I ſay repoſe, my Medora, becauſe we abuſe the word happineſs; it is meant to convey an idea which is, I fear, never realized."

Medora never able to expreſs what ſhe felt for Mrs. Glenmorris, was again unable to proceed; yet in a few moments again recovering her voice, ſhe ſaid—"Oh! beſt and deareſt of mothers, what comfort, what inexpreſſible comfort it would now be to know that you, who have deſerved every bleſſing, are now even tranquil; to know that you do not at this moment experience in your own perſon the ſad conviction that there are evils for which fortitude, and goodneſs like your's adminiſter no conſolation."

Delmont, who ſaw that Medora was now too much affected to proceed, deſired her to delay a little the continuation of her narrative.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

What peril then in ſavage wood or waſte,
Or foreſt dark, or where the wild waves roar
Inceſſant on the bleak and deſert ſhore,
Appals the virgin reſolutely chaſte
From man's baſe arts eſcaping?

MEDORA thus proceeded:

"Nothing but the vigilance with which it was neceſſary to guard againſt the leaſt inſolence could perhaps have kept me from ſinking under the complicated oppreſſions of fear and fatigue, added to the diſtracting conjectures on what my mother would think, and what ſhe would do. Arrived at a conſiderable town, of which I know not the name, between one and two in the morning, Mr. or, as he chuſes to ſtyle himſelf, Captain Darnell, who I believe was little accuſtomed to expoſe that beloved perſon of his to any kind of violent exertion, began to diſcover that he wanted his ſupper, an article of which I found he thought as being of conſiderable importance. After a preamble of ſome length he ſaid, if I would promiſe him not to make any complaint to the people of the houſe, which, after all, they would not believe, we would get out, and would reſt for ſome hours. I told him I ſhould make no promiſe; that on the contrary I would make every poſſible effort to eſcape from him; yet as I perceived he then heſitated whether he ſhould go into the houſe, I thought it more prudent to diſſemble a little, or rather to abate ſomewhat of my apparent indignation. The poor wretch,

wretch, for indeed he is a very contemptible animal, ſuffered himſelf to believe what he wiſhed though I would promiſe nothing, and I was handed into the inn. As my hope was that I ſhould have an opportunity of intereſting the miſtreſs of the houſe in my favour, I ſuffered him to believe me more tranquil than I had hitherto appeared; I even took the refreſhment he offered me; and he now ſuppoſed, that reconciled to his ſcheme I was gradually becoming milder, and that what reluctance ſtill remained was only pride, not yet determining how to accommodate itſelf to circumſtances.

"As ſoon as the waiter withdrew, whom to my infinite mortification I ſaw conſidered us a young couple going on a matrimonial expedition to Scotland, I repeated to him, commanding myſelf however as much as I could, that if he would aſſure me he would the next day return to London, and reſtore me to my mother, I would moſt ſolemnly promiſe him to forgive his attempt, and would engage that my relations ſhould not take ſuch vengeance againſt him as he knew would otherwiſe be in their power. He again began to plead the violence of his uncontrollable paſſion, which, he ſaid, rendered it impoſſible for him to commit ſo great a violence on all his feelings as to part with me. He threw himſelf at my feet, and repeated ſundry ſcraps of plays in a tone, and with ſuch grimaces as would at any other time have excited my mirth, but now, as he made an attempt to ſeize my hands, I was not able to endure his inſolent folly, and ſtarted from him with a reſolution to ruſh into the moſt frequented part of the houſe, and throw myſelf on the protection of the firſt perſon who had the appearance of having human feelings; Darnell, however, who would thus

have ſeen all his fine project overturned, was too ſtrong for me; he threw himſelf between me and the door, and ſnatching up at the ſame time his piſtol caſe, which lay in a chair near it, he took out one of them, though I ſaw his hand ſhook as he did it, 'Ma-a-dam,' ſaid he, his voice trembling in his throat, 'Ma-a-dam, I-I I-I cannot endure this cru-cru-cruel tre-e-e-t-ment; I vill put an end to my *torturs* unleſs you inſtantly vill conſent to become my vife.'

"I know not now," continued Medora, "and at this moment am diſpoſed to wonder how it happened that I felt very little terror at the folly of the man—I thought he loved himſelf too well to hurt himſelf, and was tolerably ſure that if any miſchief happened it would be by accident, and not by any deſign of this frantic lover; yet I own a loaded piſtol in hands that had been accuſtomed to wield only the pen or the ſugar board was not a circumſtance one could be very quiet under—I ſhould be very ſorry to be the occaſion of the death of any creature that breathes, and certainly know not how I ſhould have endured the ſpectacle with which this new Orlando threatened me; but beſides that I had a conſiderable reliance on his extreme affection for himſelf, I really had, even at the moment which he intended ſhould oppreſs me with terror and amazement, ſo much preſence of mind as to reflect, that the loſs of an inſignificant and uſeleſs conſumer of the fruits of the earth would be no great evil; and that if he was determined either to kill or marry, he ſhould certainly, if I was to decide, make his election for the firſt of theſe deſperate deeds.

"I left him, therefore, with the piſtol graſped in one hand and the lock of the door in the other, and croſſing the room, which was a very large

large one, I applied myſelf to the *bell*, and repeatedly rang it with as much force as I could exert.

" The waiter was on one ſide of the door in a moment; the Captain therefore, not to make what had happened public, was compelled to recede from the other, and without waiting while this hero, whoſe white face was covered with powder, his hair ſtairing wildly, and his geſture ſuch as might well make the man wonder, accounted for the ſummons. I paſſed them both, and going along a paſſage found the bar, and entering it aſked for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

'There is no miſtreſs Ma'am,' ſaid an odd and unpleaſant looking woman, to whom I applied myſelf, 'I has the management of this here houſe—I begs to know your commands?'—I did not, I own, much like the appearance of this perſon. 'Is the maſter of the houſe within?'—'Yes, Ma'am, he is to be ſure, but he's ill in bed with the gout."

'Well then,' ſaid I, 'I muſt apply to you, Madam, and I hope you will protect me. The perſon who has brought me hither by a ſtratagem, a trick, is a man I knew not before even by ſight. He is endeavouring between force and perſuaſion to compel me to go with him to Scotland, but I will die firſt. Whoever aſſiſts me in eſcaping from him will be moſt liberally rewarded; but thoſe who aid his views and help him to detain me will undoubtedly ſhare in his puniſhment.' I ſaw by a glance, that Darnell, who had probably made his bargain with the waiter while I was out of the room, had now crept after me, and ſtood near me, his mouth half-open, and his deteſtable eyes ſtaring with an expreſſion of fear and rage. I continued to urge the bar-woman, who at length ſaid 'Lawk Miſs,

Miſs, I'm ſure it is a great quandary for me to know how to do in ſich a caſe; law, Miſs, why did you come with his honnur, if ſo be as that you was like for to alter your mind. For my part I don't ſee what I can do I'am ſure. You know, Miſs, them there ſort of things be not the biſneſs of we at inns. Ladies and gemmen muſt ſettle all that there as they pleaſes; I don't ſee how we can hinterfere in no ſhape.'

'You are quite right, Miſs Jane,' cried Darnell, advancing, 'I admire your good ſenſe, 'tis wery much to your credit I'll aſshore you. Indeed, upon the onur of a gentleman and an officer, this young lady has only juſt changed her mind by reaſon of a ſort of a lover's little quarrel, and all will come right again. Come, come, my dear Miſs Medora,' and again he would have taken my hand—'Come, come, let us be friends.' I own, my dear Delmont, that at that moment my courage had nearly forſaken me. What will become of me, thought I—Good God, what will become of me among ſuch people as theſe. I believe all thoſe in the inn were by this time aſſembled about us, and I looked round to ſee if there was in the group one face indicating honeſty and ſenſe; but the hoſtlers, the waiters, the poſtillions, and the female ſervants, and even two or three perſons who ſeemed not to belong to the houſe, all appeared to be mightily amuſed with the ſcene, and I found I had no chance of procuring my releaſe from them; I felt too at the ſame time, that the fatigue and haraſſing anxiety I had now ſo long been in were likely, in deſpite of my ſtruggles to ſuſtain myſelf, ſoon to overcome me. I was afraid I ſhould have fallen, and was compelled to hold by and lean on the pillar that ſupported the window of the bar opening into the entrance

of

of the inn. I recovered, however, voice enough to ſay, if then there is no one here who will prevent ſuch infamous conduct, I demand the ſecurity of a room to myſelf, where I may be ſure of being free from moleſtation during the night.

'To be ſure,' cried Darnell, 'who ever hintimated any deſign to hinterrupt you?—Never me, I'm ſhore—I deſire to be upon onour, ſtrict onour, and nothink els; come Miſs Jane,' went he on, addreſſing himſelf to the bar-woman, 'come, let the *cha-am*bermaid ſhew Miſs to a proper and genteel room.' A ſervant girl now came curteyſeying with a light; and as I did not ſee that any ſituation could be leſs hateful than that I was now in, I followed her to a neat room, where, having made her go with me round it, and aſſured myſelf there was no other door than that I could bolt (for there were very ſtrong bolts to it within ſide) I diſmiſſed her, not however, till I had offered her all the money in my pocket, if ſhe would contrive my eſcape; but whether the ſum (not above thirty ſhillings) was too ſmall to tempt her, or whether the girl really was ſtupid, I know not, but ſhe only looked at me with an ideot grin, and ſhook her head. When ſhe was gone, I again examined the room, and felt all round the paper; there was no door but that I had bolted and locked; I looked out of the windows, but from thence there was no probability of my eſcape, for beſides that they were very high from the ground, the place beneath them was a ſtable-yard full of men cleaning their horſes; and I ſaw ſoldiers, poſtillions, and waggoners continually paſſing and repaſſing. I ſuffered however the ſaſhes to remain open, becauſe I could hear theſe perſons talking, which ſeemed to be a ſort of protection, and the air was refreſhing to my wearied and exhauſted

exhauſted frame. I ſat down near one of them, and contemplated the ſkies. My ſpirits were relieved, but I could not ſhed tears. My mother, my dear deſerted mother, was before me the inſtant I was alone. I thought I beheld her loſing all her fortitude under a ſtroke ſo ſtrange, ſo unexpected; I heard her call for her Medora! I heard her wild her eager inquiries, and at laſt conjured up ſuch an image of anguiſh and deſpair that I could bear it no longer, but was conſcious that unleſs by an effort of reſolution I forced my mind from the contemplation of this fearful ſubject, I ſhould loſe in frenzy the power of ſo acting as might, when I was reſtored to her, heal the cruel wounds under which my poor mother at this moment ſuffered.

"The houſe ſoon became as quiet as ſuch an houſe ever is; I thought its inmates, and Darnell among the reſt, were gone to their repoſe, and finding it difficult to ſupport myſelf any longer: I lay down in my clothes, and obtained ſome hours of partial forgetfulneſs. I could never ſo far diveſt myſelf of terror as to ſleep quietly, but ſtarted at every noiſe, and recollected with renewed apprehenſion where I was and what I had to fear. At five o'clock I aroſe, however, conſiderably refreſhed, and again looked from the windows, and again reconſidered what could be done to eſcape. My contrivances, however, were very vain; no means were at hand, and between five and ſix the barwoman herſelf tapped at my door, and ſaid, 'The Captain, Ma'am, gives his compliments, and deſires me to let you know that he waits breakfaſt for you.

"I anſwered, that I had nothing to do with the Captain, and meant to ſtay where I was. To the arguments ſhe thought proper to uſe I gave

gave no anſwer; but ſhe had at length the inſolence to tell me the door muſt then be broke open, for nobody ſhould ſhut themſelves up ſo in her maſter's houſe. As I thought her not unlikely to execute this or any other piece of brutality ſhe was paid for, I opened the door, rather I own in a tranſport of indignation than of fear. Darnell, who had heard of the conteſt, by this time appeared, and again put on his creeping humility, and began to talk of his paſſion. I told him that my reſolution was unalterable, and that unleſs he reſolved to return to London, nothing but direct force ſhould compel me to enter a carriage with him. He endeavoured by half ſentences and vague profeſſions to perſuade me that my will ſhould be his; and I in my turn diſſimulated a little, and affected to believe him, for at that moment it occurred to me, that as there were ſoldiers in the houſe, there were certainly officers, and if I could ſee any one of them, I determined to appeal to him for protection againſt Darnell, who I was ſure was perſonally a coward. I was aware that there was ſome hazard in doing this, but I had not ſo contemptible an opinion of mankind as to ſuppoſe it probable I ſhould fall into worſe or as bad hands as thoſe of this ſtupid, obſtinate, and worthleſs pretender to the character of a gentleman. The mere chivalric turn of a military man would, I hoped, be in my favour, and at all events my reſolution was taken to riſk it; but Mr. Darnell, who perhaps foreſaw ſome ſuch attempt on my part, thought he ſhould do wiſely not to put it in my power; and as ſoon as he had himſelf ſwallowed an haſty though a very plentiful breakfaſt, the chaiſe was announced, and he deſired me to get in. It was in vain I made every excuſe, and then peremptorily

rily inſiſted on delay. The bar-woman ſeemed to have enliſted in the ſervice of the Captain with a zeal which I believe no more worthy cauſe would have excited; this wretched woman rather encouraged the man than checked him. She had no notion, ſhe ſaid, of ſuch childiſh airs; the Captain would be very much to blame indeed if he minded them. I had more fear of remaining where this woman could inſtigate the fooliſh animal to perſiſt in or to aggravate his atrocity, than of being left to his mercy, which I knew would be tempered according to his fears. I had heard, that when women are thoroughly bad and abandoned, they are more determined and inveterate in wickedneſs than men; I therefore reſolved to entruſt myſelf once more to the noble Captain, and was once more ſeated in a poſtchaiſe by him, moſt reluctantly I own; but though I had hitherto been ſo unſucceſsful in my attempts to eſcape, my contempt of him had increaſed, and I thought I ſhould hardly fail of meeting at another inn a more womanly and humane governeſs of it than Miſs Jane ——. Our converſation, however, as we proceeded, was for ſome time carried on with increaſed aſperity on both ſides. The Captain ſeemed to hope to frighten me; I was not without the ſame hope in regard to him. We arrived at a late hour at Skipton; I there, you know, put myſelf into the protection of the landlady. You have told me, Delmont, that you know great part of what paſſed the firſt time of my being there. Darnell moſt ſolemnly promiſed that he would forthwith return to London, and on the ſtrength of that promiſe, and becauſe in fact I knew not what elſe to do, I once more conſented to travel with him. The horſes heads were undoubtedly, this time at leaſt, turned towards

London.

London. I ſaw by the mile-ſtones on the road that we were actually going ſouthward, and I hoped that Darnell, repenting of an exploit which muſt be fruitleſs and dangerous in the extreme, had determined to give it up. I ſpoke to him, as if I were in this perſuaſion, with leſs acrimony than I had ever done ſince the beginning of the expedition. He was ſullen, however, and the natural malignity of his temper began to ſhew itſelf. I imputed it to his finding himſelf completely baffled, and to the gloomy half-ſtifled reſentment of mortified pride. I was miſtaken.

"About two miles before we got to the next ſtage ſouthward from Skipton, on a wide and dreary moor, an old-faſhioned poſtchaiſe, that ſeemed an ancient country apothecary's viſiting tub, compelled into a ſomewhat more active ſervice, ſtood waiting on the road. Darnell gave a ſignal, which had, I ſuppoſe, been agreed upon between him and the boy who drove us, for he drew up cloſe to this vehicle, and I was deſired to get out of that I was in, and to enter it.

"Again I would have reſiſted, and again I found that reſiſtance might ſubject me to inſults, but would finally avail me nothing. I reproached Darnell with the perfidy and infamy of his conduct. He ſeemed now to have found an unuſual degree of courage, and anſwered me with a ſurly ſort of triumph. I implored him to tell me whither he was about to take me? he ſaid, to people quite as good as I was—people of honour and character. I could give no other anſwer to his impertinence, than I ſhould be very much ſurpriſed if I found it ſo, ſince it would be indeed extraordinary if people of honour and character were connected with a man,

who

who was acting in abſolute defiance to both. After travelling, as nearly as I could gueſs, ſixteen or eighteen miles, and ſtopping once at a very forlorn looking houſe, which I have ſince thought belonged to one of Mr. Darnell's tenants, for the people, as if through fear, preſerved a profound ſilence, the chaiſe ſtopped before the old faſhioned thick walls of a ſort of court, ſurrounding, or rather which was before, an old manſion houſe of gloomy and gothic appearance. There were two great brick pillars, with heavy ſtone work over them, which time had eaten into excavations, and which chance and nature had ſown with wall-flowers, valerian, rag-wort, and antirhinum; within they were mantled with ivy, or lined with holly. Over the front of the houſe a vine was trained, which concealed ſome of the caſements. I refuſed to get out, for the appearance of the place, which I did not then, as you may believe, ſo minutely inveſtigate, frightened me. Again however I had no choice. I deſcended, and entered the houſe up ſeveral ſteps; and this I found was the place in Yorkſhire Darnell had ſpoken of, and was the reſidence of his mother, and of an old aunt of her's, to whom the houſe belonged. I was ſhewn into a parlour, which I am perſuaded had remained in the ſtate it was now in for ſome centuries. The tapeſtry with which one ſide was hung repreſented Judith with the head of Holophernes—a moſt terrific ſubject and moſt ghaſtly execution. The other two parts of the room were painted to imitate cedar. The curtain of an immenſe old window ſeemed once to have been green mixed damaſk, but it retained very little of its original hue, and was now of a dingy yellow. The great chimney was all ſhining with braſs, and there was a worked

worked ſkreen and worked chairs, which the old lady's care had not been able to ſave from the depredations of the moths. You will wonder how I could have at that moment a mind ſufficiently engaged to attend to theſe minute remarks; but I had time enough to make them after my firſt diſquiet ſubſided.

"That diſquiet was not, you may imagine, inconſiderable, when I found myſelf in ſuch a place, of which I had no doubt but that Darnell was abſolute maſter. He left me as if to give the firſt impulſes of terror time to operate; but it had a contrary effect, and allowed me a reſpite, which I uſed in conſidering the means of eſcape, and reſolving rather to hazard my life than long to remain in this man's power.

"After about half an hour, a coarſe but clean female ſervant entered the room, and took from the corner of it an old Japan tea table, on which was arranged the beſt tea equipage. A ſmall ſilver tea kettle and lamp next made their appearance, and in a few moments Mrs. Darnell, the buxom widow, as ſhe ſtill affected to be, entered, led by her ſon, who with wonderful aſſurance introduced me as the young lady who had done him the honour to have ſo favourable an opinion of him. She was a fat gentlewoman, almoſt as broad as ſhe was high, with her hair or wig frizzled and powdered quite white, fine roſy cheeks hanging down on her ſurpriſing buſt, which was ornamented with beads, and her ſon's picture ſuſpended to them. She approached me with the ſort of air people have who feel the moſt perfect confidence in their own powers of pleaſing, and would have kiſſed my cheek, but I liked her familiarity almoſt as little as her ſon's, and ſtepped back, 'You are in an error, Madam,' ſaid I, 'that perſon

perſon whom you call your ſon, but whoſe name I hardly know, has deceived you, and I call upon you, as you are a woman, and I am willing to ſuppoſe a gentlewoman, to influence him that I may be reſtored to my mother.'

'Well,' cried the jolly dame, her great face appearing to enlarge as ſhe ſpoke, 'Well, this does indeed, Miſs, ſurpaſs all belief. Humph! Very ſtrange ſurely! but I will nat believe a young perſon like *you*, Miſs, will ſtand in her own light ſo much—and beſides, let me tell you, that after the ſtep you have taken it is doing yourſelf a great injary, and you cannot ſappoſe you will make your market alſewhere.' The woman then went on to give me a long hiſtory of her ſon's virtues, qualities, property, and expectations; putting great ſtreſs on the great *fortin* he would have, and the *genteel* line of life he was in, as well as on her own *genteel* connections, and the great buſineſs and conſe*quance*, and *gentility* of her ſon Brownjohn, who ſhe ſaid was *look'd* upon by the people of the firſt *quality*, and dined very *aften* with my Lord—— and Sir Robart ———, and once had even paſſed two days at the cauntry houſe of the Marquis of ——; ſhe did not know what I might think, or what *ſart* of people I had been uſed to in America, but *ſhe* could *infarm* me that few Engliſh young ladies of ever ſo great fortin look'd higher than to Captain Darnell. I ſeized the only occaſion ſhe allowed me to tell her, that to ſome of thoſe who ſo looked, I begged ſhe would adviſe him to recommend himſelf, for that he was utterly diſagreeable to me, and if inſtead of being as he was, he could offer me a diadem, he would ſtill be the object of my abhorrence and deteſtation. I am ſure it was not without conſiderable efforts that the ſturdy widow

dow checked the violent inclination ſhe felt to ſtrike me; for a moment ſhe even lifted up a fiſt, the apparent proweſs of which a butcher might have envied; and I ſaw that her ſon, who had probably felt what it was capable of, turned of a more cadaverous hue as ſhe uttered words which I only recollect as being words of reproach and menace. It would be endleſs were I to relate the whole converſation; I thought, during its progreſs, I diſcovered that this woman acted from other motives than thoſe which appeared on the ſurface; that ſhe was aware her ſon had hazarded ſo much, that he muſt either go through with the undertaking or be liable to a puniſhment which might coſt him a great deal of that fortune ſhe now ſo proudly boaſted of. After a moſt weariſome and long dialogue, which would with more propriety be called a monologue (for her ſon ſeldom was an interlocutor, and I ſpoke not) ſhe told me, that though ſuch conduct as mine might well *diſgaſt* and alarm any young man, and *fright* away love, yet ſince her poor Dicky had ſtill the weakneſs to feel an unfortunate affection for me, ſhe ſhoud conſidar harſelf as my mather. The odd manner in which ſhe put an a almoſt always in place of an o, and which I found was the dialect of the common people of a great part of Hampſhire, where ſhe had been brought up (not far from Portſmouth) had the effect, I hardly knew why, of leſſening my apprehenſions, by rendering her menaces ridiculous. I thought it abject to fear ſo ignorant and vulgar a woman, not ſufficiently conſidering that ſuch only, and one who had beſides a bad heart, would act as ſhe acted; and that it is from ignorance combined with avarice and malevolence that there is always the moſt to apprehend.

"I believe

"I believe ſhe was now irritated by diſcovering how little I feared her; for when ſhe left the room, and told me ſhe would ſend her houſemaid to ſhew me to mine, ſhe had the countenance and voice of a fury, only that ſhe was too plump for one of thoſe monſters of poetical antiquity. The houſemaid came, and I followed her up an oaken ſtaircaſe of great width, which was kept nicely waxed and rubbed, ſo that it was like the fine mahogany of an indefatigable houſewife, and it might have been ſkaited upon with great ſucceſs. The room I was ſhewn into was in the ſame ſtyle as the reſt of the houſe. My imagination could people it with nothing but ghoſts, but of them I had no fear; my apprehenſions were much greater of Maſter Dicky Darnell, againſt whoſe intruſion I guarded with as much care as poſſible. There were two doors in the room where I was left to my contemplations; one from a paſſage by which I entered, the other I unbolted, and found it led into a cloſet which was lined with arras, while the room adjoining, where the bed ſtood, was of dark wainſcot in little pannels, and ornamented only with two full length pictures of ſome former ſquire and his ſpouſe, poſſeſſors of the manſion, he in blue velvet with ſkirts ſticking out and a tie wig, his fair companion in a fine yellow robe, ornamented with jewels, and holding a very full blown red roſe to her boſom; they were ſuperb, and probably it was expected they would impreſs me with veneration; but the only ſentiment they inſpired was fearful curioſity to know if they did not conceal behind them any door or entrance to the room. I thought, after the beſt examination I could make, that they were merely what they appeared, monuments of impotent vanity; but in regard to the arras in the cloſet I

was

was far leſs eaſy. It was nailed down ſo that I could not move it, nor could the wind perform any of thoſe operations upon it which conſtitute great part of the terror in ſome novels I had read at Upwood, little imagining then that I ſhould ſo ſoon become involved in adventures, and really be in one of thoſe ſituations which I have ſometimes thought, rather ingeniouſly imagined than really poſſible.

" After going round and round it repeatedly without being thoroughly ſatisfied, I was compelled to have recourſe to the only ſecurity within my reach, which were bolts within the chamber; they faſtened both that door and the other apparently very ſecurely. I examined behind and under my bed, and as to the windows I was ſure nobody could get in that way, for I had diſcovered, in the ſlight ſurvey I made, that it would be extremely difficult to get out; I did not, however, deſpair of effecting my eſcape. As through the vine leaves that almoſt covered the old caſement I looked out to the ſky and the ſtars, I recollected my mother's ſingular ſtory, and particularly the time when ſhe was a priſoner, a ſick and ſuffering priſoner, in the Abbey of Kilbrodie. Her courage, her truſt in heaven, did not fail her, ſaid I, in that trying hour, and wherefore ſhould I allow mine to ſink under circumſtances of leſs danger? Oh! my deareſt, my adored mother, were I but ſure you do not at this moment endure great miſery on my account, were I but ſure your health has not ſuffered, I ſhould feel myſelf ſtrengthened and ſupported ſo as perhaps ſooner to conquer this temporary tyranny from people ſo deſpicable that I cannor fear them. I found reflection, and the ardent hope I entertained of eſcaping compoſed my ſpirits. Ah! it is well that we know not the evils that menace us.

Had

Had I then known, that after I had twice eſcaped, after I had been reſtored to my father and to Delmont, this dear, dear mother, would not be with us; that we ſhould ſtill deplore her abſence yet be ignorant of her fate, I know not that it would have been poſſible for me to have any ſtruggle againſt the inſolent oppreſſion I underwent."

Medora, affected by what ſhe had ſaid, could not for a moment proceed. Recovering herſelf, however, ſhe continued.

"I thought I might ſecurely go to bed; and indeed I ſo greatly wanted repoſe that I know not if any thing but the certainty of being diſturbed by the daring intruſion of Darnell could have given me ſtrength to remain without ſome repoſe. I knew, however, that my ſlumber, if I could obtain it, would be ſuch as it had been the preceding night, when the ſlighteſt noiſe was to me an *alerte*, ſo much were my fears awake; I therefore went to bed, and ſlept till ſun-riſe. The earlieſt rays of light entered my chamber through the vine leaves, and were hailed by an houſe-ſparrow*, which had made its neſt among them, and with its loud chirping, the monotony of the chaffinch and the robin, and the ſhrill ſhort ſhriek of the ſwallow, announced the approach of day even before the ſun was above the horizon. I found myſelf reſtored greatly when, after I had done what I could to ſupply the want of a more comfortable change of clothes, I ſat down to conſider once more of my ſituation, and felt the morning air blow ſharp and freſh from the hills or wolds; high heathy lands which I ſaw beyond the houſe

* This bird builds at all ſeaſons, except the deadeſt months of winter.

for

for ſome miles. My doubts now were whether I ſhould be confined or no? of which I imagined the tranſactions of the day would be ſufficient for me to judge. The ſcene ſoon opened by the entrance of Mrs. Darnell, who once more undertook to try her eloquence. She affected the ſenſible matron who knew the world, and retailed, like many other preachers, an infinite number of very wiſe and very true ſaws and ſayings, to every one of which her whole life had probably, and certainly her preſent conduct, formed the moſt glaring contradiction. I forebore, however, to remark this, and even let her ſay what ſhe would, contenting myſelf, when ſhe ſeemed nearly to have exhauſted her logical powers, with aſking her, whether ſhe really thought any thing could juſtify Mr. Darnell's conduct towards me? The woman ſtill affected to believe that I had encouraged him; that I had even conſented to elope with him; and I found my abſolute and firm denial of it as vain as were the expreſſions of ſcorn and abhorrence, which certainly I did not ſpare, but I was not abſolutely confined. The lady bade me walk with her in the garden, and I obeyed, glad of every opportunity to ſurvey the place, from which I was determined to attempt my eſcape. The garden, however, was ſurrounded by a wall high and thick enough to have been deſigned for a defence at the time it was built, which was, I dare ſay, three centuries ago; it ſeemed impoſſible ever to ſurmount, by any powers I could exert, ſo formidable a barrier, and I regarded it with that ſickneſs of the ſoul which is truly ſaid to be the conſequence of diſappointed hope.

"Mrs. Darnell ſtill took every occaſion to exhort me to a due conſideration of my own intereſt, and pleaded her ſon's paſſion with at

leaſt more warmth, though certainly with as little effect as he did himſelf. From the ſight of the old lady to whom the houſe belonged I was concealed; but I had an opportunity of ſeeing her as I paſſed by the door of her chamber, and beheld a melancholy example of extreme old age;

"Of ſecond childiſhneſs and mere oblivion;"

And I believe ſhe was entirely ignorant of the whole tranſaction, in which, however, it is probable Mrs. Darnell had a ſhare even from the firſt.

"Three days had paſſed, the greateſt part of which I had paſſed in the room where I ſlept; for at no other time would Mrs. Darnell ſuffer me to be abſent from her ſight. They had no reaſon to flatter themſelves that they had made any progreſs in their deſign, for my coldneſs and averſion would have appeared to increaſe, if to increaſe were poſſible; I ſpoke in the plaineſt terms of my reſolution never to change my mind in regard to Mr. Darnell; and I believe they were very much at a loſs how to proceed, yet ſaw that their retreat was not unattended with danger. In reconnoitring the garden, even attended as I was, I had obſerved an old green houſe, which had long ſince been dedicated to no other purpoſe than keeping plants hung up for their ſeeds to dry, pots, mats, garden tools, and lumber, but there was a door opened in the back of it into a lane, as I ſaw by puſhing againſt it at a moment when Mrs. Darnell was giving ſome directions to her gardener. I was almoſt ſure that even if it was locked it was ſo much decayed that I could force it open. The difficulty was how to get into the garden unperceiv-

ed,

ed, and at an hour when I ſhould not be miſſed, and to accompliſh this I bent my whole thoughts, making light of the hazards I might afterwards have to encounter in a country to which I was a ſtranger, and which appeared to be remarkably wild and deſolate.

"The cloſet within my room, which had on the firſt night of my arrival been the ſubject of my dread, now I hoped offered the means of my eſcape, for I had diſcovered that the iron bars of the windows were a part of the caſement, and not faſtened to the ſtone work, and I believed I could force myſelf through it, and deſcend by the help of the vine, which covered alſo this ſide of the houſe, and was ſo old that the enwreathed branches ſeemed capable of ſupporting a greater weight than mine."

Delmont ſhuddered—"And had you," ſaid he, "my Medora, courage to undertake this perilous experiment?"

"It was not ſo great an effect of courage, Delmont," replied ſhe. "How often have I heard of greater hazards incurred by girls to fly from their parents; I thought, I hoped, that I was haſtening *to* mine, and haſtening too," added ſhe, "from a man I deteſted to one who had all my love, all my confidence, and with whom I was ſure of finding happineſs."

To put an end to the acknowledgments Delmont began to make for ſo ſweet and voluntary a declaration of her affection, Medora haſtened to proceed with her narrative.

"I knew this way was the only one by which my getting out of the houſe was poſſible, for I had tried the maid, and had been repulſed; I had learned too that all the doors were locked every night, and the keys carried to Mrs. Darnell; and there was a houſe dog in the yard,

which ſhe aſſured me would tear to pieces any ſtranger who ſhould venture about the buildings of a night. This dog was my principal dread; but of my confinement I ſaw no end, and it was abſolutely neceſſary for me to hazard ſomething: I perceived that the hope of this woman and ſon was, that in proportion as my abſence from my mother and abode with them was procraſtinated, I ſhould conſider my marriage inevitable, and be induced to conſent to it. While I, alas! thought that my mother's not hearing from me might occaſion to her illneſs or death.—On the third day of my moſt unwilling reſidence, however, an opportunity offered, which I ſeized, to write to you. A travelling Scotchman came to the houſe: Mrs. Darnell, always eager after dreſs and faſhions, ordered him in, and her ſon inſiſted on preſenting us with muſlins and ribbons. I poſitively refuſed to accept any thing, but left the room, and ſnatched up a pen, with which I wrote the few words you have told me you received at Upwood. I did not till then know the houſe I was in was in Yorkſhire, and the name, whether Dartnell or Darnell, I was yet leſs perfect in, becauſe I always ſuſpected it was not really the name borne by the man, or at leaſt not by his mother, who had had ſeveral huſbands; but I wrote in ſuch haſte and dread that I knew not what were the words I put on the paper, which having with trembling hands ſealed and directed, I ran down again to the pedlar, and for almoſt the firſt time in my life uttered a ſentence meditated to deceive. I told Mrs. Darnell that I ſhould be extremely glad to purchaſe ſome linen and a gown, as nothing could be ſo diſtreſſing as my preſent want of clothes. The fooliſh woman, with whom the fancies of dreſs were of the utmoſt importance,

believed

believed me. I chaffered with the man, though by no means well informed of the price I ought to have given; while ſhe, pleaſed in believing I began to be reconciled to my deſtiny, beckoned her ſon out to tell him how he ſhould manage the little gallantry of preſenting me with theſe things. This was beyond my hopes; I haſtily gave my letter to the man, entreated him to put it into the poſt, and aſſured him, that on applying to my mother, whoſe addreſs I gave him, he ſhould be handſomely rewarded. I told him I had no money to make any purchaſes, and would not accept them from the perſon who lived there; but I begged he would accept for his trouble the half guinea I gave him. The man ſeemed willing to oblige me; and on the almoſt inſtantaneous return of my perſecutors, I excuſed myſelf as well as I could from my intended bargains, and retired; truſting that the pedlar would not betray me, and knowing my ſituation could not be materially worſe if he did.

"Mrs. Darnell and her ſon were both in very good humour at ſupper; they hardly doubted now of their final ſucceſs, and ſeemed already to be allied to, and to poſſeſs the fortune of the coheireſs of M. De Verdon, for ſo this ſapient Mr. Darnell had heard from Brownjohn that your poor Medora certainly was; and it was Brownjohn, who, in conſequence of that perſuaſion, had contrived with his brother the honourable exploit he now thought he ſhould moſt undoubtedly execute ſo happily.

"It was in the exultation of his heart, enlivened and elevated too by a conſiderable quantity of ſtrong beer, that during ſupper he betrayed to me theſe particulars. I ſuffered him to prate and parade of his ſchemes and projects; and

and as I never checked his impertinence ſo little, he ſeemed at laſt diſpoſed to carry it farther, and began to leer at me in a moſt diſagreeable way, and to recal ſome of his ſcraps of plays; but afraid his mother would leave us, I quitted the room ſo haſtily that he had no power to prevent me, and diſregarding his entreaties as he followed me half way up ſtairs, I locked the door of my room, and he was compelled to repeat to "the ſilent moon his enamoured lay," which I heard him do for ſome time at the ſtair-caſe window to my very great annoyance; and ſtill more was I diſquieted by his folly when he came to my door, and quoted from I know not what plays an infinite deal of nonſenſe, in a tone which he probably thought very theatrical. I collected, however, from his murmuring lower and lower, and ſpeaking more and more inarticulately, that the effects of what he had drank would ſoon prevent his continuing to moleſt me. His mother, apprehenſive that he might loſe the ground ſhe imagined he had gained in my favour, came up, and in a whiſper perſuaded him to retire. The whole houſe ſoon became quiet, and I prepared with a beating heart for my evaſion.

"The moon, only in its firſt quarter, was fading away. I ventured to open the cloſet window. The wind had riſen, menacing a ſtorm, and I ſaw the branches of ſome great walnut-trees, which were in a cloſe adjoining to the garden, bend and ſway with violence before it. This was in my favour; for the rattling of the old doors and windows, and the fluttering of leaves, would prevent any noiſe I might make from being attended to. I adjuſted my clothes as well as I could, put my night linen and cloak into my pockets, and tied my hat under my chin, and then with all the reſolution the urgency of the caſe

caſe required. I mounted on the window ſeat, and began to try to deſcend, finding a footing on the vine branches, which befriended me more than I had dared to hope. I held by ſome while I ſtepped on others; once one of them looſened from the wall, and I had very nearly fallen; but I leaped down, and found myſelf on my feet on the ground, with no other hurt than ſome ſcratches on my arms from the nails and roughneſs of the wall, which was not ſo high as my fears had repreſented it. I loſt not a moment now in haſtening away, yet trembling ſo much for fear of the dog that I could hardly move. I heard no noiſe, however, and hurried, breathleſs and looking behind me at every ſtep, towards the old green houſe. It was immediately before the windows of the back front of the houſe; yet I truſted that none would at that hour be on the watch. My heart now fluttered leaſt either of the doors of the greenhouſe ſhould be faſtened; and when I tried the firſt, the exceſs of my fear prevented me ſome time from opening it, but it was not locked; and I entered into the greenhouſe, which was almoſt entirely dark. I ſtopped to recollect on which ſide was the door opening to the lane that I had perceived the day before. Oh! there is no conveying an idea how my fooliſh heart beat, when, as I ſtood in this old gloomy place, I heard the ruſtling of the dried pot herbs, and at length ſomething move among them, and ſoftly, ſoftly, ſtep among the matting; it was the garden cat; ſhe came cloſer, purring and careſſing me, and I never remember a ſenſation more welcome than the certainty that my fears had at that moment been excited only by this inoffenſive animal. I now acquired compoſure enough to find the door; it was faſtened, and dread again ſeized me. I felt about for the bolts,

bolts, and found them, but could draw only one of them. All my efforts were fruitleſs with the other, though I applied my whole ſtrength, and then I gave myſelf up for loſt—for a moment I was under the neceſſity of leaning againſt the wall to recover my breath, and conſider to what expedient I could have recourſe. I thought a ſtone or an iron tool might aſſiſt me, and began, though in almoſt perfect darkneſs, to ſearch for one, and fortunately I found in the window, to which the little light without doors guided me, a piece of a broken iron rake. I returned then with better hope to the inexorable bolt, and at length it gave way before my perſeverance. The door was open, and I was in the lane.

"I was again compelled to ſtop to recover my breath. I looked round me, undetermined which way to go; and indeed I had not yet conſidered whither to bend my ſteps if I ſucceeded in eſcaping from my priſon, the proſpect of getting out alone filling my whole mind.

"My ſituation was ſtill more diſtreſſing—I was alone, unprotected, and a ſtranger—I had not the leaſt idea which direction it would be ſafe to take to lead me *from* my purſuers, and *to* ſome place from whence I might find a conveyance to London. But it is, perhaps, only thoſe who have felt themſelves in the power of people they at once dread and deſpiſe, who can judge how much leſs wretched any ſituation appeared than it would have been to have remained in the houſe I had left. I was, I hoped, free from that odious Darnell, and every other evil ſeemed light.

"Fortunately I took the way, though by mere chance, that led to a common; and in about half an hour I reached a more ſandy and beaten track, which would, I thought, if I followed it, conduct me to a village or a town. I went on near a mile, and

and approached the entrance of another lane, but I then found it neceſſary to ſit down, for I feared that if I fatigued myſelf too much, I ſhould be overtaken by the morning light before I could reach any place that might be an aſylum againſt purſuit. It was better to manage my ſtrength, and not to exhauſt it all at once.

" I reſted myſelf, therefore, in a ſort of hollow way worn by heavy carriages at the entrance of this lane, and liſtened to the dull night noiſes, congratulating myſelf that all was ſo quiet; for only the bells of a few ſheep that fed on the common, and at a great diſtance the ſound of a water mill, and now and then the barking of a village watch dog, came in the pauſes of the wind, which had now much abated of its violence; but judge, my dear friend, of my apprehenſion and aſtoniſhment, when all at once I heard, and as I thought immediately near me, the yell of human voices, of men and women, either in riotous frolic or drunken contention; ſome laughed, ſome hooted, others ſang or ſwore, and two or three were quarrelling and uttering words of abuſe and menace. I cannot deſcribe what I felt at that moment; I cannot recal it without ſhuddering. The noiſe ſeemed, I thought, approaching me. Oh! yes, there was no doubt but that it came nearer and nearer, and now it was ſo near that I could diſtinguiſh oaths, curſes, and threats. How my heart ſickened at the dread of falling into ſuch hands! What or who could they be? and was it of me they were in purſuit?—Away fled all the fortitude I fancied I had collected and could exert! Terror abſolutely deprived me of my breath. Theſe people, for I heard the voices of women among them, were either villagers ſent in purſuit of me by Darnell, or they were night ruffians, vagabonds, gipſies, or ſome ſuch aſſoci-

ated marauders; and the very idea of being in the power of ſuch perſons was more terrific than that of even Darnell himſelf, for of him my contempt abated my apprehenſion.

I ſat ſtill, however, becauſe I had no power to move, and thought that it was impoſſible I could eſcape from this party, of whatſoever perſons it was compoſed; but fortunately they took the way above the excavation of a ſand-rock where I ſat, and I crept cloſer within its crumbling hollows, as I heard them walking immediately above my head. They paſſed; I liſtened, and their voices became fainter and fainter, yet I continued to hear them, and I now dared not move from the place where I was, for ſtill at intervals came the voices that ſo alarmed me; and therefore I fancied I could not move without ruſhing into perils that my very ſoul recoiled but to think of.

In one of the longeſt intervals of ſilence I crept up the bank, and looked over it around the heath; then I heard the ſounds of terror more diſtinctly, and looking towards the ſide where they ſeemed to come from, I perceived a barn, which I concluded was the rendezvous of ſome nightly depredators (either robbers or gipſies, or both) for ſmoke iſſued from it, as I could now plainly diſtinguiſh, and the wind came loaded with loud noiſes of ſinging, hallowing, and quarrelling. The morning was juſt dawning—I dreaded leaſt iſſuing from their den any of theſe ruffians ſhould diſcover me where I was; I dreaded, leaſt on the other hand, the perſons who would undoubtedly be employed by Darnell ſhould overtake me as ſoon as I was miſſed, whether I ſtaid in or left this place of concealment. The light, however, rapidly advanced. The ſong of the larks, to which I had ſo often delighted to liſten, now on this wide plain, as it announced the appearance

pearance of the ſun above our horizon, ſeemed to tell me only of danger and horror, while the probability of diſcovery appeared greater than ever. The noiſe, however, of the men, gradually ſunk away, and I hoped that, like other animals of prey, thoſe which had occaſioned to me ſo much terror were retired to their reſt for the day.

"Yet how paſs the lane into which the road led almoſt cloſe to the barn? how return, to meet directly thoſe whom I had fled from?—Every moment that I debated, the danger became more preſſing. It was abſolutely neceſſary to determine on ſomething. Oh! Delmont, how did my heart then ſwell with painful recollections of my mother and of you; mingling with ſelf pity as I ſaid, 'Moſt beloved of mothers, and you, my dear Delmont, how little do you know the deſolate, the perilous ſtate of your Medora.' Several ploughed fields, and others of graſs, adjoined the common. I was in hopes that farmers ſervants might appear, to whom I could apply; yet even from them I might dread the ill office of being betrayed to the Darnells. At length I heard a village clock at ſome diſtance ſtrike ſeven. It was an hour at which I knew I ſhould be miſſed; and even while I heſitated, the perſons ſent by Darnell might perhaps be approaching. I aroſe therefore, and perceiving that in the lane was certainly the moſt beaten track, I hurried along it, looking fearfully towards the barn, from whence I expected to ſee ſome of thoſe ruffians appear, whoſe diſcordant and hideous voices had ſo alarmed me. I paſſed for about three hundred yards unmoleſted; at length, at an abrupt turning of the lane, I ruſhed immediately on a place where two women were boiling ſomething in a kettle, and under a ſort of tent, compoſed of a piece of rug ſuſpended on poles, a man, a moſt terrific figure,

figure, and a boy, lay apparently half aſleep. One of the women exclaimed on ſeeing me, (for I was within a few paces of them) 'Hey day, what have we here?'—The other gave a ſort of ſhout, which rouſed the man, who ſtarted up, and rubbing his eyes, aſked, in a gruff voice, what was the matter. You may imagine that inſtinctively I hurried on, though well aware that no ſpeed I could make would relieve me from the conſequences of theſe people's purſuit, if to purſue me was their purpoſe.

"The boy, who appeared about fifteen, and two other bare-footed children, inſtantly overtook me, and began to beg. I knew not whether it was ſafeſt to ſtop and ſatisfy their demands or to proceed. I looked back, the man was haſtening after me, and, I could perceive, gave a ſign to the boy to detain me, for he held me by my gown, clamorouſly demanding my charity. Heaven only knows what would have become of me; but at that moment a ſmall tilted cart appeared, coming along rather faſt, in the ſame direction. Diſengaging myſelf, I know not how, from my purſuers, I darted towards it, and ſhrieking rather than ſpeaking, implored the driver, who ſat on a little ſeat before, to receive and protect me. The gipſy man whom I had ſo much dreaded, now retreated with evident marks of ferocious diſappointment, while the driver, who had ſtopped his horſes, ſaid, in anſwer to my entreaties—'Why, Ma'am, I'd take you in with all my heart, but we be but a baddiſh ſort of a party. I've got a ſick woman and her children in this here cart. They've become chargeable, and not belonging to our pariſh, the overſeers have got an order to move them to Skipton. They ſay 'tis a ſort of a catching fever; and ſure enough the poor ſouls are deſperate ill.' 'Oh never, never mind,' cried I, 'what

I, 'what it is; do but allow me to get into your cart, and I will make it worth your while.' The man was not unwilling to oblige me, and got down to help me in.

"I never had ſeen poverty and miſery till this moment; I never had an idea of the degree of wretchedneſs which the laws of England permit a ſet of men called pariſh officers to inflict upon the poor. I will not ſhock you, my dear friend, with a deſcription of the wretched ſtate of theſe poor creatures, a woman and three helpleſs children.—Of their diſeaſe I could not know much, but it ſeemed to me to ariſe from poverty and want of neceſſary food. The little aſſiſtance I could give them on our melancholy way was but their due; for how dreadful was the peril from which their chancing to paſs had ſaved me!—I arrived once more at Skipton, and returned to the inn, from whence I had gone with the wretch Darnell, on his promiſe to reſtore me to my mother."

The entrance of Glenmorris now occaſioned an interruption; and Delmont ſeeing Medora much affected at his melancholy looks, (which too truly told that he had heard nothing of her mother) he would not ſuffer her to continue her narrative till the following day, when Glenmorris again going out on the ſame anxious enquiry, Delmont liſtened with eagerneſs to its continuance.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Speránza mia cára non ti ho perdúto, vedrò il t'uo semb'ánte, i tuoi ábiti, la tuá ómbra; ti amero, telo dirò a te ſteſſo. Quali ſono i tormenti a cui úna tal felicità non ripári.

"AS I was now," ſaid Medora, "in the houſe of a perſon who had before ſhewn every diſpoſition to protect me, and who was now willing to promote my ſafe return to London by a conveyance ſhe pointed out, I endeavoured to calm my ſpirits, and to recover the terror and fatigue I had undergone, before I began my journey, which it was determined I ſhould do by a coach, on the driver of which Mrs. Tarbat ſaid ſhe could rely, and which was to ſet out at eleven o'clock the next night from her houſe, coming from a more northern town to London; I therefore obtained ſome repoſe during that night, and the next day, on the evening of which I was to depart, I employed myſelf in writing a narrative of what had happened to me ſince I was cheated into quitting the hotel, and I anticipated the ſatisfaction it would give to my mother and to you, my dear friend, when you found that I had exerted, in ſome degree, and as I hoped ſucceſsfully, fortitude which did not diſcredit her inſtructions and your confidence.

"In this occupation, which I found tranquilliſed my mind, I employed myſelf till towards evening, then having occaſion for ſome more writing materials, and no one anſwering my bell, I ventured along an open gallery, which was carried round in the inn yard, to call a ſervant, when caſting my eyes toward the bar windows, which

which were open, and oppoſite the place where I ſtood, I ſaw a gentleman who ſtruck me as being ſo like you, Delmont, that my aſtoniſhment, mingled with doubt, with hope, and fear, hardly left me the power of moving. I looked ſteadily at the perſon; his back was towards me; but he moved a few paces, and his air, his walk, were ſurely your's. At that moment one of the houſemaids paſſed me; I eagerly enquired of her if ſhe knew who that gentleman was?—'Oh! yes Miſs,' anſwered the girl, 'It is one Squire Delmont, as his ſarvents have been a telling below; he's come out of Ireland, and is a going up to London. He only ſtops a bit here.' This was enough for me to hear—I conſidered no farther—To me there was only one Delmont in the world—I ran down ſtairs, and exclaiming, Delmont, my dear, dear friend! I took the arm of him whom I believed to be that dear friend, with the familiarity my mother's approbation had authoriſed; with all the trembling earneſtneſs ſo naturally inſpired by the delight of ſeeing you again, and of knowing with what joy you would afford me that protection which would end my perils and my fears. Ah! judge then how ſevere was my mortification, and how cruel my diſappointment, when I found my miſtake; when vainly apologizing for it, I was treated as an abandoned wanton, and purſued with inſolent profeſſions, ſuch as I never liſtened to or heard before, and ſuch as by a gentleman could be only offered to one whom he conſidered as a proſtitute."

Delmont, at this paſſage of Medora's narrative, ſtarted up, traverſed the room with haſty ſtep, and ſeemed to make every effort to conquer at leaſt the appearance of the paſſionate indignation this account of his brother's behaviour had raiſed in his boſom. Medora, frightened at his emo-

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tion, repented that ſhe had uſed ſuch ſtrong terms, and reſolved to paſs over as ſlightly as ſhe could what remained to be told of Major Delmont; yet it was impoſſible altogether to diſguiſe, and indeed difficult to palliate the circumſtances which had driven her away from the inn, and compelled her to aſſume a diſguiſe in order to eſcape from this new purſuer.

"You ſhould recollect," ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as Delmont became once more calm enough to liſten to her, "you ſhould recollect that your brother knew nothing of me, or that if he had ever heard me mentioned, it was probably in a way very much to my diſadvantage. In ſhort, my dear Delmont, there are perhaps excuſes to be offered for his conduct, which do not, which are not likely indeed to occur to me, and which, among men, may greatly ſerve to alter that ſort of proceeding, which at the moment it occurred impreſſed me with fear. I own I did hope when I explained, or attempted to explain who I was, that I ſhould have found protection from your brother; but I know not why, unleſs becauſe he had received ſome falſe impreſſions from Mrs. Crewkherne as to my mother and myſelf, he ſeemed to diſbelieve, and to turn into ridicule all I ſaid, and in a word, for I hate the ſubject, I was ſo much terrified, perhaps more ſo than the occaſion called for, by his manner, that I conſidered my intention of going to London that night as impoſſible to be executed, unleſs at the hazard of ſubjecting myſelf to treatment and perſecution I was not able to think of without greater terror than any former circumſtances had impreſſed upon me. This indeed, Delmont, I do not wholly impute to your brother; his manner might ſeem to convey more than he intended. I had never ſeen a man of the world before, and what ſhocked

ſhocked me as unwarrantable freedom, might be nothing but airs which ſuch men aſſume without much meaning."

"Do not attempt to palliate his conduct, Medora," cried Delmont; "there is no palliation, no excuſe; it was cruel, it was unmanly; it cannot, no by heavens! it cannot be forgiven."

"You will compel me, however," ſaid Medora, "to falſify or ſtifle the reſt of what I have to ſay. Your violence my dear friend, ſo unlike yourſelf, is almoſt as painful to me as were your brother's humiliating freedoms."

"Go on, my deareſt love, and I will repreſs my feelings; go on," cried Delmont.

"I was very probably wrong in ſo raſhly determining to fly. Impute it, if you will, to ill placed timidity, increaſed perhaps by the recollection of ſcenes in the few novels and romances my mother had given me to read, in which men of ſuch a deſcription are repreſented as carrying off damſels, and involving them in very diſagreeable adventures. However that might be, whether my fears were well or ill founded, I felt them to be ſuch as rendered my ſtaying where I was, or attempting to return alone in the ſtage to London, impoſſible; I therefore reſolved, and perhaps with the uſual raſhneſs of fear, to eſcape from the inn, where I began to have doubts of every body, and particularly of the landlady, whoſe countenance towards me I thought was greatly changed. To ſet out as I was, however, in handſome but dirty clothes, would, I thought, ſubject me to new inſults, and I ſuppoſed it an admirable expedient to change habiliments with one of the chambermaids. Such a bargain was not difficult to make, the advantage being greatly on her ſide in point of value, which I was much gratified by having a change of clean though coarſer linen; and

and when I ſaw myſelf ſo equipped, I hoped that I might paſs unremarked and unmoleſted along the road, and by ſome of thoſe conveyances to which inferior ſervants, and perſons in humble life, have recourſe, obtain my paſſage to London, I thought the very little money I had left might ſerve as earneſt; and that when I got thither I could ſomehow or other make up the deficiency.

"With this project in my head, and in my new dreſs, I walked, as ſoon as it was dark, out of the garden door of the inn, and croſſing two or three fields, found myſelf at the extremity of the town on the ſide which I knew was the road to London. I paſſed ſeveral people who took no notice of me; yet every time I ſaw any body advancing along the road my heart ſunk within me, and it was ſtill worſe when I heard horſe or foot paſſengers coming from the town, for then I concluded I was purſued. Where the road was wide enough I crept out of the path, and moved as near the hedge as I could. As night advanced, however, paſſengers of any kind became leſs frequent, and ſoon I ſeemed almoſt the only being in the wide extent of country around me, thus wandering without a ſhelter and without protection.

"The gipſy party from whom I conſidered myſelf as having ſo narrowly eſcaped before, was now remembered as a chief object of terror. If I ſhould again, at this lone hour, encounter ſuch another troop! Oh! how anxiouſly did I deſire to hear the diſtant bells of a waggon! I liſtened; but through the ſtillneſs of the night no ſuch welcome notice reached me. I walked till I was ſo weary I could go no farther, and then perceiving, for the night was fine and clear, a field of wheat, part of which was uncut, I got over the ſtyle, and making a ſort of bed and pillow of the ſheaves,

which

which were dry and warm, while the corn yet ſtanding ſerved, I hoped, as a concealment, I wrapt my ſcarlet cloak around me, which, as well as a linen ſhawl, was part of my purchaſe; and then I laid me down, and recommending myſelf to the protection of God, fell aſleep, and for two or three hours my fears and fatigues were ſuſpended.

"When I awoke the ſtars were fading before the ſun, and I was completely rouſed by hearing very near me ſeveral voices, which I concluded to be thoſe of the harveſt people returning to their taſks. Unwilling to be found treſpaſſing, I put a few ears of wheat in my pocket, to ſupply in a ſmall degree the want of a breakfaſt, and ſtealing from my friendly concealment, continued along what I ſuppoſed to be the high road to London. I was not, however, unmindful of the hazard I ran of being overtaken by Major Delmont, or even by Darnell; yet the latter, I thought, would hardly know me. My greateſt dread was of your brother; and I endeavoured to eſcape from it, by taking the path through fields that bounded the road, wherever ſuch a one could be found; it was a ſatisfaction to me to find, that ſeveral peaſants I met, taking me for what I appeared to be, gave me the ſimple ſalutation of the morning: 'Good *doiy*, pretty *moiden*,' ſaid the honeſt Yorkſhire labourer, and paſſed on. Had they known the ſickneſs of heart, the wearineſs I felt, I am perſuaded, however, that they would have acted like the good Samaritan, and that their cottages would have been open to me. I met many little parties going to their harveſt-work, others to glean, where the work was completed. One of theſe groups, a woman and her two children, were paſſing the way I was; I felt a ſort of protection in their company, and exerted

erted myſelf to keep up with them. The woman inquired whither I was travelling, and from whence I came? I anſwered, from a ſervice in the north, back to my mother, in a county on the other ſide of London. I told my ſtory very ill, I believe; however it was very ſhort, and my caſual companion did not detect its falſity. I added, that I was in hopes of getting a conveyance part of the way in a waggon; and ſhe then informed me, that I was out of the high London road (I had probably taken the wrong during my night-walk) but that by croſſing a few fields, and a copſe, which ſhe offered to ſhew me) I ſhould get into a road that went to London, only not through the ſame towns; and that a waggon, driven by a very honeſt man, paſſed by at four o'clock every evening. I readily accepted her offer to ſhew me the way to this road, which ſhe ſaid was conſiderably nearer than my going back again to that from Skipton, and reached about one o'clock the hill, where my conductreſs aſſured me, that if I waited I ſhould certainly ſee a waggon paſs. It had, ſhe told me, the fineſt ring of bells of any team in all their country, and I could not fail to hear it at a great diſtance. She left me to continue her way, and I ſat me down by the way ſide.

"But I ſoon found my ſeat a great deal too public; an horſeman paſſed, who ſeemed to be one of thoſe men I had been ſhewn, called London riders; he ſtopped, looked earneſtly at me, and ſaid ſomething of which I only heard enough to know it was extremely rude. He ſeemed diſpoſed to get off his horſe; but I ſprang over a ditch and ſtile, among bruſhwood and furze, a little farther on, with ſuch celerity that he loſt ſight of me, for I plunged inſtantly into a copſe which clothed the ſteep hill, and I heard him endeavour,

deavour, but in vain, to force his horſe over, but failing, he uttered a few curſes, and I heard him ride away. Alas! my dear Delmont, how deſpondingly did your poor Medora think at that moment of her deſtiny; ſhe ſeemed doomed to endure every ſpecies of inſult, every attack from inſolence or inebriety, that could diſcourage and appal her. Faintneſs from want of food helped to increaſe the dejection I felt; when making my way farther down the copſe, in order to be more completely concealed, I at laſt threw myſelf on the ground, and exclaimed, 'I muſt then yield to my deſtiny; I muſt die here. Oh! my mother, ſhall I never ſee you more; is it denied to me, to ſhew my tenderneſs, my gratitude, to the deareſt, the beſt of parents! and my father is not with you! you have not the conſolation of weeping with him for your poor girl!—Delmont, may you help to conſole her—yet, ah! yes, Delmont will himſelf want conſolation.' Fatigue, hunger, and deſpair, thus combined to oppreſs me. The more immediate fears, which before had given energy to my ſpirits, were ſuſpended, and I thought at this moment that I could die rather than make any farther exertion.

"The day was extremely hot; it could not yet be more than two o'clock, and I thought that if I did find courage to exiſt till four, when the waggon was to paſs over the hill, it muſt be where the ſun had leſs power than in the lately cut underwood where I had ſtopped. The hanger below me looked thick and inviting; I deſcended among the roots and bruſh wood, and was refreſhed even to *hear* the murmuring of water. Going ſtill lower, I came to a clear and rapid brook that wandered through the wood, and ſometimes ſpread itſelf into a ſmall pool, then filtered away through ſedges, alders, and willows, till it guſhed

guſhed out again, and from the higher ground, and fell on a gravelly hollow, where it ſeemed to invite the thirſty and weary pilgrim to partake of its pellucid water. No human foot ſeemed to have violated its wild banks; they appeared to be the unmoleſted abode of innumerable birds. Here then, ſaid I, I may reſt, for here is no path, and cruel man has not yet polluted this quiet ſolitude. To me, who had not ſwallowed any thing ſince the preceding evening but a few grains of wheat, the water was moſt tempting. I had been ſketching ſome trees when I was alone in the London hotel, and the ſketch being worth nothing, I had folded the piece of ſtrong drawing paper, and put it into my pocket; with a little contrivance it now made a cup, not very laſting indeed, but ſerving to convey the water, which was moſt refreſhing, to my parched mouth. I immerged my hands in the current, and not having been educated with thoſe fears of wetting my feet which are ſo general in England, I bathed them alſo in this friendly ſtream, and dried them with my handkerchief. The relief, the refreſhment I thus obtained is inconceivable; I felt my ſtrength renewed, my ſpirits return. I reſted yet ſome time in this delicious nook, and ſo much are we creatures of accident and of phyſical ſenſations, that I was now aſhamed of that feebleneſs of mind which I had but half an hour before yielded to as inevitable. I had regained courage to conſider that it would be folly to loſe the only opportunity I might have of being carried forward by the waggon the woman had named; I therefore, though reluctantly, was about to leave my friendly ſhelter and refreſhing rivulet, when the diſtant bells of the horſes were borne in the wind. I was now afraid of arriving on the ſummit of the hill too late; but when I attained it,

I looked

looked down the road, and diſtinguiſhed the waggon, at what I thought, and I believe it was, a mile off, ſlowly, ſlowly, dragging its ponderous weight along; yet it ſeemed a ſort of ſecurity to me that it was ſo near—and I ſat down as much out of ſight as I could to await its arrival.

"The interval was ſufficiently long to give me time to reflect on all the hazards I muſt incur in one of theſe waggons. Little as I had travelled in England, I had often obſerved ſoldiers, ſailors, and perſons of all ſuch deſcriptions in ſuch vehicles; I might be liable to inſult from the waggoner himſelf; and in ſhort, before the man that drove it came up and ſpoke to me, I had contrived to render the ſame thing an object of terror, which had a little before been that of my ardent wiſhes; however, the man ſpoke kindly to me; a very decent looking woman was the only paſſenger, and I conſented to get in.

"As we went, this perſon entered into converſation with me; I told her as much of my hiſtory as I thought might intereſt her in my favour. She adviſed me by all means to go with *her*, boaſted much of her place, and told me ſhe was ſure I might ſtay there as long as I pleaſed, and till I could hear from my friends; that the lady who had hired her was a very good lady, and Sir Harry Richmond, whoſe family ſhe managed, one of the moſt *generouſeſt* gentlemen in all that country. She then endeavoured to repreſent the danger of travelling in a waggon. Our preſent conductor, ſhe ſaid, would go no farther than the next market town, and then there would be all ſorts of folks. In a word, I thought ſhe could have no motive but a real wiſh to ſerve me. I conſidered that I could write from the place whither ſhe invited me

me to go, and ſhould not fail in a few days to hear from my mother or you; or one of you, perhaps both, might haſten to your long loſt Medora, and reſtore her at once to happineſs.

"Flattered with theſe hopes, and truſting to the good faith of the woman, who could, I thought, have no intereſt in deceiving me, I conſented to go with her. Depreſſed by exceſſive fatigue, by want of nouriſhment, and by the ſtrange ſituation in which I found myſelf, I was glad to take the aſylum that was offered me immediately on my arrival, in a very neat ſervant's room, where my conductreſs ſoon came to me, brought me ſome tea, and told me ſhe had mentioned me to Mrs. Cowling, who had ſent her to let me know that I ſhould be welcome to ſtay there as long as I pleaſed; and that ſhe deſired I would take care of myſelf, aſk for any thing I liked to have, and try to get ſome reſt after my fatigue. I had been uſed to the hoſpitality of America, where the ſtranger, of whatever nation or perſuaſion, is received with the ſimplicity of patriarchal kindneſs; and though I had obſerved nothing that at all reſembled it in London (the only place where we had been in England that we did not conſider as our home) yet I believed, at ſo great a diſtance from the metropolis, might be found ſuch generous welcome as in America I had been accuſtomed to ſee. The idea was conſoling, but of the tranſient tranquillity it promiſed me I could not avail myſelf till I had written to Upwood, which I did before I lay down to ſleep. The letter, however, you never received; undoubtedly it was ſuppreſſed.

"Having, as I ſuppoſed, diſpatched to my mother and to you ſuch information as I believed would bring you immediately to me, and put

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an end to our mutual ſolicitude, and imagining myſelf in a place of ſafety, I reaſoned myſelf out of that irritable ſtate, which long anxiety, and a ſucceſſion of dread and of danger had brought me into, and for the firſt time ſince the hour of my quitting the hotel, I obtained many hours of undiſturbed repoſe, and awoke to feel once more the delicious illuſion of hope. Ah! it was but illuſion; but for ſome few days it amuſed a mind which would otherwiſe have ſunk under ſuch long protracted ſufferings.

"As ſoon as my ſuppoſed friend Sarah informed Mrs. Crowling that I was up and dreſſed, that fine lady took the trouble to come to me. I never ſaw a more diſguſting affectation of the manners of a gentlewoman than this woman diſplayed. She had been, I believe, what is called handſome, if two great full black eyes ſtarting out of their ſockets, and a ſhewy but coarſe complexion, had in her youth made amends for an unpleaſing expreſſion of countenance; ſhe was tall and confident, and had a ſomething of a daring and maſculine air both in her walk and manner, which there is no deſcribing. She looked at me while I was ſpeaking to her, as if ſhe was to make a memorandum of my features; and I ſhrunk from her big round eyes in uneaſineſs, and even in ſome degree of terror; yet ſhe ſpoke ſoothingly to me, and ſeemed trying to engage me in an account of my name, and all the circumſtances that had happened; in fact, by her artful queſtions ſhe obtained more than I meant to have told her, but my name I reſolutely, as I fancied, concealed. She knew, however, that I was not what my appearance, as well as my firſt account of myſelf, had indicated, and inſtead of

treating me like a ſervant, ſhe deſired me to conſider myſelf as her viſitor, inſiſted on my accepting other clothes, and ſo oppreſſed me with kindneſs, that nothing but my ignorance of the exiſtence of ſuch characters as her's would have prevented my ſeeing that ſhe was over-acting her part.

"I declined, however, every thing ſhe offered me from her wardrobe, that might alter my appearance above the upper claſſes of the rank I had aſſumed, and in which I wiſhed to continue (only being ſuffered to remain in my own room) rather than to be dreſſed and conſidered as her viſitor, which I thought would expoſe me to remarks and inquiries that I was on every account ſolicitous to avoid. I was equipped therefore with clean linen, a plain brown cotton gown, and a ſtraw hat tied with brown ribbons, which was the plaineſt dreſs I could ſelect among many ſhe offered me for my choice, and which, except that the gown was too big, did tolerably well. I begged of her to give me ſome work, and allow me to ſit in the room I ſlept in, adding, that it could not be many days before I ſhould hear from my friends, who would, I knew, help me to acknowledge the kindneſs I thus received. I ſhould do, ſhe ſaid, as I pleaſed; if it amuſed me, ſhe would ſend ſome muſlin, or any other light work I deſired; and as to ſtaying in my own room, I was entirely at liberty, only ſhe hoped, as I was quite alone, I would do her the favour of dining with her. This I could not refuſe on the ſecond day of my abode (for on the firſt I did not leave my bedchamber) and I found her alone, waiting for me to partake of a dinner which I own I was ſurpriſed to ſee in the houſe of a ſteward, for it was ſent up with a degree of elegance which is not

not often ſeen in middling life, and conſiſted of fiſh, veniſon, and poultry, with a paſtry, a deſert, and ices. Mrs. Crowling, while we ſat ſtill at table, took occaſion to ſpeak of the large fortune and great generoſity of Sir Harry Richmond, who was, ſhe ſaid, one of the beſt men in the world. —'My dear Mr. Crowling,' ſaid ſhe, in a ſort of canting tone, which almoſt tempted me to ſmile, 'My dear Mr. Crowling is Sir Harry's boſom friend, and they live more like brothers than patron and ſervant. Oh! he is an excellent man. No man knows better how to enjoy a fine fortune than Sir Harry; and yet he does abundance of good—vaſtly charitable—all the poor, I aſſure you, hereabouts are ſupported by him; and then he is moſt exceedingly clever; it is delightful to hear him talk, he has ſo much wit—he makes one ready to die a laughing at his wit. He is vaſtly approved of, I aſſure you, by certain great people; they ſay they never laugh ſo much as when Sir Harry is of the party—he has ſuch a funny way, and ſays ſuch a number of comical things; and as he is always chairman at our quarter ſeſſions, he makes fine ſport upon the bench, and it is the drolleſt thing in the world to hear him hoax any of the reſt of them that pretend for to be in oppoſition, and badger the witneſſes whenever he can, and put the counſellors themſelves quite out of countenance.' I know not how long this deſcription would have laſted, which was, however, far from giving me a ſublime idea of the perſon for whom the eulogium was intended; but I had at that moment the glimpſe of ſome man paſſing the windows of the room where we ſat, and Mrs. Crowling, affecting ſurpriſe, ſaid, 'Dear me! if here is not Sir Harry himſelf. Lord, I declare, I did not

know he was returned to Ardley Foreſt. Dear! oh! here he comes.' The door opened, and Sir Harry appeared. He made a bow that might have paſſed rather for a familiar nod. 'Servant, ſervant, Mrs. Crowling; how do you all do?' 'Oh! law, Sir Harry, I did not know you was come home, Sir Harry. Hope you're quite well, Sir Harry,' I cannot repeat the dialogue. Imagine a ſort of quaint condeſcenſion on one part, and the moſt abject fawning on the other. I ſaw the man look now and then at me in a very odd manner. I felt very uneaſy, and though Mrs. Crowling almoſt inſiſted, and Sir Harry took my hand and entreated me to ſtay, I ſeized the firſt moment it was poſſible to eſcape to my own room. Alas! this interview had been ſettled between them, and was intended only to give Sir Harry a ſight of your poor Medora. The womon was a wretch he employed for the moſt infamous purpoſes. I knew not that there were ſuch women in the world; yet I extremely diſliked both her and this Sir Harry, and determined, at whatever riſk, to leave the place. I have ſince learned that the dairy woman, whom I thought ſo much my friend, was herſelf a creature employed by Mrs. Crowling; and that her being hired as a ſervant was a mere pretence, for that ſhe had been ſent beyond Newcaſtle to inveigle away the wife of a miller, whoſe extraordinary beauty had in one of his northern tours attracted Sir Harry; but he had conducted himſelf with ſo little prudence that the miller had given him a ſevere beating, which, though he dared not complain of it, added another bad paſſion, that of revenge, to thoſe he had felt before, and Sarah, whom he had long employed as a deputy to Mrs. Crowling, had been diſpatched

patched to try ſome of thoſe artifices which had often ſucceeded before, but which had now failed completely; ſo that having met your luckleſs Medora on the road, and knowing that youth, and a perſon only not ugly, were always approved of by Sir Harry as long as they had the recommendation of novelty, ſhe had engaged me to go with her."

"I tremble," exclaimed Delmont, "when I think, my dear love, that you were among ſuch people. How was it poſſible you could by any fortitude, any exertion of your own, eſcape from them?"

"It would, indeed, have been difficult," replied Medora; "for the moment (which happened the next day after that I have been ſpeaking of) that I underſtood from Sir Harry's behaviour into what hands I had fallen, I rejected his inſolent offers with the ſcorn and abhorrence they deſerved, and reſuming my former humble dreſs, declared plainly my reſolution to leave the place, and menaced the wretch and his agent with the vengeance of my family, if they preſumed to make the leaſt attempt to detain me. Alas! Delmont, while I thus put on the ſemblance of courage, my heart ſunk within me, and I ſaid to myſelf, 'Unhappy girl! where are the friends of whoſe protection you boaſt? From your father an immenſe ocean divides you; Delmont is perhaps ſtill in Ireland; Armitage ſeems to have forgotten the truſt he undertook; and for your mother, your dear and tender mother, who knows whether ſhe has not ſunk under the troubles ſhe before had to contend with, aggravated by the loſs of her daughter!'

"The high tone I aſſumed ſeemed to be a matter of amuſement to that deteſtable Sir Harry; it had,

had, however, one very ill effect; I was watched; and though for the four days I ſtaid I was not actually confined, yet Mrs. Crowling aſſured me in plain terms, that I ſhould be ſhut up if I made any attempt to eſcape; and ſhe had the audacity to add, that *ſhe'd* take care of me till I could be returned ſafe to my friends, for ſhe had no doubt, notwithſtanding the prudiſh airs I choſe to give myſelf, but that I had run away with ſome young fellow for Scotland, who had left me in the lurch for an artful girl, as ſhe was afraid I ſhould prove, adding, 'how elſe indeed ſhould pretty Miſs, in a fine romantic diſguiſe, and fancying herſelf like Pamela, I ſuppoſe, in the novel, be found rambling alone about the country? A likely ſtory truly, that ſhe came ſo many miles againſt her will! Who's dupe enough to believe that, I wonder!'—No my dear friend," continued Medora, "I ſhould not, perhaps, have told you my ſad hiſtory, if a good angel had not been ſent to interpoſe for me; this was Miſs Richmond, who, I have ſince believed, had notice of my being in the houſe from a young woman who lives there, and who, from whatever motive, contrived to let the admirable daughter of Sir Harry know I was an unwilling reſident under the roof of Mrs. Crowling. Miſs Richmond contrived, and undoubtedly by the aſſiſtance of this young perſon, to have me conducted in the dead of the night to the manſion houſe; I ſaw her; I told her all but my name; which for many reaſons I thought it better to conceal. Truth, thank God, never loſes its power over an ingenuous mind. Miſs Richmond believed me, and contrived my eſcape that very night with ſuch ſucceſsful rapidity, that on the evening of the next day, attended by an old ſervant of her's, on whom ſhe could depend,

I found

I found myſelf at the houſe of Mr. Meyricke, in London; and then having no fear of purſuit, I was contented. Oh! I was moſt happy, to be put into the ſtage, which I knew would ſet me down the ſame evening within ſix miles of Dalebury and Upwood—there only I could enquire for my mother, of whom I could hear nothing in London; and there only I thought myſelf ſecure of meeting her and you.

"A few miles from London the coach took up a chance paſſenger.—My head and heart were too full for converſation, which I therefore very unwillingly liſtened to, when this gentleman ſpoke; he ſpoke not long, however, you may imagine, before I threw myſelf into the arms of that dear father, who, on the firſt hint of our pecuniary diſtreſſes from the proteſted bills, and my mother's doubts how to act as to the proſecution of our law ſuit, had haſtened acroſs to Halifax, and the packet being that very day on the point of ſailing, had, after a very favourable paſſage, reached England."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

" Si l'homme ſçavoit rougir de ſoy, quels crimes non ſeulement cachez mais public et connus, ne ſéparneroit' il pas ?"

FROM expreſſions of thoſe mingled emotions, which ſuch a narrative had given riſe to in the heart of Delmont, he was diverted by a letter brought to him by Clement, which a ſervant had juſt left at his lodgings. He eagerly opened it at Medora's requeſt, who now referred every thing that happened to ſome information about her mother—It was to this effect :

" Sir,

" Accident having lately diſcovered to me, that you are much intereſted in the fate of a very near relation of mine, I avail myſelf of the very ſlight acquaintance I had the honour of making with you, while with Miſs Richmond, and am perſuaded your candour will allow for the apparent ſingularity of my requeſting to ſee you here, as what I have to inform you of cannot ſo well be communicated by letter. I have the honour to be,

" Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,

" M. G. CARDONNEL."

" ——— Street,
Groſvenor Square, Thurſday."

Delmont immediately gave this letter to Medora, who exclaimed, " It is my mother ſhe means!

means! Oh! haſten, Delmont, immediately; I conjure you loſe not a moment! If we can but diſcover her—if ſhe is but reſtored to us!—Perhaps, my dear friend, at the very inſtant I was concealing my name from Miſs Cardonnel, ſhe might, if I had revealed it, have directed me to this dear mother; and who knows what ſhe has ſuffered ſince! what ſhe may endure at this very time.

The impatience of Delmont was equal to that of Medora. A thouſand uneaſy conjectures as to the fate of Mrs. Glenmorris had tormented him, though he had feared to reveal them all, and he was affectionately attached to her, as well on account of her own merit, as becauſe the happineſs of Medora was ſo cloſely interwoven with her ſafety. He now hurried with a palpitating heart to the houſe of Lady Mary de Verdon, where he underſtood Miſs Cardonnel expected him, entreating Medora not to leave her lodgings till he, or till her father, returned.

He found himſelf affected ſo as to repreſs his emotion with difficulty, and to tremble and heſitate as he made his compliments to Miſs Cardonnel, who was alone in the withdrawing room; but the agitation he remarked in her extremely added to his confuſion. Miſs Cardonnel was now pale, now red; ſeemed unable to begin the ſubject, yet more ſo to ſpeak on any other. The longer this heſitation and embarraſſment continued, the more painful it became. Delmont at length found voice to ſay, "I conſider myſelf greatly honoured, Madam, in being allowed to wait upon you, and have great hopes that your benevolence will reſtore to a huſband and a daughter, who are now extremely wretched, the bleſſing they have loſt."

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"An huſband, Sir!" aſked Miſs Cardonnel—"What then is Mr. Glenmorris in England?"—She became ſtill more agitated as ſhe ſpoke; but while Delmont was anſwering her enquiry, ſhe appeared to make an effort to recover herſelf, and in a low voice proceeded.

"If any thing could add to the pain I have ſuffered from the circumſtances that have come to my knowledge relative to Mrs. Glenmorris, it would be the neceſſity I am under of arraigning the conduct of one whom I venerate and reſpect. My grandmother, Lady Mary de Verdon . . . . ."

She again pauſed.

"Has in ſome way or other," ſaid Delmont eagerly, "been the cauſe of Mrs. Glenmorris's diſappearance."

Miſs Cardonnel now ſaw that what ſhare Lady Mary had in this myſterious tranſaction might appear more cruel than it really had been; ſhe therefore began, though with evident difficulty, to relate the circumſtances that had accidentally thrown Mrs. Glenmorris into the power of her mother. "I will not," ſaid ſhe, "affect to ſay, that Lady Mary might not, from her own deſire to ſecure to me a fortune which ſhe thinks neceſſary to my happineſs, (though I aſſure you I do not) have taken every advantage, and ſome perhaps that were altogether unjuſtifiable—yet I believe I may ſay Lady Mary would not have acted as ſhe has done, unleſs ſhe had been influenced by perſons, who, beſides their wiſhes for *me*, which I could moſt willingly diſpenſe with, have ſome pique againſt the unhappy lady, who has been ſo ſevere a ſufferer."

"And where is ſhe now, Madam?" cried Delmont, breathleſs with concern and aſtoniſhment, "Can I ſee her? Can I haſten to her?

not

not a moment ſhould be loſt. Good God, Mrs. Glenmorris, the mother of my Medora, in a mad houſe! Confined, ill treated, driven perhaps by deſpair to the very ſtate which could be originally only a pretence to commit ſuch wicked injuſtice."

"You cannot be more ſenſible than I am," ſaid Miſs Cardonnel, "of the injury that has been done a perſon for whom I have the tendereſt eſteem—You cannot be more diſtreſſed to hear than I am to tell, that Mrs. Glenmorris, within theſe few days, has found means to leave her confinement, and to wander away alone."

"And why not?" cried Delmont. "If ſhe is not mad, and who will aſſert that ſhe has ever been ſo? If ſhe is not mad, wherefore ſhould ſhe be a moment ſubjected to this infamous oppreſſion? I beg your pardon, Miſs Cardonnel; I am convinced that you have no participation in this cruel buſineſs; that you are incapable of it; let me urge you then to aſſiſt me in putting an end to it for ever. Give me the name of the place where this victim of a mother's inhumanity languiſhed. I can trace her from thence, and find her, perhaps, before her huſband and her daughter are ſhocked by intelligence that muſt ſo cruelly diſappoint all their future hopes."

Miſs Cardonnel with a trembling hand wrote the direction; and Delmont, who ſaw how much all that had paſſed had affected her, could not forbear ſaying, "Pardon me, Miſs Cardonnel, if I ſay, that it ſeems to me incomprehenſible that you, who ſeem to have, nay, who I am ſure have ſo good an heart, ſhould have lent your countenance to the impriſonment, for what elſe can it be called? of Mrs. Glenmorris."

"Alas! Sir," replied ſhe, "it is a melancholy truth, that at the time that happened, Mrs. Glenmorris

morris was in a ſtate of ſuch mental derangement, that it was impoſſible for me to oppoſe the deciſion made by my grandmother, certainly at the inſtigation and by the perſuaſions of Mrs. Grinſted.—Believe me, Mr. Delmont (the tears ran down her cheeks as ſhe ſpoke), believe me, that had I been permitted I would have attended on that dear unfortunate woman with the aſſiduity of a daughter; I would not have left her to ſtrangers in that condition, to which, though I now believe it was only temporary, her cruel loſs had certainly reduced her; but Lady Mary, far from allowing me perſonally to alleviate her ſufferings, would not permit me to be told where ſhe was; I was even the more readily allowed to go to Ardley Foreſt, becauſe Mrs. Grinſted obſerved that I was extremely reſtleſs about my aunt, whoſe confinement ſhe certainly wiſhed, I know not for what reaſon, to perpetuate. Indeed I do not know that Lady Mary would have thought of ſuch an expedient, if the people about her (and it is by the upper ſervants you know that perſons of her age are oftenеſt governed) and Mrs. Grinſted had not perſuaded her to adopt it; the latter enforcing on her mind for a certainty, that the action ſhe thus agreed to was doubly meritorious, inaſmuch as ſhe would at once take care of her daughter, however unworthy ſhe was of her maternal ſolicitude, and put an end, and in the moſt effectual manner, to what Mrs. Grinſted called an unjuſt and invidious attempt to take from dear Mary Cardonnel her undoubted right. Lady Mary liſtened with avidity to counſel that ſo well agreed with her own feelings; and her reſolution was confirmed by I know not what lawyers; who were ſent for hither, and cloſetted with Mrs. Grinſted and that moſt odious of all odious men, Sir Appulby Gorges.

Gorges. My poor grandmother, whoſe great age may be ſome excuſe for her being ſo eaſily miſled by theſe unworthy people, acted, or rather they acted for her in purſuance of what was decided at this conference. As I could not help betraying many ſymptoms of uneaſineſs, I was hurried with my grandmother into the country, from whence I was ſoon diſmiſſed with Miſs Richmond, Mrs. Grinſted undertaking to ſtay with Lady Mary during my abſence. The place where Mrs. Glenmorris was confined I knew only lately, and by accident; and I have reaſon to believe that her real ſituation has, from the firſt certainty of her recovery, been concealed from Lady Mary, who ſo far from believing ſhe was acting with cruelty and injuſtice, was, from the repreſentations made to her, taught to imagine that ſhe was doing her duty towards her daughter, and ſaving her from I know not what guilty connection, which Mrs. Grinſted and Mrs. Crewkherne together had perſuaded her Mrs. Glenmorris had formed."

"Infamous!" exclaimed Delmont; "moſt infamous! To this odious falſehood it is owing that Mrs. Glenmorris has been expoſed to every diſtreſs; that her daughter has been torn from her; and that ſhe has been driven into a madneſs, and at length perhaps to beggary—her daughter...."

"As to my couſin," ſaid Miſs Cardonnel, who ſeemed glad to have an opportunity of calling her ſo; "my grandmother is firmly perſuaded that ſhe voluntarily eloped with ſome man, almoſt a ſtranger to her; and though I have now reaſon to believe this, like the reſt, was the cruel miſrepreſentation, if not abſolutely falſe, contrived by this knot of men, who ſeem to have derived an unaccountable pleaſure from the ſufferings of my

my unhappy relations, yet I fear it will be extremely difficult, if not impoſſible, to obliterate from the mind of Lady Mary theſe impreſſions, which perhaps were too willingly received at firſt, and have been ſo long cheriſhed. Age is naturally tenacious of its opinions, and perhaps my grandmother a little more liable to prejudices than moſt other perſons. My reverence for her does not prevent my being ſenſible that ſhe is of a very unforgiving temper, and has to a great degree that weakneſs or obſtinacy which I have read of as common to perſons of her rank, of whom it is alledged, that having once received a prejudice againſt any one, they never will take the trouble to conſider whether it be well or ill founded; and even when it is ſhewn them to be unjuſt, perſiſt in it rather than allow they could be in an error, and rather than be fatigued with explanations."

Delmont, charmed with the candour and underſtanding of Miſs Cardonnel, as well as with the affection with which ſhe ſeemed to conſider her relations, could not forbear expreſſing his admiration of her virtues; adding, "Believe me, Miſs Cardonnel, when I aſſure you, that if ever Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter ſhould reunited have together the comfort of knowing you, they will feel more real pleaſure in having ſuch a friend than any participation of your fortune can beſtow; and againſt you I dare believe they will never appear as opponents." Delmont, then, eager to ſet out in ſearch of Mrs. Glenmorris, took a reſpectful leave, and Miſs Cardonnel ſaw him depart with ſenſations, which, if envy could have had any place in ſo excellent a heart as her's, would have made the poor and almoſt portionleſs Medora the object of that paſſion.

He

He no ſooner got into the ſtreet than he began to conſider what he ought to do. Medora, who was fully perſuaded that the note of Miſs Cardonnel alluded to her mother, would be impatient for his return; but how divulge to her what he had heard? how diſcloſe to her, that after having been confined as a lunatic, her mother was become a wanderer, perhaps again diſtracted by fears and terrors for her, and again expoſed to want and inſult? how diſcover all this to Glenmorris; yet how conceal it from either of them? It had always, however, been a rule with him to act openly where it was poſſible; and after ſome conſideration he determined to relate the truth to Glenmorris, whom he thought he could have an opportunity of conſulting without alarming his daughter.

Delmont repaired therefore to the lodgings in Portland Street, and intended to have inquired for the father before he ſaw the daughter; but Medora was at the window watching his return, and the moment ſhe ſaw him from it, ran down ſtairs and met him. "Delmont!" ſhe exclaimed eagerly, "have you ſeen my father?"

"Your father! No! Is he not returned?"

"Oh no! he has ſent hither twice for you, but the man who brought the meſſage would not tell me from whence he came; and he was ſo ſtrange, ſo ill-looking a man, that I cannot help thinking ſomething has happened."

"Where can I ſee the man? How long is it ſince he has been here?"

"The laſt time, hardly a moment ago," ſaid Jaſon, the negro ſervant. "If your honour pleaſes I can overtake him."

"Do then, my good fellow," anſwered Delmont. "No, ſtay! I'll go with you myſelf."—

He

He then haſtened away with Jaſon, and was out of ſight in a moment, while Medora, fearing ſhe knew not what, breathleſs, and with a beating heart, liſtened to every ſound, and wearied herſelf with conjectures.

And ſome hours this cruel ſuſpence laſted—Glenmorris returned not—Delmont returned not—and all the information Medora could obtain of Jaſon was, that Mr. Delmont had in Oxford Street overtaken the meſſenger ſent after his maſter, on ſpeaking to whom he had appeared much confuſed and *very vexed* (was Jaſon's expreſſion); that Mr. Delmont had immediately called a coach, into which he got with this man, but Jaſon knew not whither he ordered it to be driven, for, a ſtranger in London, he had no recollection of the names of ſtreets. Medora from this account became more uneaſy than ever; yet there appeared no remedy for her uneaſineſs, for ſhe knew not whither to go nor of whom to enquire. Night came on, but ſtill nobody arrived; even late hours approached, but neither her father or her lover appeared. At laſt, about half paſt eleven, a loud rap was heard at the door. Medora, too impatient to wait till the meſſenger could be brought up ſtairs, ran half way down. A perſon entered, but it was neither Glenmorris or Delmont; it was Mr. Armitage.

He met her, and in his uſual friendly and paternal way took her hand. "My dear girl," cried he, "why all this eager ſolicitude? Why do I find you here?"

"My father! my mother! where are they? and Delmont, too? ſomething is ſurely wrong? and you, my dear Mr. Armitage," added ſhe, when they entered the room where there were candles; "let me obſerve your countenance. Oh! all

all is not right. You come to tell me ill news. Tell me at once if you do, for ſurely I can bear any thing better than ſuſpenſe."

"Come, come," anſwered Armitage, affecting to ſpeak cheerfully, "I will not be queſtioned in this way by a little inquiſitor. What is all this?"

Medora then related what had happened the preceding part of the day, and obſerving narrowly the countenance of Armitage, ſaw that he ſtruggled to conceal the effect her account had upon him.

"Well, well," ſaid he, "my dear little girl, as we know not whither to go after theſe truants, your father and Delmont, we muſt be quiet; they will come to us no doubt by and by; they know where to find you, and I think you need not doubt the ſolicitude of both to return to you as ſoon as they can; it will give them more pain than pleaſure to find you thus watchful, thus uneaſy. Come, give me a glaſs of wine and water; you ſhall drink ſome with me, and then I ſhall ſend you to bed. Good girls ſhould not be rakes you know, and you look already tired."

"No indeed," ſaid Medora, "I ſhall not think of repoſe till my father returns. Good God! my dear Mr. Armitage, how can you imagine I can ſleep, when there is every reaſon to believe my father is detained by intelligence of my poor mother, and that the intelligence is unpleaſant; for were it otherwiſe, would not he or would not Delmont have returned?"

Armitage, who was a very bad diſſembler, contented himſelf with aſſuring her ſhe was miſtaken, but he had not courage, and ſhe perceived he had not, to undertake deceiving her by any premeditated falſehood, and it was evident he was himſelf

ſelf in ſo much anxiety, that he could not rally her's. They continued therefore together to liſten to every coach that approached, and to ſtart various conjectures, though what Armitage either knew or gueſſed he carefully concealed from Medora, while ſhe, who knowing nothing, imagined much that was diſtreſſing, and dwelt chiefly on her mother, became at length ſo wretched that Armitage thought it almoſt cruel not to diſcloſe to her the truth as far as he was acquainted with it.

Between one and two o'clock Delmont's voice was heard in the paſſage. Armitage with difficulty reſtrained Medora from flying to him, but aſſuring her upon his honour he would return to let her know in a moment, ſhe conſented to remain quiet, while Delmont, who had ſent for him down, took him into a parlour, and ſaid, "I rejoice to ſee you. Our friend is arreſted for a debt due before he left England. It is conſiderable. I have offered bail with a reſpectable tradeſman whom I knew, but the raſcals who have taken Glenmorris have refuſed it, and he having in his turn refuſed to go to a ſpunging houſe, I have been with him to the Fleet priſon, where I have juſt left him. I am convinced there is ſomething more in it than we know of. Brownjohn has been ſeen with the attorney employed againſt him, and it was intimated to me by one of the bailiff's followers, that there were people who were determined at all events to keep him in cuſtody."

Armitage appeared greatly ſhocked at this account. "Ah! my dear Delmont," ſaid he, "what complicated evils are at this moment the lot of our unhappy friends; and how ſhall we reveal to the lovely girl above ſtairs an event which is, however,

however, leſs diſtreſſing than that which has befallen her admirable mother—poor Mrs. Glenmorris!"

"You have ſeen her then?"

"Yes, I have ſeen her, but in what a ſtate! I know not Delmont, if death itſelf would not be preferable to ſo ſad a condition. I found her wandering about an abſolute maniac, raving for her daughter, and execrating the cruelty of Lady Mary. She had been ſome days in this deplorable ſtate before I found her, and I fear all help may be now too late. What puniſhment do they deſerve who have occaſioned this? Execrable villains! infernal ſorcereſſes! my blood turns to gall when I think of them. Oh! my friend Delmont! we can relieve Glenmorris from their accurſed machinations; but who can reſtore to him his wife? who can give back her mother to Medora?"

Delmont, heart ſtruck, and running over in his mind all the diſtreſs that at once awaited his Medora, now heard with increaſed anguiſh, the particulars, which Armitage thus related: "I left London," ſaid he, "with a reſolution to find this dear unhappy woman if ſhe ſtill exiſted. It ſeemed certain from all that paſſed between you and the porter and his wife, at Lady Mary de Verdon's, that ſomething was known of her in that family. With extreme difficulty I traced her to a confinement, where Lady Mary had placed her, twenty miles ſouth of London. I enquired for her at the houſe. The people who keep it, poſitively denied that any lady of the name of Glenmorris either was or ever had been there. They diſputed my authority to ſee, and ſtill more to remove her if ſhe was. I was however ſure, by the manner of theſe people, that

that they were not ignorant for whom I enquired. After many fruitleſs attempts, I found out the apothecary who attended the houſe, and from him extorted an avowal of the truth, under the moſt poſitive promiſe of ſecrecy towards thoſe with whom my revealing what he told me might injure him. He ſaid then that Mrs. Glenmorris had been ſent to that houſe, undoubtedly, in a ſtate which for the moment authorized her confinement. He related, at ſome length, the progreſs of her cure, and her frequent converſations with him, in conſequence of which, being convinced that her detention was extremely unjuſt, he had given it repeatedly as his opinion that ſhe ought to be releaſed; but a lady of the name of Grinſton or Grimſted, had been there, and on behalf of Lady Mary de Verdon, her mother, had repeated the order for her confinement, alledged that her mother was her only friend and ſupport, that ſhe was parted from her huſband, had been engaged in a diſcreditable connection, which the worthy old lady was very ſolicitous to prevent from being known, and that her daughter had eloped from her and was married, therefore ſuch a ſituation as ſhe was now in, was the only one wherein Lady Mary would ſupport her, of courſe the only eligible one for her. In conſequence of this, every precaution was taken to conceal her reſidence; and though ſhe was not treated as to diſcipline like a lunatic, ſhe was ſtill aſſiduouſly watched. For my own part, ſaid Mr. Seton the apothecary, I felt extremely for this poor lady, who is in truth a moſt intereſting woman, and I did what little I could to alleviate her confinement, ſince to end it was not in my power. But it was owing to an accident, that at laſt I was the cauſe of the deſperate reſolution

ſhe

ſhe took. I found the lady, who was called in the houſe Mrs. Tichfield, and whoſe real name I believe nobody knew but myſelf, was very fond of fruit; I have a remarkable vine in my garden, and having ſome very fine grapes, I collected a few of the ripeſt and fineſt bunches, and my wife packed them in a little baſket, with ſome of the leaves and ſome news-papers which were in the parlour—a friend of mine ſends the papers to me, though I ſcarce ever have time to read them. But here, ſir, added Mr. Seton, taking a piece of a news-paper out of a drawer, this is the paragraph. It was marked on the margin with a pen. "The young lady who lately eloped from ——'s, hotel with Captain D***ll, will, it is ſuppoſed, be entitled to a very great fortune, as coheireſs to the late Gabriel de V——n, eſquire. This, however, is diſputed by her couſin Miſs C——l, and is likely to make well for the gentlemen of the long robe, Captaid D***ll being determined to ſupport the pretenſions of his fair bride, with whom we underſtand he is returned from his matrimonial trip, and the young couple are gone down to paſs the reſt of the autumn at Bonger in Suſſex." And here ſir, continued Mr. Seton, giving me a letter which accompanied this paper, is what I received from Mrs. Glenmorris before her departure.

"Sir,

"As you are the only perſon who have teſtified any humanity towards me, I will not leave this place where I have been moſt fraudulently and unjuſtly confined, without acquainting you of my departure. The paragraph I have marked

ed in this news-paper, accidentally ſent me, relates to my daughter. Of its truth I am determined to be ſatisfied, not being able to endure life in my preſent cruel ſuſpence;—I have nothing to offer you but my thanks for your kindneſs, and I wiſh your happineſs.

L. G."

"Every enquiry from hence will be uſeleſs, and every attempt to ſtop me dangerous, as no perſon has any right whatever over my perſon or conduct."

This was written, continued Mr. Armitage, with a feeble and trembling hand, and blotted in many places with tears. I waited no longer than to hear the particulars of Mrs. Glenmorris's diſappearance, and what clothes ſhe wore at the time. I found that at an early hour of the morning ſhe had taken advantage of the abſence of the gardener, who was wheeling out the graſs he had mown to an unfrequented lane; ſhe had walked away, and was not miſſed till three hours afterwards, when all ſearch for her was in vain. Not doubting but that ſhe was goine to the place in Suſſex, where the paper had reported her daughter to be (though how ſhe could get thither without money I could not imagine) I attempted to trace her, but my endeavours were for ſome time baffled; I croſſed to my own houſe, where, by letters I found there, I firſt heard of Glenmorris's arrival, but I thought it better not to acquaint him with what I knew, till more ſatisfactory information could be obtained. I then went to the place where it ſeemed to me to be almoſt certain that Mrs. Glenmorris, miſled by the paper I had ſeen, had gone in ſearch of her daughter.

There

There I heard of her; ſhe had ſold her watch and ſome other trinkets for her ſupport, but ſome information ſhe had received, had induced her to leave the place two days before, and ſhe was gone, the people told me to Rottendean, a few miles beyond Brighthelmſtone.

Thither then I followed her, having ſent for Suſanne to join me as ſoon as I found it was probable I was right in my purſuit. I learned that a lady, who was ſuppoſed to be diſordered in her mind, had two days before taken up her abode at a very poor houſe in the village; that ſhe had wandered about in the evening either on the ſhore or on the high cliffs, and the people had been much afraid that though gentle and good natured to them, ſhe meant, in their own phraſe, to do herſelf a miſchief.

Not a moment was to be loſt. I was ſhewn by one of the bathers, who had given me this account, to a very humble cottage—I inquired for the lodger—ſhe was gone, they ſaid, for her evening walk. I bade Suſanne accompany me; and we were directed by a fiſherman to the place where ſhe was.

It was on an heap of the fallen cliff, and where other fragments beetled fearfully over head, that the poor mourner ſat; her eyes were concealed by her hands, her arms reſting on her knees. She ſeemed liſtening to the burſt of waters on the ſhore, and to be quite regardleſs of our approach. I kept a little behind, and bade Suſanne, whoſe voice trembled ſo as to be hardly articulate, ſpeak to her. "My dear miſtreſs!" ſaid ſhe—Mrs. Glenmorris did not look up, ſhe only moved one of her hands languidly, and uttered, "Pray, pray, be gone my good woman!" "Ah! don't you know me?" cried Suſanne,

Suſanne, taking her hand, and burſting into tears—Mrs. Glenmorris looked at her—never ſhall I forget the look!

"Know you?" repeated ſhe, "yes, I think I knew you once; but you too, Suſanne, if that is ſtill your name, have left me—Yes, I am quite deſerted by every body ſince my child has abandoned me—I am poor and wretched, and perſecuted, and have no child, no friend!—none to care for me now, and I came hither to die."

"My dear friend," cried I, then ſtepping forward, "this muſt not be indulged. Come, come, Mrs. Glenmorris, you have been cruelly deceived."

"I know it," anſwered ſhe, in a low ſolemn voice—"I know it but too well. Yes *I have* been cruelly deceived, but who would have thought it poſſible?" A ſigh that ſeemed ready to burſt her heart followed. I ſaid, "you have been deceived, but not by Medora." I was afraid of ſaying too much, fearing that if ſhe comprehended me, which from her now vacant and wandering eye ſhe did not at this moment ſeem to do, the tranſition from joy to grief would be ſo violent, as wholly to overſet her injured reaſon, I therefore ſpoke to her ſoothingly and confidently, and ſuddenly ſhe ſeemed to recollect me, or at leaſt ſhe had not appeared to do it till, ſtarting from her ſeat, ſhe held out her hand to me, and ſaid—"a thouſand thanks to you, my very good friend, for having taken this trouble; but you will not be offended, if I beg of you not to be ſeen here,—for," continued ſhe, ſpeaking very quick, "Lady Mary, you remember, has declared enmity to you on my account. Oh! you know not half ſhe has ſuffered people to ſay; cruel, cruel has been her conduct, cruel indeed

indeed to me!——But her cauſing my child to be taken from me—Oh! that it is which has been the deadly blow, and it has made me almoſt . . . . . almoſt forget all the reſt, except (and ſhe put her hand to her head) except that I would not have any more victims—and who knows, after what Lady Mary has ſaid, what may happen? I am eaſy, quite eaſy at preſent, for if Medora is gone, why ſhould I wiſh to live? I would ſee Glenmorris however before I died, if I thought I could bear to meet him now that his daughter is loſt; but the very dread, of it would kill me, before I could get to America." I endeavoured, continued Armitage, to impreſs on her mind, that nothing of all ſhe ſeemed to apprehend could happen; but I found the incoherence of her converſation greater, the longer I attempted to reaſon with her; I could not prevail upon her to allow me to eſcort her to Upwood or to Dalebury farm, ſtill leſs would ſhe hear of going to Aſhley Combe. She had been happy at all thoſe places with Medora; ſhe ſaid ſhe would never ſee them more! All I could obtain of her was to allow Suſanne to ſtay with her. Though ſhe often fixed her eyes on that faithful creature with looks of anger and reſentment, ſuch as almoſt broke the poor woman's heart, and ſuch as ſhe ſaid her dear miſtreſs had never, in all the years ſhe had lived with her, looked at any creature with, however they had offended her. In this ſtate I left her, rather calmer however, and ordering Suſanne never for a moment to loſe ſight of her, but if poſſible to break to her Glenmorris's being in England, and the ſafety of Medora. I began ſeveral times this attempt, but ſhe always ſtopped me by ſaying,

"I entreat you, Mr. Armitage, not to attempt to deceive me.—I know the worſt.—By the contrivance of my mother, my child has been taken from me.—At laſt her long meditated curſe has been fulfilled. God forgive her, poor old unhappy woman, God forgive her.—No, no, Mr. Armitage, none of your pious frauds, your friendly deceptions.—I know the worſt—and you ſee I am not dead!—Time, they ſay, time cures every thing.—Time will cure me." She ſhuddered, and ſunk into ſilence, from which nothing could rouſe her; and in fact, my dear friend, it is in vain to flatter ourſelves; I do believe her intellects irrecoverably gone. Oppoſition ſeems ſo much to inflame her, that I dared not venture to preſs even her removing to a better lodging, but I have ſent two of my own ſervants over to attend her; I deſired a phyſician, of whom I have a very good opinion, to ſee her, but to keep the ſtate ſhe is in a profound ſecret; and having done this, I haſtened hither, as well to ſoften this ſevere ſhock to my poor friend, as to conſult with him on his going down with his daughter, and trying how the ſight of objects ſo beloved and lamented, might act on the diſordered mind of his wife."

"And you find him," ſaid Delmont, "in a priſon! and prevented by oppreſſion from flying to the wife he has ſo long ſought, from protecting her and his daughter."

"That, however," replied Armitage, "however diſtreſſing it is, can be only temporary. My whole fortune, if it is neceſſary, ſhall be devoted to releaſe him."

"And mine," interrupted Delmont, "he is already to conſider as his own." Delmont now however

however remembered, almoſt for the firſt time ſince he firſt knew Medora had diſappeared, that his fortune was little better than nominal, for ſo deeply was it engaged to anſwer the debts of his brother, that whenever the creditors enforced the payment of thoſe debts, he ſhould not have even Upwood his own. This painful recollection however ſoon ſubdued, when he reflected that in conſequence of the Major's marriage, he was certainly at this moment in a ſituation to ſettle all his pecuniary obligations.

As nothing could be done for Glenmorris that night, the doors of his priſon having been long ſince ſhut, all that remained was to conſider how to conceal from Medora the ſituation of her father and mother, at leaſt for the night, and in ſuch a caſe, a pious fraud was undoubtedly allowable. They therefore agreed in telling her that Mr. Glenmorris, having had intelligence of her mother, whom he hoped to find in health and ſafety, had been detained by his expectations, and his return became uncertain.

"I ſhall take his place my dear Medora," ſaid Armitage "to night, and ſhall occupy his room, for as our little heroine has been more than once carried away by "Paynims vile and wicked Sarracen," it is neceſſary ſome truſty knight ſhould guard her, and modern chivalry is, I am ſorry to ſay, ſo degenerated, that it is no longer the etiquette to entruſt this honourable poſt to the choſen chevalier of the damſel's heart. Delmont therefore ſhall retire to his lodgings till to-morrow at an early hour, when he will rejoin us here, and we ſhall perhaps leave you, my dear Medora, for ſome hours, with no other protection than Jaſon, who will faithfully enact the enchanted Moor, againſt

any intruders, for the ſhort time of our abſence."

This pleaſantry, which it coſt Armitage no inconſiderable effort to aſſume, ſerved in ſome degree to diſſipate the apprehenſions that aſſailed Medora. The countenance of Delmont, who was a wretched diſſembler, almoſt counteracted this attempt at cheerfulneſs on the part of his friend; but Medora, who had early learned never to appear importunate to thoſe who ſhe knew would entruſt her with all it was neceſſary for her to know, now repreſſed her uneaſineſs and ſuſpicion, and as ſoon as Delmont was gone, retired to her room; Mr. Armitage having informed her he ſhould take the opportunity of writing letters that night, that nothing might impede the buſineſs he ſhould have the following day.

To thoſe who have not from ſad experience learned what man, in a ſtate of poliſhed ſociety, is capable of executing towards his fellow man, when he can pervert the laws, the cuſtoms and prejudices of the community, to the purpoſes of his paſſions, it would appear almoſt impoſſible that a combination of perſons, each acting on different motives, ſhould have the power to oppreſs, to perſecute, and ruin a family; yet ſo it happened in the inſtance of Glenmorris. This formidable phalanx conſiſted of Lady Mary, from whom time had taken every thing but her avarice, per pride, and hatred, againſt the huſband of her daughter, and that daughter herſelf; Sir Appulby Gorges, who joined againſt Glenmorris not only from dread of his openly avowed political principles, his enmity to all deceit and corruption, and that manly ſincerity which never allowed him to conceal

ceal how much he deſpiſed ſuch a character as Sir Appulby, (though clad in purple and fine linen, and faring ſumptuouſly every day) but becauſe, if Glenmorris's claims on behalf of his daughter ſhould be eſtabliſhed, the fortune of Miſs Cardonnel, all of which was not more than enough for Sir Appulby's ambitious projects for his grandſon; would be divided, and enrich a man who had the inſolence to aſſert, that it was better a great many perſons ſhould live in comfort than that a few ſuch men as Sir Appulby Gorges ſhould wallow in ſwiniſh luxury and ſelfiſh indulgences. Totally regardleſs of every thing, but how to gratify the appetites he had left, and to enrich his grandchildren, the unfeeling and brutal character of this old attorney (for he was originally nothing more) became harder and more inſolent every day, as a vicious animal grows more offenſive by age; and there was nothing Sir Appulby Gorges could do with impunity that he was not capable of doing, to add only a few hundreds, or even a few tens, to the ſum he had collected, either while he was in place, or in conſequence of the power his having been in place had given him. Though he had never had any talents, and only a buſtling ſort of affected conſequence, which he impoſed upon thoſe who did not know him for induſtry and application; and though the ſmall ſtock of acquired intelligence he ever poſſeſſed, was obſcured by the fumes of gluttony, and the imbecility of age, ſo that he could not now write a common letter without betraying his ignorance or his indolence, yet was Sir Appulby Gorges a formidable enemy, in the exiſting circumſtances, to Glenmorris; for he had a number of retainers around him, men who, though

though for the moſt part they were paid only by hope, were as aſſiduous as they were baſe, and there was hardly one of them who did not poſſeſs, in ſome way or other, the means of injuring a defenceleſs ſtranger, who had not money or friends, among the ſame claſs of men. As ſoon as it was underſtood that Delmont was moſt warmly ſolicitous for the family of Glenmorris, they became more obnoxious to Sir Appulby; he could not well hate any man more than the latter, unleſs it was the former; of whoſe legacy left by Lord Caſtledanes, as well as of the ſums belonging on the ſame account to the reſt of the Delmont family, Sir Appulby had in fact long ſince poſſeſſed himſelf, and though he knew that ſooner or later he muſt pay theſe, yet he contrived, with the aſſiſtance of his friend Cancer, the attorney he employed, to raiſe ſo many difficulties, to imagine ſuch an infinite number of precautions, and to uſe ſo many of the quirks and tricks which have ariſen like poiſonous galls on the branches of the boaſted widely ſpreading oak of Engliſh juriſprudence, that he doubted not of being able to keep poſſeſſion for ſome years of this money, for which he made twenty per cent. while he knew the law would not oblige him to allow to the proprietors more than *three*. To ſay nothing of old Cancer of Gray's Inn (who never failed to ſtick to any unhappy wretch he faſtened on till mortification and death enſued, but who could only be conſidered as the creature of Sir Appulby) the third on the liſt of Glenmorris's perſecutors was Loadſworth, a man who had taken an averſion to him many years before, and now, though he had almoſt forgotten the cauſe, ſeemed to have a malignant delight in aſſiſting

aſſiſting to do him every poſſible prejudice in gratification of this lurking hatred. So little conſcious, however, was Glenmorris of his ſullen antipathy, that he had directed him to be employed in the buſineſs of recovering Medora's fortune; and Loadſworth, who had been in habits of doing ſuch things, made no ſcruple now of availing himſelf of the confidence of Glenmorris, and enliſted himſelf, armed with all the advantages that confidence might have given him, under the banners of the oppoſing party. It happened, however, that the caſe was ſo plain as not to admit of a doubt from any man not predetermined to raiſe them, and Loadſworth knew that Medora muſt eventually poſſeſs a very conſiderable ſhare of her grandfather's fortune; a ſecret which he had from the very beginning communicated to his friend Brownjohn.

This puffing prater, who contrived, with thoſe as ſhallow as himſelf, to make poſitive aſſertion paſs for ſound knowledge, and impudent boaſting for eloquence, who was an harpy as inexorable as Cancer, only under a rather leſs repulſive appearance, having been convinced that he ſhould not ultimately make much, either by acting as the friend or enemy of the Glenmorris's, conceived the very humble project of marrying his brother to the co-heireſs of De Verdon; and by that means aggrandizing his family, and getting into his hands the management of ſo conſiderable a property. Darnell himſelf would never have thought of ſuch an exploit, but he had been perſuaded, laughed, and teaſed into it; for Brownjohn, who would moſt willingly have been the principal in ſuch a coup de main, eſpecially in a caſe where he thought there was no father or brother to call him

to

to an account, was unluckily obliged to recommend it to another, it being well known that he had a fine-dreſſing *wulgur vife* of his own, who had exhibited herſelf among the crowd of the Margate and Brighthelmſtone *waſtly genteel viſitors*, every year ſince he had kept a *carridge*. Brownjohn, who with all his daring volubility, was a wonderfully ſhallow fellow, had, in common with ſuch ſort of men, a great contempt for the underſtandings of women—He had not the leaſt notion that among them either ſenſe or diſcernment was to be found, and imagined that a red coat, a tolerable fortune, and a little aſſurance, would induce any of them to go off with the firſt young fellow that offered. He no more doubted, therefore, of his own conſequence and cleverneſs, than of the ſucceſs of the plan he had formed.

The malignant and prying ſpirit of Mrs. Crewkherne, irritated and ſtimulated by her deſire to aggrandize her family by the marriage of Delmont to Miſs Goldthorp, and her inveterate prejudices, as well as her paltry paſſions, had all been called forth and ſet in battle array, by Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter, on account of their perſonal advantages, their diſſent from thoſe forms and ceremonies which made the whole buſineſs of her life, and above all from their being under the protection of Armitage, towards whom the venerable ſpinſter avowed a degree of hatred quite inconſiſtent with her Chriſtian profeſſion, but which her ghoſtly directors tolerated, not to ſay encouraged; inaſmuch as Armitage, though living in a continued courſe of beneficence and in charity with all the world, was ſuppoſed to have notions on ſome ſubjects which, however reaſonable, were not

not *correct*. It was in vain that he reſtrained himſelf from any attempt to make converts; never wiſhed to diſturb the creed, whether political or religious, of others, and requeſted nothing but that there might be no attempt to force either the one or the other upon him. Mr. Armitage would long ago have been the martyr of his unobtruſive and ſimple ſyſtem of ethics, if theſe modern ſaints had, with the ſpirit of Bonner and Gardner, poſſeſſed their power. His laſt conference with Mrs. Crewkherne had inflamed the zeal of that good lady almoſt to madneſs, and ſhe tired every body but herſelf by raving againſt him. If that, however, had been the extent of her active malice, no great harm might have been the conſequence. But ſhe continued, as well by herſelf as by her agents and deputy goſſips, ſo to repreſent him and his connection with Mrs. Glenmorris to Lady Mary —ſhe had ſo many anecdotes of him, "which ſhe knew to be true," and brought ſo many proofs which could not be contradicted of his artful and unprincipled deportment, that the impreſſions thus made, contributed as much as any thing to harden the heart of Lady Mary, and to confirm her, inſtead of the protectrice, the perſecutor and oppreſſor of her daughter and granddaughter.

To theſe were added the officious interference of Mrs. Grinſted, who, deriving her preſent conſequence as ſhe had once drawn her actual ſupport, from her connections with people "*of a certain ſort*," could not, even though ſhe now loved her eaſe very much, diveſt herſelf of a ſort of buſtling zeal in their ſervice. She had a perfect conviction that her underſtanding was of ſo ſuperior a claſs, that the moral world

would go on much better if ſhe was conſulted in its government. She really imagined, that if heaven had made her a man, the great compaſs of her mind, and her vaſt fluency of ſpeech, on which ſhe particularly piqued herſelf, would have placed her in a conſiderable rank among the ſtateſmen of her day and nation. To this maſculine, or rather univerſal propenſity to govern, ſhe added one purely feminine—a latent hatred towards Glenmorris becauſe he had not made love to her when he might, but preferred little baby-faced Laura to her mature and ripened beauties; and ſhe had quite as great a diſlike to Mrs. Glenmorris, who, when a romping girl, had laughed at her prim maxims, and monopolized all the men, in deſpite of all the wiſe obſervations ſhe uſed to make to her on the impropriety of talking to thoſe "*idle boys that only flattered her.*" Since the laſt interview between them, Mrs. Grinſted had found new cauſe to nouriſh this lurking enmity. Mrs. Glenmorris, though no longer in the bloom of youth, was ſo handſome that her prudent friend hated the ſight of her, and was determined to believe all the ill which, the goſſips of a country town having begun, had been ſeized with ſuch avidity, and diſſeminated with ſuch fatal ſucceſs by Mrs. Crewkherne

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

Againſt the threats
Of malice or of ſorcery, or that power
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be aſſail'd but never hurt,
Surpriſed by unjuſt force but not enthrall'd,
* * * * * *
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil.

TURNING from the group, which, thus aſſociated, had worked ſo much woe to the unoffending family of Glenmorris, and ſo completely ſucceeded in deſtroying the tranquillity, if not the philoſophy, of Delmont, the victims of this conſpiracy naturally preſent themſelves—Glenmorris in his priſon, his wife deprived of her ſenſes, and poor Medora, to whom Armitage had as gently as poſſible diſcloſed the truth, diſtracted between her agonizing fears for both her parents, and hardly more in poſſeſſion of her reaſon than the mother ſhe deplored.

And all this was the conſequence of a vicious deſire to defame a man, whoſe opinions differed from thoſe of the common world, and to detract from the modeſt merit of a ſtranger; for without the malice of Mrs. Crewkherne, the more weighty, but not leſs hateful motives that directed the conduct of Sir Appulby Gorges and the lawyers, could never have effected ſo much miſchief; yet Mrs. Crewkherne was a woman pretending to many virtues, to a ſanctity almoſt monaſtic, and a zeal ſo ardent, that the common feelings

feelings of humanity were not purified, but conſumed in its blaze. Oh! if thoſe who calling themſelves Chriſtians, yet blinded by paſſion and by prejudice, could ſee the unhappy victims who, remote and unknown, ſuffer and periſh from their politics and their pride; the preſumption with which weak, yet arrogant beings ſend forth "*the arrow that flyeth in darkneſs, and the peſtilence that walketh at noon day,*" might be ſoftened into mercy; and he who from his cloſet or his council-board directs the extirpation of millions, as well as the minor inſtigator of miſchief, who only cauſes the ruin of two or three families, might feel what in ſo many of the powerful and the proſperous ſeems entirely extinct and dead, "*that ſpark of friendſhip for human kind, that particle of the dove kneaded into our frame, along with the elements of the wolf and he ſerpent**."

Nothing of this, however, was viſible in the perſons into whoſe immediate power the unfortunate Glenmorris had fallen. His two anxious friends, Armitage and Delmont, were with him as ſoon as his priſon doors were open, having left his weeping daughter ſomewhat tranquilliſed by the hope of his immediate releaſe. While Armitage ſtaid with him to aſſiſt him in arranging ſome papers, Delmont went in ſearch of the attorney employed by the party who had arreſted him.

Armitage plunged into the buſineſs with an ardour even greater than its neceſſity dictated, that he might conceal from the priſoner intelligence which would have rendered his confine-

* Hume's Eſſays.

ment

ment utterly intolerable. He greatly feared leaſt Glenmorris, already indignant at the perſecution he thus ſuffered, almoſt at the very moment of his return to his native land, ſhould know that his wife had alſo, though on a different pretence, been long confined; that ſhe was now diſcovered and at liberty, but that her reaſon was loſt; for Armitage knew that Glenmorris, who had always declared againſt the illegality and cruelty of impriſonment for debt, would incur any perſonal riſk to ſhake off theſe unworthy fetters, and fly to the woman he ſo fondly loved. Again, therefore, was Armitage compelled to put aſide his ſincerity, and with friendly deceit to engage his impetuous friend to be calm till Delmont could take the ſteps that were to liberate him in a common way.

And this might ſoon have been done, if Glenmorris had only beeen impriſoned by the oſtenſible cauſe. The debt was ſworn to be ſeven thouſand pounds and upwards. It had not been incurred even by any of thoſe indiſcretions that had marked his early life; but occaſioned by his having advanced for a friend he loved four thouſand pounds to ſave him and a woman he was paſſionately attached to from ſuch deſtruction as poverty alone could not have inflicted on them. The generous purpoſe of Glenmorris, however, was not anſwered; his friend died abroad, and the heirs refuſed to repay him; he had therefore ſold one of his Scottiſh eſtates to ſatisfy ſome portion of the debt, and with the income of what remained, had yearly diſcharged a part of the intereſt; but ſtill it had grown upon him, and by the chicane of the attornies, and the complicated law-charges they had contrived, it now amounted to the ſum alledged. The man who

acted

acted for his purſuer was a friend of Brownjohn's, and that worthy gentleman no ſooner heard that Glenmorris was in England, than conſcious of all that muſt follow, and dreading the vengeance of ſuch a man for Darnell's attempt to carry off his daughter, he made it every way worth the while of this brother attorney to proceed againſt him, and they concerted ſuch meaſures as would ſecure Glenmorris's impriſonment till ſomething more could be found againſt him, which Brownjohn, from what he knew of his affairs, was ſure would not be difficult.

When Delmont found this attorney, whoſe name was Evet, and offered him immediate bail in himſelf and Mr. Armitage, the man anſwered, that he ſhould not accept it.

"Not accept it!" cried Delmont; "Pray, Mr. Evet, why not?"

"I am not obliged to give my reaſons, Sir."

"I ſhall certainly inſiſt upon them, Sir,"

"You *can't* oblige me to give them, Sir; but if out of pure civility I am diſpoſed to do it, ſuppoſe we ſay, Sir, that I don't think either your ſecurity or Mr. Armitage's equal to the ſum."

"You don't!"

"No, Sir, I don't."

"This is a moſt unheard of piece of inſolence.

"Inſolence! Mr. Delmont!—I don't know, Sir, what right you have to talk to me in that manner, Mr. Delmont; but I ſay, Sir, that I will not accept your bail. In regard to your friend Armitage, his affairs are known well enough; and I know that he cannot juſtify fairly for the ſum; and then, Sir, I mean no offence, Mr. Delmont; but as to your's—"

"What

"What as to mine, Mr. Attorney?"

"I don't mind your fierce looks, Sir, nor your calling me Attorney. Truth's truth, and I'll ſpeak it, let who will look with knock-me-down looks. *I ſay*, *Sir*, and *you know*, that your money is all gone, and your eſtate mortgaged for as much as 'tis worth for Major Delmont. You cannot deny it, Sir; for I know the man who managed it all; and ſo, Sir, your ſervant; I am a little buſy juſt now, and I hope you will excuſe me."

Delmont had never before felt the paſſions of anger and contempt ſtruggling ſo violently in his boſom; he was ſtrongly tempted to ſtrike the man, yet ſcorn rather than philoſophy at that moment withheld him; for if he could not conſider ſuch a creature as a gentleman, he could hardly claſs him in the rank of man. Evet was a ſhrivelled aduſt being, who ſeemed to have been ſmoke-dried in the dark office where he carried on his iniquitous trade till he had almoſt loſt the form, and entirely the feelings, of humanity. It was hardly worth Delmont's while to waſte a thought or a moment on ſuch a reptile, and conquering his anger, as an emotion which ſuch a diſgrace to the ſpecies was unworthy of exciting, he now hurried to his lodgings, and directing Clement to prepare himſelf to go off expreſs to Southampton, he wrote to his brother, requeſting that, as in conſequence of his marriage he could undoubtedly repay the ſum advanced for him without inconvenience, he would be ſo good as to ſend him by Clement ſuch orders or means of obtaining payment as might enable him to receive the whole in the courſe of two days. Having done this, Delmont repaired with an heavy heart to Medora.

Though

Though ſtruck with the grief and concern expreſſed on his countenance, Medora refrained from importuning him with queſtions; yet the pain of her mind was too great for diſſimulation, and while ſhe liſtened to ſuch an account of her father as he hoped would ſoothe her, and while he flattered her with the proſpect of her mother's reſtoration to health (for Medora knew only that ſhe was ill) as ſoon as they ſhould all be together at Upwood, which he ſaid would be in a few days, the tears ſtreamed from her eyes, and ſeemed to fall upon the heart of her lover as he fondly ſtrained her to his boſom.

Fear for her ſafety, ſince ſhe muſt be frequently left unprotected, had mingled itſelf with his other apprehenſions, and he propoſed conducting her to Upwood, "where," ſaid he, "Louiſa, who is on a viſit till my return, ſhall meet you. Surely, my lovely friend, it would be better than your remaining here."

The tears of Medora now flowed faſter than before, "Oh! Delmont," ſaid ſhe, "it is in vain you attempt to deceive me. My poor father's detention will be long, or you would never think it neceſſary that I ſhould precede him in our journey to Upwood; and if I do leave London before him, if ſuch is his pleaſure in regard to me, ſhould my ſteps be directed to the once happy ſhades of Upwood? ſhould not the ſick bed of my mother be my deſtination? and is it *you*, my friend, who would have me conſult my ſafety and my eaſe where ſhe is not?—No, never, never from Delmont ſhould I liſten to a propoſal that he would deteſt me if I ſhould conſent to. The truth is, that my mother . . . . ." (ſhe could not finiſh the ſentence) "my dear mother is dead or perhaps ſhe is dying, and your tenderneſs would ſave me from

from undergoing the agony of witneſſing her ſituation, even at the expence of my duty and of future repoſe."

Delmont was now half-diſtracted; whether to reveal or ſtill conceal the truth he knew not; nor could he aſſent to what Medora inſiſted upon, that ſhe might ſee her father. At length he obtained, though with infinite difficulty, her promiſe, that ſhe would endeavour to calm her ſpirits for that day, on his ſolemn aſſurance, that if her father was not, as he hoped and believed he would be, releaſed on the next, ſhe ſhould ſee him; and that either Armitage or Delmont himſelf ſhould conduct her to her mother, relative to whoſe ſituation he laboured, though by no means with complete ſucceſs, to reaſſure her. Delmont then went back to the priſon, where it was again neceſſary to uſe diſſimulation to quiet the ardent and impetuous temper of Glenmorris, who, like a lion in his chains, was enraged by the infamous conduct of lawyers, and revolted at the abuſe of law, boaſting in vain of its clemency, while liberty and life were continually at the mercy of depravity and tyranny.

Alone with Armitage, Delmont related to him the reception he had met with from the attorney. Armitage, almoſt as little verſed in the forms uſed on theſe occaſions as Delmont himſelf, found it neceſſary to inquire whether this inſolent refuſal could be defended, and in ſuch wretched debates paſſed the reſt of this and a part of the following day, when Clement, who had travelled all night, arrived from Southampton, and delivered to his maſter the following letter:

"DR.

" DR GEO.

" Thou art miſtaken in ſuppoſing I can pay thee at half an hour's notice. Where the devil ſhould I get it? I lightened myſelf preſently of the little ready money which the ceremony I have gone through entitled me to. There was no putting by certain curſed bores any other way; and I aſſure you, la belliſſima donna, *who has made the happieſt of men*, was more fortified with ſettlements and deeds (which made the caſh ſay *noli me tangere*) than I expected; and then above half is not tangible till ſhe is five-and-twenty, a ſecret I was not let into when I entered into the holy eſtate of matrimony. We have of courſe occaſion for other little ſums for preſent uſe—and in a word, dear Geo. the money I have not; but as ſoon as I have time to look about me a little, you ſhall hear further on that ſubject from

Your's, &c.
" A. DELMONT.

" The firſt little lord, our couſin, is dead, and the other, it is ſaid, will never be reared to man's eſtate. To this doſt thou ſay amen as heartily as I do? I feel myſelf already in my place, and the odds are twenty to one in my favour."

George Delmont well as he knew his brother, was ſhocked at this letter; he ſaw there was no hope of obtaining the ſum neceſſary to liberate Glenmorris immediately, and all the conſequences of a long impriſonment preſſed with the bittereſt apprehenſions on his mind. Unwilling, however, to cruſh the hopes he had given Armitage,

mitage, that every thing might be arranged that night, and dreading to ſee Medora till he could certainly aſſure her of the approaching freedom of her father, he conquered the extreme averſion to the ſolicitations of favours, and went to every body he could recollect, who were at all likely to afford him a temporary accommodation. His applications were totally fruitleſs. This man had been, as they aſſured him, under the neceſſity of borrowing himſelf; another had unfortunately purchaſed into the ſtocks when they were extremely high, and could not ſell out in their preſent depreſſed ſtate without ſuch a loſs as he was ſure his friend Delmont would never require of him. Some offered excuſes yet more frivolous. One did not heſitate to reproach him for his peculiar manner of life, and his pretenſions to ſingularity—"You forſake your friends," ſaid this dictatorial perſonage; "you abandon your proſpects, and affect to ſink your rank, and then expect that the old friends of your family ſhould come forward to repair the conſequence of theſe derelictions of your honour." It need not be added that Delmont from ſuch arrogant impertinence turned with indignant contempt.

Hopeleſs of ſucceeding this way, and almoſt aſhamed of having tried it, he paſſed another day—night came, and his promiſe to Medora was neither to be evaded or poſtponed. He went to her, therefore, without having made up his mind how to tell her that the releaſe of her father was not only not completed but as remote as ever, when with mingled expreſſion on her countenance, for which he could not account, Medora met him, and put into his hands the following letter:

"Though

"Though we are unfortunately ſtrangers to each other, my dear couſin, my heart acknowledges the relationſhip, a relationſhip which to you has been only productive of misfortune. I am not of age, and to do all I wiſh to do towards repairing the partial diſpoſition of fortune is not yet in my power; but as I have heard that your father is under difficulties, and know that your mother has been a conſiderable ſufferer from Lady Mary's unhappy prejudice againſt him, I take the liberty of incloſing what is but a very ſmall part of that which your family, as my neareſt relations, are entitled to; it is my own, and cannot inconvenience me to part with it; and be aſſured, that no other way in which it could be diſpoſed of would give me half the pleaſure which it will beſtow upon me, if I hear that you accept and uſe it to remove any preſent embarraſſments, and conſider it as a trifling teſtimony of the intention to do you all the juſtice poſſible, when more ſhall be in the power of

"My dear Couſin's

"very affectionate

"M. G. CARDONNEL."

The incloſure was five bank notes of a thouſand pounds each.

Never had any circumſtance merely pecuniary ſo warmed and elevated the heart of Delmont. He heſitated not to declare that Medora ought to accept of, and uſe the notes. "Your father," ſaid he, "my beſt love, will then be liberated this evening; we ſhall haſten to your mother; we ſhall once more ſee her reſtored to us, and Medora will

will be mine, irrevocably mine; hardly dare I truſt myſelf with the delightful contemplation of the happineſs thus opening upon me. What an admirable creature is this couſin of yours! and yet do we not think ſo, becauſe for any one to do their duty, and above all when money is in queſtion, is ſo very rare, that it has more effect than, ſimply conſidered, any ſuch action ought to have? Your couſin has diſcovered that ſhe has unknowingly and involuntarily injured you, and this is the firſt generous apology of a noble mind. She is however a glorious girl, and none can be more ſenſible of her worth than I am." Delmont at that moment thought of his brother's conduct; he felt himſelf humbled and humiliated for faults not his own, and for the firſt time in his life bluſhed to repeat the name of Delmont.

His opinion as to accepting and immediately uſing the notes was deciſive with Medora. She perſuaded Delmont to allow of her going with him to her father. The meeting between them was ſo affecting, that Armitage and Delmont found it abſolutely neceſſary to call off the attention of Glenmorris to the buſineſs before them. Mr. Evet was, however, reluctantly obliged to accept the bail of Armitage and Delmont for two thouſand pounds; the reſt was immediately paid, and a diſcharge obtained, after which the liberated debtor, his daughter, and his friends, returned to his lodgings, where Armitage hoped to prevail upon him to remain, while he himſelf went to Mrs. Glenmorris, could ſatisfy himſelf of the ſtate ſhe was in, and endeavour to remove her to Upwood or Aſhley-Combe, where the favourable change that had happened in their affairs might gradually be diſcloſed to her, and the family ſo long ſeparated and ſo cruelly perſecuted, be re-united.

But

But Glenmorris was not diſpoſed to endure the delay of a moment; and Medora as well as Delmont being eager to ſecond him, they ſet out the ſame evening for the place where Mrs. Glenmorris, yet labouring under the cruel prepoſſeſſion, which with ſo much pains had been taken to impreſs on her mind, ſtill lingered in a ſtate that might with too much juſtice be called a degree of melancholy madneſs.

Glenmorris, leaving his daughter to the care of his two friends, inſiſted on being allowed to ſpeak to her alone. It was in vain both Delmont and Armitage remonſtrated againſt it; he would not be reſtrained; he heheld the woman he had ſo long, ſo fondly doated on, reſting on one of thoſe raiſed mounds of earth ſo frequent on the downs, ſuppoſed to be memorials of the dead; ſhe rather reclined than ſat, and her head was pillowed by her lovely arm, while her eyes ſeemed to be fixed on the moon as it roſe from the ſea. Suſanne, who had notice of his approach, glided away. He ſat down near his wife, and took her other hand, uttering her name in a low voice, "Laura! my own Laura!" The long frozen chords of her heart vibrated to theſe well known ſounds. Mrs. Glenmorris ſtarted up, gazed wildly on him a moment, and fell ſenſeleſs into his arms.

Delmont, Armitage, and Medora, who dreaded ſome fatal event from this ſudden meeting, were ſoon on the ſpot, and while Armitage aſſiſted the half frantic Glenmorris to carry his dying Laura to her bed in the poor cottage where ſhe had inſiſted on continuing, Medora, with the trueſt courage and feeling, refrained from expreſſing the deſpair which was in her heart, and thought only of being uſeful to her mother, and of conſoling her father. The violent revulſion which the ſudden

den appearance of her huſband had occaſioned was however uſeful to the long ſuffering patient; her ſenſes with her recollection ſlowly returned; for many days ſhe ſpoke but little, but liſtened with intelligent eyes to the long explanation that was given her by degrees, and as ſhe was able to bear it, of the cauſe of Medora's abſence, and the heroic exertions by which ſhe had paſſed ſafely through ſo many perils. Mrs. Glenmorris, on whom the moſt invidious and cruel arts had been uſed to perſuade her that Medora had forſaken her, and who had ſuffered her mind, enfeebled by misfortune and cruſhed by pecuniary diſtreſs, to dwell on the imaginary miſeries thus preſented to her, now ſunk again under deſpondence and ſelf-reproach for having a moment yielded to ſuſpicions ſo unjuſt, and which ſuch a daughter could ſo little deſerve; but to what ſtrange changes is not the human mind liable, ſhook as her's was by perſonal ſufferings, with every thing to irritate and perplex her, without a friend to ſoothe her ſorrow, and appearing to herſelf to be abandoned by all the world. One of the objects who had conſtituted the happineſs of her life, ſhe believed torn from her, while the other, her huſband and her protector, was far away, and to him ſhe was denied the alleviation of communication; it ſeemed indeed probable ſhe might never ſee him more!

It was ſome days before the extreme weakneſs to which Mrs. Glenmorris was reduced made it ſafe to remove her to Upwood, where Louiſa waited to receive them. Her thoughts often wandered, and often partial relapſes alarmed the watchful anxious group around her. When their indefatigable tenderneſs, with time and tranquillity, had in ſome degree reſtored her, the firſt wiſh

ſhe

ſhe expreſſed was for the marriage of Delmont and Medora, the ſecond, that they might go to America. "Oh let us not, my dear friend," ſaid ſhe to Glenmorris, "let us not ſtay in a country to which we have both returned only to ſuffer; where we know and have experienced that the poor may, in ſome caſes at leaſt, be perſecuted and oppreſſed with impunity; and where Lady Mary may ſtill think it too much to allow me to breathe the ſame air with her. Do not let us attempt any more to recover that fortune which we *will not want*. Already have we been ſeverely puniſhed for the attempt. Ah! think how many years of comparative felicity we paſſed before that unfortunate project was ſuggeſted to us. I fear, I know not why, that the calm and contented ſtate we then enjoyed, we ſhall never recover. Oh no! I feel that my mind is hurt, my temper embittered; and here I ſhall be haunted by the images of lawyers, the dread of perſecution; and ſuch women as Mrs. Grinſted and Mrs. Crewkherne will ſeem for ever to purſue me; while I ſtay in England I am ſure I ſhall be incapable of happineſs." Glenmorris, though he did not quite aſſent to her reaſons, forbore at that time to contradict her; his whole ſtudy was to reſtore her mind to that firmneſs and cheerfulneſs which alone were wanting to the happineſs of Delmont and Medora, who were united as ſoon as the mother they equally loved had regained at leaſt apparent ſerenity. Very unwilling indeed were both Glenmorris and Delmont to pollute the firſt months of their happineſs with the hoſtile purſuit of thoſe miſcreants who had occaſioned to them ſo much calamity; but Glenmorris conceived it due to public juſtice to expoſe men, who (by abuſe of law) poſſeſſing the power, had the diſpoſition

diſpoſition to perpetrate ſo much evil, and in the event Loadſworth and Brownjohn were puniſhed, the former with the loſs of his little remaining buſineſs, and by accumulated contempt, the latter by being ſtruck off the roll for *frauds*, in which Glenmorris detected him. Darnell, frightened at what he had done, exchanged his commiſſion for one in a corps going to the Cape, and eſcaped the chaſtiſement that Glenmorris and Delmont meditated—Much of all the tranſactions in which Lady Mary was concerned was ſuffered to ſink into oblivion on account of her age, and her being the mother of Mrs. Glenmorris, however unnaturally ſhe had renounced that character, and above all, in conſideration of the admirable Miſs Cardonnel, who, though ſhe had really preferred Delmont to any man ſhe ever ſaw, commanded herſelf ſo much as to promote, by her generous conduct, his marriage with her couſin, having entered voluntarily into ſuch an engagement as, being under age, ſhe could give, to reſtore to Mrs. George Delmont all that ſhare of her grandfather's fortune, which, on her attaining to her majority, any two men of honour would ſay ſhe was entitled to. Lady Mary ſoon quite ſunk into ſecond childhood, and Miſs Cardonnel was at liberty to cultivate the acquaintance of her only relations, the family of Glenmorris, where ſhe beheld with concern, which only ſo good an heart could feel, the ravage which ſome months of mental ſuffering had made on the ſtill fine form and face of her aunt. While ſhe was at Upwood for a few days, ſhe was firſt ſeen by the elder Delmont, whoſe wiſhes being at length accompliſhed by the death of both his infant relations, he came down in triumph to Belton Tower as Earl of Caſtledanes. He was

already heartily tired of his wife, and imagining he might have done ſo much better, repented of his precipitancy; he ſaw united in Miſs Cardonnel a fortune thrice as large as that he had obtained, with the various advantages of beauty, ſweetneſs, and underſtanding, in no common degree; he perſuaded himſelf that he might have married her, and his impatience at the yoke he had ſo haſtily put on empoiſoned the delight of his newly acquired title and fortune, while Lady Caſtledanes, though by no means indifferent to her elevation, ſecretly envied the humble but more fortunate lot of Medora.

George Delmont, who did not recover even the money of which Sir Appulby Gorges had got poſſeſſion without a law ſuit, and who, even when Lord Caſtledanes had paid him, was very far from being rich, was nevertheleſs a much happier man than Adolphus, though the latter was now in poſſeſſion of what he uſed to believe the ſummit of his wiſhes. If George had any wiſh left, it was to reconcile Mr. and Mrs. Glenmorris to England, and to engage them to fix their reſidence at Upwood. Armitage too, whoſe pleaſures were ſolely dependent on literary gratifications, and in witneſſing the happineſs of his friends, endeavoured to perſuade Glenmorris to continue in his native iſland. He was contented to yield to their ſolicitations for ſome time, but never relinquiſhed his intention of returning to America. "If I have thoſe I love with me," ſaid he, "is not every part of the globe equally my country? And has not this, which you are pleaſed to call my native land, thrown me from her boſom when I *might* have ſerved her? Did ſhe leave me any choice between impriſonment and flight? Now, averſe from the means by which political power and

and influence can be obtained, and without a fortune to live but in continual pecuniary difficulties, why ſhould I aſk an aſylum of this haughty mother country for my declining days? *If ſuch things were done in the green leaf what ſhall be done in the dry?*"

"Have a care my good friend," ſaid Armitage, when he was once talking in this manner, "Have a care, leſt you yield in all this to a falſe pride, to a pride utterly unworthy of a mind like your's. You feel yourſelf out of your place in England, becauſe you have not power, or great affluence (which in fact is power); but is not that a ſenſation a little bordering on the ſentiment,

"Better to reign in hell than ſerve in heaven."

"No," replied Glenmorris, "I have no deſire to reign any where; but I do not love to be in a country where I am made to pay very dear for advantages which exiſt not but in idea. I do not love to live where I ſee a frightful contraſt between luxury and wretchedneſs; where I muſt daily witneſs injuſtice I cannot repreſs, and miſery I cannot relieve. In America, you ſay, I muſt abandon ſociety, and ſtarve my underſtanding. I deny it, however, The great book of nature is open before me, and poor muſt be his taſte who cannot find in it a more noble ſtudy than that of ſophiſticated minds, which we call ſociety here, where at every ſtep we take ſomething appears to ſhock or diſguſt us; where all greatneſs of character ſeems loſt; and where, if we deſire to ſtudy human nature unadulterated by *inhuman* prejudices, we act nearly as the painter would do, who ſhould turn from the ſtudy of the exquiſitely

quiſitely ſimple Grecian ſtatue to debauch his eyes with the ſpectacle of court figures in hoops and perriwigs. In this country, my dear Armitage, as you know very well, we do not value, '*le vrai beau*,' which, being tranſlated, ſeems to me to mean, '*the great ſimple*;' no, we appreciate moral excellence by ſucceſs, by fortune, which gives faſhion, and imputes perfection (a temporary one indeed, but which ſtill anſwers all their purpoſes) to the mere puppets of a ſeaſon. I will not talk to you about politics, becauſe you are among the moderates and quietiſts; you endure all things, you hope all things, you believe all things. Now I, who do not love enduring much, who have little to hope, and ...."

"And who believe nothing," interrupted Armitage.

"Oh! pardon me," rejoined Glenmorris, "I believe a vaſt deal; but we will not talk of that; not that we ſhould differ in the great principles of our actions, and all the reſt is mere verbal wrangling, a difference in terms rather than things. While you can be tolerably happy yourſelf, my dear friend, in this country, or believe that you can do good to its people, it is very fit you ſhould ſtay; for me who, ſooth to ſay, am not happy in it myſelf, and deſpair of being of any uſe in promoting, beyond a very narrow circle indeed, the happineſs of others, the neceſſity of my remaining is by no means ſo evident. You agree with me, that true philanthropy does not conſiſt in loving John, and Thomas, and George, and James, becauſe they are our brothers, our couſins, our neighbours, our countrymen, but in benevolence to the whole human race; if that be true, let me aſk you whether I can be thoroughly contented here, where I ſee that the miſeries in-

flicted

flicted by the ſocial compact greatly exceed the happineſs derived from it; where I obſerve an artificial poliſh, glaring but fallacious on one ſide, and on the other real and bitter wretchedneſs; where for a great part of the year my ears are every week ſhocked by the cries of hawkers, informing who has been dragged to execution; and where, to come directly home, it is at the mercy of any raſcal, to whom I have given an opportunity of cheating me of ten pounds, to ſwear a debt againſt me, and carry me to the abodes of horror, where the malefactor groans in irons, the debtor languiſhes in deſpair. Is or is not this picture true? and if it be, can I love to live in ſuch a country only becauſe I drew my firſt breath in a remote corner of it? No, dear Armitage, if Delmont will not fail me, if he will let me for a little while at leaſt have my Medora in my adopted country, if, notwithſtanding his advantages here, he has, as I believe, manlineſs enough to ſay,

> *All countries that the eye of heaven viſits,*
> *Are to a wiſe man homes and happy havens,*

we will once more croſs the Atlantic, and I will try to teach him, that wherever a thinking man enjoys the moſt uninterrupted domeſtic felicity, and ſees his ſpecies the moſt content, *that* is his country."

Mrs. Glenmorris, whoſe mind long ſuffered from the ſhock ſhe had ſuſtained, and who could not hear ſome names without trembling, was equally anxious to quit England, and Delmont, who had nothing but his local attachment to Upwood as a balance againſt his deſire to gratify the parents of his wife, heſitated not a moment to determine to do as Glenmorris deſired. Indeed

deed the pleaſure with which from a boy he had cheriſhed that favourite ſpot of earth was conſiderably embittered now, by the reſidence of his brother ſo near it. The character of Lord Caſtledanes had acquired room to diſplay itſelf, and it became every day more eſſentially different from that of Delmont. The houſe was altogether unlike what it once was; Lady Caſtledanes tried to make herſelf amends, by the ſplendor and profuſion of her eſtabliſhment, for the want of real happineſs, and unwilling to acknowledge to herſelf that ſhe failed, affected a ſort of haughty gaiety, which made her utterly diſagreeable to Mrs. Glenmorris and Medora, the former of whom was compelled entirely to decline parties which were too fatiguing to her in her preſent ſtate of health. Glenmorris could never command his ſatyrical vein enough to mix with them, and Delmont perſiſted now, as he had done formerly, in keeping his perſonal freedom inviolate, and not being compelled to ſacrifice half his time to this man, becauſe he was his relation, to another, becauſe he was rich or powerful, and to a third, becauſe he was reckoned a wit—Still his neighbourhood to, and near connection with, ſuch a family as that which inhabited Belton Tower rendered his own houſe leſs pleaſant to him, and his immediate ſtudy was, to make ſuch regulations as ſhould render his ceaſing to reſide on his eſtate as little injurious as poſſible to thoſe who looked up to him for the comforts of their humble ſituation; but Louiſa was at this time addreſſed by, and ſoon after married to, a Mr. Sydenham, a man who appeared to her brother as unexceptionable as he could deſire for a beloved ſiſter. It was agreed they ſhould tenant Upwood, and Delmont had no longer any apprehenſion that his

his poor neighbours, and more immediate dependants, would be greatly injured by his temporary abſence.

Mrs. Crewkherne, though it could not be ſaid that *concealed* malevolence, *like a worm in the bud, preyed on her ſallow cheek* (for ſhe failed not to continue her maledictions againſt her younger nephew and his connections) yet did not long ſurvive his marriage; ſhe died in charity with nobody; and if Mr. Bethune and Caroline had not taken conſiderable pains to prevent it, would have altered her will, and have left the bulk of her fortune to the brethren, having been much diſpleaſed with her favourite niece in as much as ſhe would not renounce her brother George. With Lord Caſtledanes ſhe was alſo at variance, and he ſcorned to take the leaſt pains to conciliate her. Yet, however diſſatisfied with this world, the old lady was extremely unwilling to go to another, which, with thoſe who had heard her aſpirations, and ſeen with whom ſhe was ſurrounded, did no great credit to their enthuſiaſtic profeſſions.

Miſs Richmond, on the return of her brother from abroad, prevailed on her father to conſent to her marriage with a man to whom ſhe had long been attached. After their marriage, Miſs Cardonnel paſſed great part of her time with them, where ſhe was addreſſed by a great number of lovers, all of whom however ſhe declined without aſſigning the true reaſon, which was, that ſhe wiſhed to remain unmarried till ſhe became of age, when ſhe was determined on a juſt and amicable diviſion of the diſputed part of her inheritance with Medora, now Mrs. Delmont.

That lovely and beloved young woman, with no other alloy to her happineſs than what was created

created by fears for her mother's health, was the delight of all who knew her, as well in America as in England. In the performance of every duty that could render her dear to her family, and in the poſſeſſion of every accompliſhment that ſweetens and adorns ſociety, ſhe ſeemed to have been created as a counterpart to the generous and almoſt faultleſs character, while ſhe conſtituted the almoſt perfect felicity of THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

THE END.

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